The Zodiake of life, written by the excellent and Christian Poet, *Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus.*

Wherein are conteined twelue seuerall labours, painting out most liuely, the whole compasse of the world, *the reformation of manners, the miseries of mankinde, the pathway to vertue & vice, the externitie of the Soule, the course of the Heauens, the misteries of nature, and diuers other circumstances of great learning, and no lesse iudgement.*

Translated out of Latine into English, by Barnabie Googe and by him newly recognished.

Probitas laudatur & alget.

Hereunto is annexed (for the Readers aduantage) a large Table, as **well of woords as of matters mentioned in this whole worke.**

Imprinted at London by Robert Robinson dwelling in Peter Lane neere Holborne. 1588.

TO THE RIGHT HO-norable Syr William Cecill knight,

*Baron of Burghley Knight of the Honorable order of the Gar-*ter, Maister of her highneſſe Wardes and Liueries, one of the Lords of her Maieſties priuie Counſell, and Lord high Treaſurer of England: long life and Heauenly felicitie, &c.

THIS rude tranſlation (Right Honorable and my eſpeciall good Lord) that many yeares ſince I dedicated to your Lordſhip, I lately determined thoroughly to peruſe: and in euery point as neare as I could to perfect. But ſuch was the number of the faults, ſo ſhamefull a ſort of maſmed and mangled verſes, and (which was the miſchiefe) ſo tied and tangled together one with an other from the beginning to the ending, as without the plucking of all ſunder and (which would haue beene an infinite labour) beginning the tranſlation a newe, it was vnpoſſible for me to remedie it: and therefore ſince I coulde not as I gladlyeſt would, in all points amend it according to my fanſie, I thought it beſt in ouerpaſſing a great number of iarring diſcordes: to ſet the whole in as good tune as I could. Which I here am bolde againe to preſent to your Honour with my good and aſſured hope that your Lord-

ſhip will in no worſe ſort accept it then heretofore you haue done, wherein your Lordſhip ſhall ſo farre incourage me as I may peraduenture, attempt ſome matter worthy ſo Noble a perſonage, whom I beſeech God long preſerue to the comfort of your friendes, and benefite of your Country.

Your Honours moſt bounden
Barnaby Googe.

The

The Preface of Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus to Hercules the second, *Duke of Ferrar.*

IT hath alwaies beene the manner both of old and late writers, (most high and mighty Prince, the onely beauty and Glory of the House of Este) when they had ended their workes or rather their children and Issues of their wittes, to choose some worthy and honourable personage to whom they might dedicate and commend them: that being armed and defended by the fauour and countenance of such a one they might not stand in dread of the poysoned stinges of the enuious, nor feare the rash sentenses of scornefull Iudges. For it oft times chaunceth in this our Tragicomicall life, that wicked and beastly people giuen onely to idlenes and pleasure, disdaine and despise such as they perceiue are giuen to vertuous and Godly exercise. Yet through the mighty & gracious prouidence of God it alwaies comes to passe, that in greatest blindnes & error of the world there is foūd some one Prince that honoreth vertu & with his authority defendeth her: Least there should be no support or refuge for the godly & lerned. But, to passe ouer a number of great & mighty Princes that haue alwaies beene fauorers and maintainers of well disposed persons, your Grace (most excellent Prince) is one in our dayes whome God hath giuen such a minde that you account nothing more beau-

beautifull, comly nor heauenly, then vertue her ſelfe. And therefore employ your ſelfe alwaies to the ayding and relieuing of ſuch as be vertuous. It is no wonder therefore, that I haue here attempted to offer both my ſelfe and my labours to your highnes, For where could I finde in all Italy any one Patron beſide, that delighteth in learning? And that can either vnderſtand and Iudge of a verſe when it is brought vnto him? O moſt corrupt and lamentable times. What ſpeake you of a Prince whoſe diſcretion conſiſts all in deputie? and hath neither eye nor tongue of his owne? Giue me ſuch a one as is able of himſelfe to diſcerne right from wrong to whom no flattering merchant dares ſay that the Crowe is white, or the Swanne blacke. Sith ſuch a one doth all men account your grace (moſt mightie and renoumed Prince) I haue boldely preſumed to come vnto you and ſo much the more, becauſe Antonius Muſa Braſauolus, a man of ſingular learning and wiſedome, and one that faithfully honoreth your highnes, perſwaded me thereunto, in wonderfull commending your graces learning and wiſedome, clemencie and bounty, whoſe wordes I credit aboue all others. By his perſuaſion therefore, this labor of mine called the Zodiake of life digeſted in twelue bookes, and many yeares in framing, I preſent, giue and offer to your excellencie, to the end your name may be the more famous and renoumed hereafter. And though your worthines deſerue, to be preſented with a farre more precious Iewel: I truſt your grace will not diſdaine this ſimple and ſlender gift, eſteeming more the minde of the giuer, then the value of the thing, nor doubting but if this boke may, vnder your graces protection paſſe abroade, it ſhall eaſily finde fauour at the handes of Godly and learned men, eſpecially of ſuch as ſhall ſucceede our age. For the

Iudgement

Iudgement of the poſteritie is commonly voide of malice; according to the ſaying.

While as we liue doth enuie rage,
And when we dye ſhe doth aſſwage.

Could Homer in his life time eſcape the ſcornefull? Vouchſafe therefore (moſt Noble Prince) to accept the ſlender gift of your poore ſubiect, defending it with your fauour, as with the ſhield of Pallas, againſt all the ſlaunders of the enuious. And if in ſo great a worke, there happen to be ſomething founde that ſhall ſeeme in any part, to diſagree with our religion, I am not to anſwer for it. For where many times I intreate of Philoſophicall matters, I am driuen to alleadge the opinions of ſundry Philoſophers, ſpecially Plato his Scholers, whoſe opinions if they be falſe, the blame is theirs not mine, ſince mine intent was neuer to ſteppe a foote from the true Catholike faith. And therefore in all that I haue written, I humbly ſubmit my ſelfe to the Church of Chriſt, and willingly (as becommeth a Chriſtian) receiue the iudgement thereof. And thus (moſt noble Prince) I ende, deſiring God long to preſerue your excellencie.

Gil-

Gilbertus Duke Cantabrigiẽsis, in

Marcelli Palingenii conuersionem.

Bellorum, vt sæuam rabiem depellimus armis
Armatoq́ minus gladii, vel tela nocebunt:
Ramis, vt volucres deuitant grandinis imbrem,
Nec non ventosos nimbos, gelidasq́ procellas
Ardens vtq́ calor frigus depulsat acutum:
Blandimenta, velut sedant cohibentq́ furores,
Aureus vt Phœbus tenebras detrudit in anes:
Sic decus eloquii liuorem pellit acerbum,
Grandi præsideo Gogeum cingente Minerua.
Omnigenis herbis vt enim pingit agellos,
Gratum ver opus hoc Musis, sic sacrat & ornat:
En, silet infrendens tua (Zoile) lingua, ne istum
Veris dente potest florem vitiare canimo.
Sit Stygiis flammis acris tua lingua sepulta.

Idem in laudem operis, ad benevolum Lectorem.

Hoc docens vitæ speculum beatæ
Quosq́ virtutis vitiiq́ fructus,
Ducit ad sacras pietatis arces
Qua sit eundum.

Anglus exultet iuuenis senexq́,
Commodis fretus latio dicatis:
Quæ dat hoc, inquam patriæ libello
Gogeus almæ.

Sit nefas ergó violare linguis
Gogei (Lector) vigilem laborem:
Gratias gratus meritas habere &
Huic memor esto.

Aries.

My minde with fury fierce inflambd of late I know not how,
Doth burne Parnassus hils to see, adournd with Laurel bow,
The Camps so cleare of Castaly, where Muses swéet do sing
The Towne Cerrha doth me delight, & trés ỹ euer spring.
What darkenes (oh) shall I now flie: to me appeareth plaine
The blissefull beames of Eous bright, the day returnes againe.
O darkenesse fade thy way from hence, hide thou thy selfe in hell.
The loue of Muse and high Iehoue, doth both within me dwell:
And vertue doth not labour feare, the way though hard it be,
O Phœbus, father; Poets helpe, disclose the doubtes to me,
With Aganippes hollsome foode, replenish thou my dayes:
Thy temple eke to come vnto, doe thou direct my wayes.
Defend me from the common sort, that séke me to dispraise.
Not worse vnlikt then shall I be, if that thou wilt me blesse,
That I thy priest vnknowne and new, my selfe to labour dresse.
Thou liftest men from base estate, to honors them to call,
Without thy grace, the wit of man, would perish soone and fall:
His voyce and all would waxe full hoyce, nothing would swétely sound,
All swéte and pleasant melody, would fall vnto the ground.
And if thou wilt me fauour now, I will ascend the skies,
And there thy high and Godly workes consider with mine eyes.
Oh fauour me, thou Phœbus high, take thou from ground away
Thy Poet prostrate here on earth, if that by fates I may.
And you (O Nymphes) of Castaly, if with vnfayned harte
I haue approcht your learned dores, if ryots filthy arte
Could not withdraw my youthful yeares, from honoring of your name,
Ne filthy lust of beastlinesse could euer me defame:
Then let my fame goe flye abroade, least that vnworthily,
I shall be after thought to liue, and so my name shall dye,
For hope of glory and renowme, a name for to obtaine,
Hath caused men in vertuousnesse to take both care and paine.
And thou O famous worthie Prince, that Hercule hast to name,
Amongs the doughty Italian Dukes, of most renowmed fame.
And of the high Estensian bloud, the chiefe and fairest floure:
Whom Pallas in Parnassus caues, hath nourisht euery houre,

A double mountaine in Greece where the 9. Muses dwelt.
A fountain at the foot of Parnassus.
A towne of Phocis.
The day starre.
Apollo the God of Learning.
A fountain in Greece dedicated to the Muses.
The Goddesse of Learning.

And Muſes nine with ſacred milke from tender yeares haue fed:
Whereby a fame they hope to haue that neuer ſhall be ded.
Of Cyrrha eke, the Laurell tre ſhall ſpring they truſt againe:
The God of battaile Though Mars doth let in ſpite of them, and ſeketh to retaine
Your noble heart into his tents by all the meanes he may,
In tents, where honour you ſhall haue that neuer ſhall decay.
Where as your armes, as right requires, ſhall richly decked be
With Triumphes, due to ſuch a Prince, of lusty Laurell tre.
Draw nere, and with a ioyfull face thy Poet looke vpon,
Willing to treade vnproued paths that haue not yet bene gon:
And ſhewe thy fauour to a wight that now amazed is.
A City in Italy. So may Ferrara ſee thee long in perfect ioy and blis,
Till after this thy ioyfull life, a long and happy time,
Departing from the earth, thou ſhalt the ſtarry heauen clime.
And if my fatall yeares be long, in time ſhall come the day,
When as your grace and worthy deedes I ſhall at large diſplay,
When Indie aye, with Tarteſſe brinkes thy name ſhall cauſe to ſounde:
A City in the farthest part of Spaine by Caales. Thy fame ſhall flie in euery place of Hyperborie ground,
In vtter parts of Africke to, you ſhall be knowen by me:
Then I with greater rage of Muſe encouraged ſhall be,
And ſhall declare vnto all men, how that you doe embrace
The farthest part of the North. Iuſtice, and eke what Godlineſſe and fayth is in your grace.
What counſaile doth in you abound, what valiant worthy powre,
How liberall with gentleneſſe you are, at euery howre:
By me ſhall alſo wonder much the world in euery place,
To ſee what wit, and manners milde, conſiſteth in your grace.
But now, the things that I you giue, receiue with gentle hart,
And take my preſent doings here, a while as in good part.
My minde deſireth ſore to write of much and diuers things,
And not alwaies to ſtay at one, but as the winde me brings,
I goe now here, now there I driue amid the waters deepe.
Sometime I toſſe the boyſtrous waues, ſometime to ſhore I creepe.
And though ſometime by reaſons rule I ſhall aſſay to finde,
The ſecrete wayes by nature hid, and bring them vnto minde:
Thoſe things yet will I follow moſt, whereby commoditee
Shall riſe, and adde a holy life to men that mortall bee,
A life Alas, now baniſht cleane (if I the trueth may ſay)
In this our age than which a worſe was neuer ſeene the day,

Such

Such things I say, as shall expell the vices of the minde.
A thing that moze the Muses fittes than this, I cannot finde.
This makes a man foz to be sounde, of wit both pzompt and fine,
Although by nature he be dull, and doe from wit decline,
Ungodly, and neglecing right, that whozedome doth not spare.
Of one whome earthly auarice hath caused foz to eare,
Oz he that enuie in his heart doth euermoze possesse,
Unconstant, oz a lying man, oz takes in dzinke excesse,
In fine, what euer vice he hath, by this he may forsake
The hurtfull harmes of peruerse minde, a Godly life to take.
This, wozthie men doth cause to be and fit foz honozs hie,
Which to themselues, their house and realme, can counsel pzudently:
And vnto doubtfull things they can bzing pzesent remedie,
So much, the face of beautie faire ought not estæmd to be,
The pleasant eies with shining lockes, ech part of royall blæ,
As manners well composed, and a pure and honest minde,
Where vertue beares so great a stroke that vice is harde to finde.
Doth not the righteous man, oz he that vertue much doth loue,
Liue all in myzth, and hopes foz helpe of onely God aboue:
Ne nothing cares when whispering wozds be closely spoke in eare,
When iudge, oz King, doth foz him call, his heart doth nothing feare.
Contrariwise the wicked man defamed feares to be,
And when the lightnings thunder rozes, then giltie trembleth he,
If men doe chaunce in eares to round, oz whisper when they walke,
Alas then cries he to himselfe, of me these men do talke,
What shall I doe: the Iudge oz King doth call, and shall I goe,
Oz rather flie the perils great of wzetched life: now Los
By fixed law of GOD, doth feare the wicked men tozment:
And though sometime, the euill man to myzth doth seme as bent
As Strongylos ampd the seas, yet doth he boyle within,
Oz Aetna, when his flaming darts Pyracmon doth begin.
But were it better to declare, with thousande shippes assayde
The cursed chaunce of Pergamus, that folishly bewayde
The periurde chaunce of Sinons dæde: oz else Ogyges towne:
Which by the cruel chaunce of warre was raced cleane a downe:
Oz shall I praise, as Poets wont, some man with forged lies:
And iudge a colour faire to be, contrary to mine eyes:
Oz were it better here to fayne, how Dedalus did flie,

Vertue the cheefest beauty.
A good Conscience dreadeth nothing.
The guilty are alwaies in feare.
An Isle in the Sea Ægeum.
A hill in Sicill that burneth continually.
A Cyclop, of Sicill.
Troy.
A Trayterous Greeke.
The founder of Thebes.

A skilfull felow that deuiſed wings for himſelfe and his ſonne to eſcape out of Crete But Icarus the ſonne, not flying as his Father willed him, was drowned.

The wofull hap of Icarus that fell out of the Skie:
The bodies oft tranſformed aye, of Gods and eke of men:
And ſo delude the idle eares with triſle of my pen:
Or had I better to declare the wanton toyes of youth,
And ſlaunder Gods with prophane acts which is a greater ruth:
For what doe theſe our frantick heads now feare at any houre:
The Gods (we ſay) with lecherous luſt, both boyes & maydes deflloure,
A whore in heauens high to be, a lecherour to, they ſay:
O ſhame, is this a Godlineſſe, or right to vſe ſuch way?
Are theſe the thanks we owe to God: be theſe our odours ſweete:
Be theſe the dueties that we owe, or prayſes for him meete:
What thing will now the wit of man forbeare to faine or lye:
By meanes whereof they may obtaine in ſinne a libertye:
Of writers vaine, both lewde and ill, O rude vnruly rout,

An hearbe that purgeth madneſſe,

You néede to take Elleberous to purge your humors out.
To you I ſpeake that others harme, whoſe tongues doe ſpare no man:
If lightning ſhould you all conſume, what maruel were it than:
Shew me the cauſe both night and day, why doe you take ſuch paine:
Is it but onely for your ſelues: why then no prayſe you gaine.
For he that onely priuate wealth regarded alwaies ſtill,
And laughs to ſcorne at others harme, whilſt he enioyes his will,
A ſauage beaſt by right deſert, deſerueth cald to be,
And not a man for to be namde for ſo to write ought we,
That men may get ſome good thereby, and not complaine to ſpend
Their times in trifling tricks and toyes that haue no certaine end.
And firſt ought to be knowen, that we doe God in three deuide
In pleaſure and vtility, and honeſty chiefe beſide.
Some one of theſe or greater part, may Poets alway vſe,
So that the bondes of honeſty, to breake they ſtill refuſe.
But O what titles and what crowne, did he deſerue to haue,
Which things not onely vaine, and nought, good fruit that neuer gaue,
But wrote ſuch things as might corrupt the life of any man,
And make him worſer ten to one, than when he firſt began:
He left behind him monuments, of wanton wicked wayes:
And left ſuch fooliſh dotung things, to men of latter dayes,

The hurt of wanton and lewde wryters.

O Lord how much doe wanton words to wicked life entice,
And with a feruent poyſon great, doth draw men vnto vice.
From eares a wanton wicked voyce, dare pearce the ſecrete thought:

And

And vnto mischiefe moue thereby, the members bent to nought.
A noble man such things delight, (some man perhaps will say:)
Who in his house a lusty route doth kéepe in rich aray,
Whom for to feare, excelliue goods compels a man thereto,
With any part of worthy wit who neuer had to do.
What then: may these be suffred thoe, or praisde, because they please
The rich, or else the noble men that alwaies liue in ease:
Not so, for what a sort there be of two legd Asses clothed
In Golde and Silke, and Purple fayre, to all men is not shewed.
There be, there be full many now, whom Pearls haue puft with pryde,
And whom the Asians haue beset with Stike on euery syde,
Whose fingers fayre, with ringes of gold be dasht, and deckt about,
With precious stones, and pearles of price, that India sendeth out.
Those men, a man would almost sweare, that Plato they excell,
Or Socrates, who (Phœbus iudge) of wisedome bare the bell,
And yet these Princely painted walles doe nought within containe,
A blather full implete with winde they may be termed plaine.
Where fortune fauns, there pleasure springs, & pleasure bringeth folly:
And so the light of reasons rule is darkened vtterly.
Whereby it haps that seldome wise, these kinde of people be
To suffer paine for vertues sake, who will, if so be he
Haue no rewarde: rewarde who lákes, but he whom néede constraines:
The rich man followes ioyfull things, and liueth voyde of paines,
He hates the pricking thorny wayes, the cliffes both sharpe and sowre,
By which we doe assay to clime, to Lady learnings towre.
I cannot stay my selfe as now, when anger comes vpon,
But néedes I must defile both verse, and Poets all, as one,
When boyes I sée decline to nought, whom Maisters doe embewe,
With verses filthy to be namde, which most they shoulde eschewe.
Their first possessed shamefastnesse, to sée them cleane forsake:
And eke how apt and prone they be a naughty way to take,
And foster mischiefe so in youth, that he may alwayes dwell
In them, whereby they may prepare in age a way to hell.
But yet it doth me good to sée, how hoping all for praise,
They get themselues immortall shame, that neuer more decaies.
For who will iudge them voyde of vice, or that they liu'd not so,
As they themselues did giue precepts for others for to go:
The talke it selfe doth well declare, the nature of the minde,

The gayne of filthy & vnchast writers.

And euery man doth moſt frequent things proper to his kinde.
Of Oxen, rake, and culter sharpe, the plowmans tongue doth walke,
Of Sayle, and Cable, Mast, and Oze, is all the Sea mans talke:
Of Horſes, harneſſe, Speare and Shielde, the Captayne still will boaſte:
The tonge bewrayes the heart. So bawdy mates of bawdy things, their tongues doe clatter moſt.
I warne you Syrs, aboue the reſt, of youth that takes the cure,
Whoſe part it is the tender mindes of boyes for to allure,
A good rule for ſchole maſters. To vertue and to Godlineſſe, like waxe doe them prepare,
Hate you the wicked workes of thoſe, for greater matters care,
Reade not ſuch thinges as are but vayne, vnworthie to be tolde:
But teach the worthie hiſtories of auncient fathers old.
The profit of hiſtories Herein let children nouſled be, let theſe be borne away:
Hereof may ſpring a Godly fruite, direct their life that may.
They ſhewe what things we follow ſhould, and what we ſhoulde reiect:
And fables all among the reſt we may not well neglect.
For oftentimes a Comedie, may holeſome doctrine bring:
And moniſh men by pleaſant wordes, to learne ſome noughtie thing.
There be, I grant, ſome Poets workes not altogether vayne,
Which with a pleaſant ſugred ſtyle, proceede from ſober brayne,
Theſe things doe helpe, and voide of vice theſe workes do profit much:
In youth bring vp your ſcholers with none other foode but ſuch.
And when their yong and tender age they once haue paſſed out:
Then may they ſafely voyde of harme, goe raunge the fieldes about,
And gather floures where they luſt, for danger is away.
But nowe a while for to diſcuſſe, I thinke it beſt aſſay,
Of which of theſe is needefull moſt, or moſt to be eſteemed:
The man that good and honeſt is, or he that well is learned.
Difference betwixt the learned & the vertuous. The good or elſe the learned man, of two which is the beſt:
Learning is high, becomes the meeke, and doth the proude inheſt.
It doth refuſe the belly gods, and ſuch as ſleepe hath trainde:
Without long time and labour great, it will not be obtainde.
The liberal ſciences This Citie rules, and moueth Mars, and this can warres repell.
It ſhewes the earth and goodly ſtarres, and ſickneſſe doth expell,
This teacheth figures faire to frame, of ſundry ſort and kinde:
This teacheth vs to number well, and muſicke calles to minde.
This doth aſcende the heauens, and bring hidden things to light:
No perfect man without this ſame, may called be of right.
Vnlike to beaſtes, and like to Gods this cauſeth vs to be:

Sometime

Sometime and yet of litle price, his vertue lost we sée.
As oft as with the dregges of vice, defilde he doth put on
Deformed hewe amid the durt, as doth the Jasper stone.
Or as the Sunne behind the cloude, or shadowed of the Mone,
Ne is it onely vile in sight, but hurtfull very soone.
For if a wicked man it haue, then may it be comparde:
Unto a frantike foole that hath a sword without regarde.
Wherehy he many doth destroy, and runneth more astray:
But he that voide of harme and hurt, to liue doth well assay.
Obseruing well the law of God, and of the higher powre:
And sinne doth flye, as open throte of dragon to deuowre.
The shépe, the moyle or horses kept, whose office is to sée:
Though he be one, if learning lacke, esteémde he ought to bée.
Such one I say no man uor God can euer well despise:
But he that vertue doth enuie, at least that is not wise.
For who but such will not him loue, and worthily commende:
That feareth God, and righteousnes obserueth to his ende.
Whom golde can neuer ouercome, who willeth no mans wrong:
Who helpes the powre afflicted case, who flyes the naughty throng.
He fédes the humble and the méke, ill tongues he doth reiect:
No man to hurt he doth reioyce, but rather to protect.
And that which is the worthiest praise at euery time he can
In euery thing a modesty vse, happy is that man.
More happy yet I doe him iudge, that doth in both excell:
Who that is good and learned to, a crowne deserueth well.
For other men he farre excédes, as Golde doth Copper passe:
And as the flaming Pyropus excelles the duskey glasse.
And selvome sinne thou shalt discerne, a man of learned fame:
At least not much, vnto the rude there is no héede of shame.
But hedlong rush they into vice, which they forbidden bée:
And holy lawes be laught to scorne, by foolish fond decrée.
Like as the blinde cannot beware, but fall in ditches déepe,
As men amid the darke be hurt, when Proserpine doth slépe.
So minde of man which is but blinde, take Learning once away:
In euery vice it doth not doubt to fall and runne astray.
Except it be restraind by feare, of paine that may ensue:
No things but those that pleasant be, it iudgeth right or true.
Yet many times it may be séene, that nature doth supply.

Learning hurtfull in the wicked

The commendation of a good man.

A true Christian.

A rubie.

A Comparison.

Tho Paſtors roume, and giueth grace in youth abundantly.
An honeſt minde the good gift of God. Whereby, that Shooles did neuer teach, by grace they may obtayne:
What letteth much to lead a life, as vertue teacheth plaine.
The greater thankes be due to him, for euermore to giue:
Whoſe booke doth ſhewe a Method true, declaring how to liue.
O famous Gods of high renoume, which rule the forcked hyll:
To whom my yeares I alwaies gaue, and dedicate them ſtill.
If that ſuch waighty things, a wretch may ſafely you deſire:
He meaneth fire. In this my worke I take in hande, your aide I now require.
Let not diſhonour me deface, nor in his blaſing rage.
Let limping Vulcan me deſtroy, at any time or age,
And thus an end, the Ramme that kæpes the entrance of our doore:
Doth leaue his place vnto the Bull, that haſteth here afore.
The booke approaching next at hand, doth will me to haue donne
In haſt, and biddes me finiſh nowe, that I of late begonne.

¶ The Second Booke.

Taurus.

LOng time thou haſt thée reſted well my boate, in pleaſant baye:
Now time vs bids to hoyſe our ſayles and ancour vp to way.
The waſhing winter nowe is fledde, the hoary ſnowes be gone:
A diſcription of the ſpring. From downe the hilles they faſt diſtill, that late they fell vpon.
The earth againe doth flouriſh greene, the trées repaire their ſpring:
With pleaſant notes the Nightingale, beginneth now to ſing.
With flowers freſh their heads be deckt, the Fairies daunce in fielde:
And wanton ſongs in moſſy dennes, the Dryads and Satyrs yelde.
The winged Cupid faſt doth caſt, his darts of golde yframed:
And Luſty Youth with pleaſant heate, hath feruently inflamed.
Now may we ſafely wander out, amid the waters plaine:
The flouds be calme, the weſterne winde is preſent here againe.
O foole, why art thou now afraide, the ayre is fayre and bright:
And Atlas daughters ryſing vp, perſwade thy courſe of right.
For idleneſſe what kinde of prayſe can happen vnto thée:
To ſlouthfulneſſe no good rewarde, may well aſcribed bée.
Lift vp thy heart and courage take, be bolde and of good cheare:
FOR fortune moſt doth fauour thoſe, that all things leaſt doe feare.

To

To fearefull folkes at any time, the triumph hath denaide:
But as I gesse, the monsters téeth, doth make thée sore afraide.
Great shame it is that vertue should, for monsters hide her face:
Go to therefore, leaue of thy lettes and walke the déepe apace.
The King, and Lord, and mighty power, that rules the world so vast:
Who with a becke the golden starres, shall gouerne whilst they last,
Who made the earth inhabited with beasts of sundry sight:
And diuers fish within the sea, to draw their vitall spirite.
Least destitute of dwellers, be those elements they should:
And onely man among the rest, discerne he reason would.
And vnto him he graunted speach, where beasts be dumme of sound:
Declining downe their bodies great, doe lycke the massy ground.
With reason he hath vnder brought, the strongest beastes of might: The force of reason.
The Lion fierce, the Tygre swift, alone hath put to flight.
The serpents though their bodies foule with poyson doe abounde:
Doe stand in awe, and feare him to, when that they heare him sounde.
The monstrous fish the Thurlepole great, of mighty forme & strength:
In Ocean sea doth giue him place, when he doth walke at length.
Take man away, what were the earth: a place with bryers growne:
And would bring forth no kinde of corne, vntilde or els vnsowne.
He cities built and ordainde lawes, whereby they ruled bée:
With temples trimmed for their state, the Gods adourned bée.
Full many arts he searched forth, and instruments he found:
Which like the lightning flash and flame, and like the thunders sound. The Canō.
Wherein the fier fast inclosde, inforceth all he may:
Out of his mouth to rumble out, the pellet farre away.
Whereby the towers hye be bette, and walles of euery towne
His strength not able to abide, come topsy turuey downe.
And he that heareth farre away, the bouncing of these blowes:
With dreadfull noyse the thunder thumpes as present there he trowes.
Unhappy had you béne O Gods, if in Phlegræus ground:
Wheras with Giants huge you fought, such weapons had béne found.
He found out shippes, whereby a man, to passe the seas may knowe:
And wander farre where as he list, if winde at will doe blowe.
In places farre abroad and nie, to Titan in the East:
And where the Sunne doth slip sometime and fall vnder the West.
And in the North where as the Beare, her coulour cleare doth giue:
And in the other part againe, where men there be that liue.

Whose

Whose fête contrary quite to ours, doe alwaies vse to tread:
And like to fall their heeles aloft, doe downeward hang their head,
And though he doe excell in witte, and vigour of the minde
So much: that well he may be thought to come of God his kinde.
Yet knowes he not, nor sékes to know, (a thing to hadde to tell)
How for to liue, what wayes to flye, or what to follow well.
O mortall breasts where darkenes blinde doth euermore abound:
And eke O mindes where foolishnes, may alwaies well be found,
By wicked wayes they runne astray, and fewe, Alas, doe knowe:
Which way their iourney well to take, or where in safe to rowe.
Whereby the chiefe and happiest life, in time they may obtaine:
The Crabbed knowledge of the Lawes, will neuer shewe it plaine.
Nor he that can in Medicine skill, in Eloquence, or Grammer:
But onely Wisedome must the way detect, the chiefe defender
Of man, and ruler of his life, which if the Lord me giue:
And if the sisters three me let, vntill my time to liue.
What kind of thing is blessed life, I will my selfe entreate:
And how it may be got, although it be a labour great.
The greatest part of men doe thinke, Fælicitie to stand:
In purses puffed vp with pence, and so much golde in hand
A riuer in Spayne. To haue, as in the Lydius streames, among the sande doth growe:
Or els as much as Tagus vp, continually doth throwe.
To haue so many acres of good ground and pastors plaine:
As he hath haires vnto his head, of men and bushing traine.
A welthie Gyant. Of beasts so huge a droue to haue, as Polyphemus not
At any time did foster vp, amid the pleasant plot
Of Sicily, as neuer had the shepheard Aristeus:
The name of Hercules. As neuer tooke away by force, the man that hight Tirynthcus,
With orchards faire as euer had, Alcinous the King:
And as the sisters fayre did holde, by force of cruell sting
Of dragon vgly to beholde, for to possesse alone:
With houses hye, adourned faire with crust of Marble stone.
These are the things that euery man, doth now a daies desire:
Which nature carefull for her sonne, doth instantly require,
With earnest prayer to the Gods, these things who doth possesse:
The common sort beléues he liues in perfect blessednesse.
What Serpents foule in flowers lurke, these blockheads do not know:
Ne yet how many pricking thornes among the Roses growe.

For

For néedes he muſt, no remedie, that riches will obtaine:
Both night and day be vexed ſore, with cares and cruell paine.
His lucke vncertaine euery houre, now this, now that he wayeth,
No ſooner ſittes he downe to meate, but Auarice him frayeth.
No meats almoſt doe pleaſe his mouth he haſteth to forſake
The Table yet vnſatisfide, for filthy lucre ſake.
And little reſt the wretched ſoule, doth take at any night:
Sometimes on ſide, ſometimes on face, ſometimes he turnes vpright.
He tolleth round about the bed, like as the waighty ſtone
That Syſiphas continually, doth toſſe and turne alone.
What he hath done the day before, he muttreth in his minde:
And what the next day he may doe, he muſeth for to finde.
Behold (ſaith he) my cattaile dyes, to morrow if I may,
Some fother I ſhall ſéeke to get, O curſed winters day.
How much this cold hath hurt my beaſts full ſore am I deluded:
My Bayly and my Shepeherd eke, haue both me foule miſuſed
My folde the wolues, O wofull chaunce, Alas haue broken in:
And now my cattel to deſtroy, the ſouldyer doth begin.
He hath deſtroyed my tenements, by flame conſumed quite
My corne, and now my Vineyarde to, he cutteth downe aright.
My debter fledde from hence away, my money with him gone:
No faith there is, that feareth God I thinke there be not one.
The world is naught but great deceit. O Lord, he was eſtéemde
An honeſt faithfull man and true, but all's not as it ſeémde.
That rule is not to be obſerv'd, to truſt a man by face.
But wherefore ſhould I now lamente: my ſhippe returnes a pace,
And home ſhe brings, I leape for ioy, ſuch wares as will away:
Both Pepper, Spice, and Franckincenſe, with Silke & Amber gray.
With clothes that Sydon ſendeth forth, and wares of diuers kinde:
Which through the waues of ſurging ſeas ſhe bringeth forth of Inde.
Whom if the great Symplegades, had chaunſt to burſt a ſunder:
Or Scylla with the Caphare rocke, the ſeas had ſunke her vnder:
Then ſhould I fill my houſe, Alas, with great complaints and cryes:
The teares would ouerflowe my breaſt, that iſſued from mine eyes.
I will no money lacke I trowe, till life beginne to ſtart,
Corne beares to lowe a price, what then: of of oples I make my mart.
I muſt goe delue, I muſt goe ſowe, and harrow well my corne:
I muſt goe build, and ſét my vines well trimmed, cut, and ſhorne.

The miſerable ſtate of ſuch as ſeeke for Riches.

A thiefe puniſhed in hel with rowling cótinually of a ſtone to the top of a hill.

Two Hils in the greekiſh Seas.

This

This will I buye, this will I sell, I will receiue and pay
My debts, no otherwise this wretch is tost, then ball in play,
The multitude beholding, hye is vsed to be cast:
Now here now there among the croude is driuen very fast.
Some one doth strike it with his hands, some other with his fête:
In ioy, in griefe, in feare, and hope, so doth he alwaies flête.
As seas be wont when windes doe blowe. An Ixion is he iust:
Who with a cloude, as hath bene tolde, perfourming filthy lust,
Begat a sonne of double fourme: wherefore he then was iudged,
Of gods vpon a snakie wheele, for euer to be turned.
For what is riches, but a thing which aptest we may like
Unto a cloude, which Boreas if descending hap to strike.
Monsters bred and ingendred of riches. Thou shalt beholde whereof it came, to smoke resolued than,
Of riches monsters he begot, that haue the face of man.
Then outward face of welthy man, what thing doth more excell:
But when the course of all his life, we once haue marked well,
We shall perceiue the hinder partes, to differ farre away
From those that we did first discerne, whom fortune without stay,
Doth turne about vpon her wheele, the carckes and cares be snakes,
Which alwaies gripe and gnaw his heart with sorrowes that he takes.
The rich man either knowes or not, what goods he doth possesse:
If not what helpe they then thereby no good ne yet distresse
He doth receiue, but as a man that riches is without.
If he doe knowe, he either loues, or loues them not, no doubt.
If he them hate, why kepes he them: what ioy takes he thereby:
Such as who drinkes the iuyce of grapes and wine doth cleane defie.
If he them loue he them regardes, and seeketh to defende
Them, and to kepe he sorrowes much, and labours till his ende.
It doth him much vnquiet, when he thinketh for to see
Some harme approching to his welth, and vexed most is he
When any part thereof by losse, doth scape out of his hand
As many times for to befall, by nedefull rule doth stand.
When nothing long in state t'abide, thou shalt beholde and see:
So many harmes as euer seene, in hast at hand to be.
When all is done how much the more of goods he doth possesse:
So much the more of carke and care, shall euer him oppresse.
What shall I here declare or shewe, the dangers incident,
That he doth passe by seas and land, his liuing to augment.

From

From theeues by land, from theeues by seas, full oft he flieth fast:
And yet for all the wyles he hath, he taken is at last.
And oft his bowels doe become a pray vnto the wolfe,
Or fishes fowle doe him deuoure, vp swallowed in the golfe.
And often he whom worldly wealth had moued to be bolde,
Is forced vnder his masters yoke, his captiues necke to holde.
At home at boorde, ne yet in bed, he cannot safely be,
But poyson strong they will him giue, whom least mistrusteth he.
Or else the wicked hand of some vnthrifty seruant will
In bed a sleepe and snorting fast him quickly slay and kill.
As fattest beasts in sacrifice, be soonest euer slaine,
And as the worthiest tree is first depriued of her graine,
And as the grape is first destroyde, that sweetest is of tast
With flyes and bees and other wormes that alwayes them doe wast:
So he whom nature most hath lent, is alwaies most intrapt,
And euermore in dangers great, is readyest to be clapt.
Note well the crafty wit and head, of Dionise the King:
Behold good man and art thou blest: what els, thou lackst nothing:
Thou lackst no meate: thou lackst no drinke: ỹ lackst no pleasant boyes:
Thou lackst no scepter nor no crowne: thou wantst no wished ioyes:
With glistering gold and precious stones, behold thou doest abound:
A sword (but loe) hangs ouer thy head, that will the wretch confound.
With enuy richesse eft be vext, all things of good estate
Doth malice harme: and happy things it euermore doth hate.
So deare (O misers) doe you sell, of golde the wicked mine,
Whereby your hearts may alwaies pricke the sisters Palestine,
And sooner downe descend the pit, of ghostly Plutoes raigne.
Was not the gifts that Bacchus gaue of golde to Midas gaine,
Of all men laught to scorne by right: to whom thou Phœbus much
An angred gauest an Asses eares, all things quoth Myde I tutch
Be gold I wish, and by and by, he asked his fatall ende:
For downe his greedy griping guts, no meate could then discend.
Such fortune hast thou sparing wretch, the more thou hast of goods
The more thou lackst, as Tantalus doth thirst among the flouds.
If thou mightst all things free obtaine, thou wouldst thy selfe require,
Wouldst thou but take that should suffice: or else excesse desire:
The one doth hurt, the other meane, all men may soone obtaine,
For nature with a little thing contented doth remaine,

A Similitude.

Dionysius set a friend of his in a chaire at a table furnished with all deinties hanging ouer his head a sword by a horse heare

Midas wisheth all thinges to be golde that he toucheth, to his owne destructiō.

Nature contented with a litle

Except

Except that headlong falne to vice, it doth repunge againe.
The chiefest fruits of Sea and Woode, to rich mens bords be brought,
There lacks no Hare, no Goat, nor Hart, no Kid, no Bore, nor ought
A mongest the flocke of flittering foules. the Throstell fatte and round
The Partridge, Phesant, nor the birdes that breed in Colchis ground.
With Capons great, and mightie Doues, and Turbots in be brought,
The Lopster, Lamprey, and the Shrimpe, the Mullet fat is caught,
The fish that tooke the name of golde, the chopping Oysters newe
Which Cyzicus doth foster vp amyd the seas so blewe:
With manie moe, that semeth harde in verse for to declare,
And wines that may with Falerne fieldes, and Nestar swéete compare.
But nowe I aske, And will this wretch all this himselfe deuoure?
I thinke not so, for if he woulde, it séemes not in his power.
And if he might, his belly sure would burst a sunder tho:
And swolne to tombe with roring rout him following, should he goe.
For he that doth his stomacke charge with more than wil suffice,
Is hurt, and the phisicians helpe with groning voice he cries.
Then vp he throwes, and all his house doth filthie stincke possesse,
Whereby him feruent feuers vexe, and humours sharpe oppresse,
What sicknesse great excesse doth bréede, no man there is but knowes:
What hurts by too much drinke let downe within the body growes?
Wherefore he must be modest néedes, of much a little take:
Who that before thapointed time, swéete life will not forsake,
Nor more than doth the poore, he must his hungred body slake.
With purple faire, and cloth of golde, the rich man is arayd,
His gorgeous shirt doth cast a shewe with silke all ouerlayde,
About his heade he weareth aye, the fléece of Scythian bow:
And Iewels fayre about his necke of price he weares, But now
Are these of greater force, for to expell the bitter colde,
Than if in garment made of wooll, thy body were infolde?
Or doth the wouen webbe of flaxe, not so repulse the heate,
When as the Sunne doth feruent flame amid the Lion great?
Or when the raging Dog the fields, of gréene doth quite defeate?
And if the fine and tender silke, enclosde théé round about?
But thou wilt say, he is estéemde whome gorgeous geare settes out,
Unto him passing by the way, the people ducke and ryse:
And onely he is counted then, both noble, good, and wise,
And worthie worship to receiue, and friendship for to haue.

The credit of a gay Cote.

No héede at all they take of him whose garments be not braue,
The common people laugh, to sée his cote then worne to nought:
Though thou shouldst Tully represent, whose eloquence was thought
For to excell all Italy, or els Demosthenes:
Whose famous voyce the Athens men, did wonder at in plées
Or if thou hadst as great a gift, as Maro had in verse:
Or couldst the auncient Homers tunes celestiall well reherse.
For all this same yet shouldst not thou the price of praise obtaine,
But as reiect of euery man, thou shalt receiue disdaine.
In vaine, thou shalt behold the hewe, of Ganymedes face,
In vaine, and oft, thou shalt desire thy damosell to embrace:
If that with vile apparell thou doest runne the poore mans race.
A bewtifull boye.
I not denie that clothing faire, estéemed ought to be,
But if the minde doth vertues lacke, with vyces eke agrée:
Thy beauty all bidues then Adieu, and glory leaues thée quite,
And euery man that knowes thée well, will haue thée in despite.
They will thée mocke behinde thy backe, and grieuous tants thée giue,
Thy seruant to, that of thy foode hath alwayes vsde to liue,
If that he know thée for to be, a grædy Churle, or such
As cruell is, of hauty minde, or vseth wine too much.
Or one that lacketh wit, he will regard thee then but light,
And grudging eke these words will he vnto himselfe recite.
O, such a master Fortune false why diddest thou me giue:
We vnder such a master, long shall fates enforce to liue:
Can other men commend him then, whose seruants so despise:
But if thou valiant be, and iust, both sober, sadd and wise,
If so be that, that learning great, doth cause thée to excell:
Then to thy worship doth agrée all kind of garments well.
And no man will thée then despise, except that he be mad,
And first, what soeuer thou art desirous to be had
In honour, to be praised much, and much to be beloued:
Imbracing vertue flye thou vyce, and that of right reproued
May bring the authour to a shame, beware thou not commit:
For oft the common people rude doe vse, as voide of wit,
The noble vertue to despise, if so be that they sée
With licle spot of any vyce, defiled hir to bée.
But what is he vpon the earth, that liueth voide of crime:
And from the true and beaten way departeth not sometime:
None without fault.
Or

Or doth not swarue or runne astray, from out the ruled line:
But he that least and seldome sinnes, him best we may define.
But greatest grace hath such a one, that learnedly and wise,
All things he speakes with order iust, can well himselfe deuise.
To wise and filed speach may be, great force and strength assignde,
Ot diuers passions doth prouoke, and gouernes well thy minde.
Much more will this than costly cloth, set forth thy worthy name.
Use not the loue of boyes, take hede, such loue is sinfull shame.
For children haue no loue, ne wit, no reason, faith nor trust,
A vengeance light on him I wish, that ioyes in such a lust.
If that the pleasant portrature of maydes doe thée delight,
Goe take a wife, thou nedest not lacke a Dormouse for the night.
What, hadst thou rather fole to wish, and hope for things denayde,
When as with easier medicine, thou maist haue thy griefe alayde:
Perchaunce for this yet riches are, to be desired plaine
Whereby a man may sooner so to vertue high attaine.
If voide of money cleane thou art, no man will take the paines
Thée to instruct, for teachers sure require no litle gaines.
Nor litle price will thée suffice, thy selfe with bookes to store,
Whereby thou maist apply thy selfe, to Lady learnings lore.
Lest pouertie with other cares, doth occupie thy head,
And so from learning drawe thy minde, with other busines lead.
O Lord, how hard a thing it is, how fewe doth God permit
To fly from base and powre estate, in honours hye to sit:
How seldome doth the sely soule, ascend to honours hye:
And more besides, what is his life: to death and eke how nye:
How much to be despised tho, when pleasure none his minde
Doth ease, among his trauailes great when he no ioyes can finde.
When neuer cares absent themselues, with griefes when all abound,
Yet better passe the Stygian lake, and fede the grédy hound,
And mixed be with shriking soules, then neuer ioy to finde
In happy things, when neuer mirth shall glad thy wretched minde.
For to this wretch what ioy at all, or pleasure can remaine,
That lackes both meate and drinke full oft, sometime his bedde againe:
Sometime he lacketh cote and cloke, and oft his toes be spyde
From out his clouted shoes to pépe, where seames sitte gaping wyde.
With paine drawes on his drudging life, much lesse he able is
Those things to haunt, that here doe bring a mortall man to blisse.

But

But he that hath the golden mines, in him theſe things doe flowe:
And euery thing he ſtraight obtaines, whereat he bendes his bowe.
Such rule and ſway hath money now, ſuch force in euery place:
That nothing long ſhe will permit for to reſiſt her grace.
From high ſhe raceth hilles a downe, and valleys vp doth hoyſe:
If that therefore with ſwifty courſe, of dogges he doth reioyce
To take the Hare, the Goate, or Wolfe, the flighty flying Hares:
If byrds to take, or fiſh deceaue, with hookes, with nettes, or ſnares.
If for to ſerue in Venus court, if meate or drinke delight,
If quiet reſt, if Lute, or Harpe, him pleaſe, or ſonges to ſhright:
All theſe the rich man doth poſſeſſe, through mighty moneys might.
Now harke againe, what I ſhall ſay to this in contrary:
If any man deſire to learne, he ſhall it ſoone come by.
So that his minde be conſtant thoe, and feareth not to tread
The ſharpe and crabbed thorny wayes to vertue that doe leade.
If money lacke, what then? perforce let houſhold ſtuffe be ſolde:
With houſe and all, and meddowe to, how may my life then holde?
Then ſhall I be conſtraind to begge, and wallet vp to take.
Farre better wretch it is to begge, when learning ſhall thée make
Like to the heauen ſainctes aboue, than if thou ſhouldſt poſſeſſe
The Perſians herds, and droues of beaſts, with all their welthineſſe.
Beléeue not thou the iudgement blinde, of rude and common ſorte:
No more who can, than beaſts diſcerne, the trueth or it reporte.
If thou be wiſe, marke what I ſay, in mind and print it ſure:
Excepting Vertue, nothing is that here may long endure.
For Riches fade, and forme, and ſtrength, and honor eke doth fall:
And Vertue onely doth remaine in ſtrength, and euer ſhall.
Which neuer Fortune may ſuppreſſe, nor Age can take away.
I neuer ſaw it yet, nor thoe beléeue it well I may,
The vertuous man for hunger ſterue'd, or left to begge his bread:
Though Fortune ſometime doth aſſay, him for to ouertread,
Yet Vertue hasteth faſt anone, and Learning doth defende
Her Clients, nor doth ſuffer them, their yeares in care to ſpende.
But offers them a borde to help, when ſayle and ſhippe is loſt,
Whereby they may the ſhore attame, from waues of Seas ytoſt.
Who followeth vertue, may goe ſée th' Arabian deſerts fell:
Th' Aethiops black, the rugged Getes, the Indes in health, & well.
For onely vertue of her force, will Fortune falſe withſtand:

And oft with her in doubtfull match, doth ſtriue with fighting hand.
For coſts thou oughteſt not to ſpare, nor doubt the lands to ſell:
Whereby thou Vertue maiſt obtaine, if Fortune be ſo fell
That nought to ſell at all thou haſt, let gwdnes then remaine
In thée, If learnde thou canſt not be, with learnde thy ſelfe retaine.
With eares attentiue marke their words, ſometime and queſtion find,
The reſt to God doe thou commit, and with a lowly minde
Receaue thappointed fates from high. If ioyes thou doeſt frequent,
And hurtfull pleaſure thée entrap, and in her gins thée hent,
And couet ſo thy youthfull dates to paſſe in pleaſant ſport,
And therefore doeſt deſire to beare, a rich and wealthy port:
Theſe things that reaſon doth thée tell, peruſe thou well in minde.

The hurts of earthly pleaſure.

A greater ill and hurtfull more, than Pleaſure, none can finde,
It taketh counſell quite from vs, and doth the minde oppreſſe:
Reſiſting vertues, euermore encreaſing wickedneſſe.
It is the chiefeſt nource to vice, enfæbleth aye the ſtrength:
With bitter ende, and many hurts procureth man at length.
But plainelyer of this ſame, anon we will entreate and tell.
The poore man hath his ioyes alſo, if that thou markeſt well,
Not much perchance inferiour to. for pleaſanteſt be ſuch
Obtained ioyes, that ſeldome haps. and ioyfuller by much,
The pleaſure is. belæue me now, that long hath bæne abſented,
And more deſirde. ſo meate is ſwæte to him that is an hungred.
So reſt to him that laboureth ſore, ſo drinke is to the drie,
So flame vnto the freæſing wight, ſo cold when ſunne is hie,
So long forborne is welcomer the Lady Venus faire:
For contraries by contraries their ſtrength doe eft repaire.
The rich man now will ſuffer nought, but alwaies doth abound
With deinties, ſo that lothſomnes in him may eft be found.
Sometime he doth deſire and wiſh on earthy rootes to craſh,
Sometime on peſcods faſt he fædes, ſometime on other traſh.
And royall fare with deinty diſh abhorring, nought eſtæmes.
Nothing ſo ſwæte he then receiues but bitter, loe, it ſæmes,
And lykes him not, if any time it chanceth to endure.
But changes new doth him delight, and for to haue in vre
Forbidden things, as ſwæter much, ſuch things be nought and ill
That alwaies are at hand to haue, ſo not the thing, but will
And iudgement of the minde, doth cauſe a man to be content.

That

That worthy is to be imbraste, which pleaseth his intent.
What profits it vnto the sicke to offer deinty meate,
Whose tast away hath quite bereft the feruent feuers heate:
Or what auailes it vnto him the pleasant wines to bring,
Who euermore refraining wine, doth ioy in cleared spring:
Some one with Kid, some other thoe with Porke refresht to be
Desireth more, some songs delight, some other plaies to see.
So loue to all men is not like: some man a boy desires,
And some a maide, and some a gill, and some a wife requires.
The minde, and not the thing therefore, doth cause a quietnesse:
Whereby the poore no lesse their ioyes, then rich men doe possesse.
Excesse the rich man doth desire, few things the poore suffice,
To him doth greater charge of house, but lesser ioyes arise.
The shipman, or the labouring wight, much pleasure more doe take,
With egges, and leekes, and homely foode, his hungred mawe to slake:
Than kings and Quenes with deinty dish of seas and land to dine.
The worthier pleasure then, I thinke, of right we may define
That vsed neither causeth harme, nor honestie resists.
For best it is to couet least, and liue within the lists
Of counsaile good, nor vexed be with vaine and fond desire.
For who the things he cannot haue, doth earnestly require,
Tormented is with frustrate hope and loseth time in vaine:
Wherefore desire thou nothing els but that thou maist obtaine,
And rule thy minde with brideling bit. but he that doth abound
With riches, alwaies couets more then lawfull may be found.
With litle and content to liue, he knowes not yet: therefore
Whom least of all doth full suffice, him happier iudge I more.
For lofty lands doe cause a man, to swell in pompe and pride,
Th'immortall Gods for to despise, and men for to deride,
Without all rule, a Carpet knight, and vertues mortall foe,
For who doth vertue ought regard when wealth aboundeth so:
O famous worthy pouerty, O gifts of God vnkind,
Of vertues aye the safe defence, to shamefastnes a friend.
The bridle tride of wantonnes, and patron of the life:
Thou onely canst, and well despise the shamelesse fortunde rife,
The raging of the Seas and windes, whilst in thy litle bote
Thou kepst the safe assured foords, and ridst by shore a flote.
The lofty hilles on hie, full oft, the flashing lightnings smite:

And spring Ash trées long be bette by northren Boreas might.
Low things doe lie vnknowen to harmes, the tempests neuer greéues
The lowly shrouded Iunipers, nor shakes the Pyrice leaues.
A noble & a learned Gentleman. The famous Anaxagoras, and Democrite the wise,
With many mo (whose worthy fame throughout the world now flies)
Did siluer, gold, and riches eke, as heads of ill despise.
An excellent Philosopher. And why: but that they thought they were not vertues good, nor true:
Which let the mind with diuers cares, and headlong downeward threw
Full many men in diuers vice, but alwaies marke thou well,
Three graue Philosophers. What Fabrice, Cato, and Curius too, these holy men thée tell.
Regard not what the common sort, and foolish route do say:
The example of the good, alwaies before thy eies but lay.
Romulus the founder of Rome. Did not Quirinus conquerour, his banners oft display,
Commanded weapons vp to take, and plough a downe to lay,
And rest the deluing spade a while: then would the cottage small
Content the men, and deinty fare not vsed then at all:
Carpet Knights bred in peace. But princely meates, and rousted romes bring forth as now a daies.
A weake, a faint, and tender fruit, and apt to sport and playes.
O learne you mortall men at length, put darkenes from your minde,
Lift vp a loft your dimmy eies: whereto doth will so blinde
You leade: take hæde in any wise you thither doe not goe.
By reason, like the gods aboue, you are created, Loe,
By reason are the seas and land, vnto your power subiect:
Let errors not therefore as now, but reason you direct.
The certaine end of euery thing, peruse you alway well,
And let the Meate your selues suffice, that hungers force doth quell,
And garments eke your skinnes to hide, and colde for to expell:
Let aye the sleepe that doth refresh your weary limmes, be well.
Of these thrée things aboue the rest most néde we haue alway,
Sith these our bodies are compact of vile and brittle clay.
But yet thou oughtest those things to vse, as Phisicke for to heale
The diuers sicknes that to man dame Nature wonts to deale.
Some one, we sée, in dainty fare doth riot most embrace:
Some other in excesse of clothes, and some, whilst they apace
From learning flie, doe vneth know nor once this life perceiue:
When euermore with sluggish slæpe, their eies together cleaue.
But happy he that is content, with litle to remaine:
Nor puts his trust in things so fraile, that death will him constraine

To

To leaue behind as none of his: and wayeth well in minde,
How short the space is of our life, how all things vaine we finde
That here on earth created be: who alwaies one remaines
In prosperous eke and aduerse chaunce, the iudge, nor Stygian paines
Regardeth not, and nought estémes what euer fortune fling.
Unhappy is he whom will doth leade, vnmindfull of the thing
That is to come, but like to beasts regards the thing in sight.
Who knoweth not, that by how much the minde is more of might
Than is the corps, so much the more in gifts it doth excell.
Riches be not the chiefest goods, therefore appeareth well:
For these, because for bodies wealth they onely out be sought,
The maners of the owners eke, we sée they better nought.
Who will account them chiefest goods: for oftentimes, we sée
Such men with riches as abound, like brutish beasts to bée.
As much therefore as will suffise thy life, no more require:
For in excesse doe fooles reioyce. in vaine thou doest desire
Thy barnes vpheapt, and hugy mowes of corne, when thou as well,
With lesser measure though by much, thy hunger mayst expell.
When litle cups shall thée suffise, why dost thou tunnes desire?
But yet if Plutus doe thée loue, and plentie on thée flire,
And eke the will vnknowne of fates, hath riches dealt to thée,
What wouldst thou doe: that thou hadst learnd, it séemeth best to mée:
Least by possession thou be worse, a dolt and counted plaine.
And tell me now I thée require, what wisedome doth remaine
Or counsell els, to him in whom great riches euer flow?
And by what meanes them for to vse the foole doth nothing know?
Hereby doth strength harme oft and hurt, and beauty eke anoy:
By reason like the author oft doth eloquence destroy.
And by these meanes are diuers arts full hurtfull vnto many:
Let not the snare of Auarice, thée catch but from her flie.
Than this, there is no fury fierce, assuredly, more fell,
Begotten once in Acheron amid the raigne of hell,
She was, where flaming fierbrands she dreadfully doth cast,
A hundred threatning heads she beares with vgly adders brast,
Her greédy iawes with bloud of men, could neuer haue their fill,
With churlish chaps deuouring meat, yet foode requires she still,
She spareth none, nor God his Church once feareth to defile,
A cursed neuer filled beast, A wicked monster vile.

The welthiest men not alwaies the wisest.

Couetousnes described.

Of hir come plagues, and slaughters sharpe, with discord and distresse,
With treasons, brawlings, and deceipts, and losse of shamefastnesse,
Contempt of God, with periuries, and chydings fell, with fight,
With many more, which in my verse I cannot well recite.
From this therefore flie thou thy way, nothing doth more infect:
Nor nothing more, than this, declares a vile vnworthy brest.
So women, aged men, and boyes, doe couet most alwayes:
Because they lacke both strength and force in minde, and haue no stayes.
An other vice contrary now to this, doth yet remaine:
This same from thée to banish quite, thy senses looke thou straine.
Too great expences to be auoided. If thou dost spend without respect, in vaine thou shalt beholde
An hungred eft anothers spitte, with deinties manifolde.
When all thy liuing quite is spent, by ryot cleane destroyde:
Betwæne them both the vertue lies, the vice therefore auoyde.
As reason doth require, so giue, and euermore take hæde:
Be not to bolde to vse excesse, within thy tether séede.
This ende hath riches, we are bound all men to profite tho,
But first our owne, dame nature sure hath vs created so:
That not alone to vs and ours, we should commodious be,
But also, if that powre will serue, to all of ethe degrée.
What thing more famous is than this: what more deserues the place
Of Gods aboue, then for to helpe the powres afflicted case:
So shall the people honour vs, so get we fame thereby:
And by such actes to Gods full oft, we sée doe many flye.
Nothing doth more a man become, nothing for him more méete:
(As saith the olde and auncient schole, of Philosophers swéete,
Than man to aide and succour some, his fellow faine to ground.
But now (Alas) O dolefull times, and fashions nothing sound:
All godlines is cleane extinct, to no man giues doubtlesse
The welthy wretch, although he hath wherewith to giue excesse.
Of no man tho he pitie hath, all hearts doe yron séeme:
No Charity in these daies. Who giues the begger now a myte: their teares they nought esteéme.
If ought they giue to scoffers now, or else to rake hell knaues:
They doe it deale to Colmon birds, and eke to baudy slaues.
No man doth giue the learned ought, the Muses be despised
In euery place, some one we sée so much hath exercised
The dyse and tables, till his purse at length the gorge doth cast:
So oft another dies at Cardes, till all his goods be past.

And

And is not this a greater shame, thus money for to spend
Whereby no honour is obtainde, nor thanke is got at thende
O mindes forgetting God, and eke with vices vile defilde:
And is it lawfull thus to doe? didst thou not once a childe
Come naked from thy mothers wombe? and shalt returne againe
Resolued vnto durty earth, from whence thou camste certaine?
O foole, these goods be none of thine, but vnderneath the hands
Of God aboue, and thou but here a stranger in the land,
And burser for a while of them: me be the goods at all
But onely now the vse of them to our subiection thrall.
For when the riueled Charon olde, shall beare thee past the lake,
By which the Gods aboue to sweare, doe tremble eft, and quake,
Then here thou wretch to other heires thy goods thou shalt forsake.
Wherefore we ought to vse them well, while line of life doth last
In occupying about our selues, and helping others fast.
Now haue I well declarde, I thinke, if riches ought to bee
Accounted for the chiefest goods all men may plainely see.
My boate draw backe, we haue assayde the seas sufficiently,
Lo, causing cloudes the Southerne winde beginneth fast to flie.
Upsuckt the floudes from out the seas, the whirlewindes vp to beare:
Which doth declare a storme to come, not best we tary here
Beleeue me now for sore I feare to shippes vntrust Orion:
Whilst time we haue let vs dispatch, to port and get vs gon.
When as the banisht cloudes aboue shall make the day be faire:
Then Triton shall vs call from hie, and we to seas repaire.

A fine in the heauens. Neptunes Trumpets.

The third Booke

Gemini.

VPrising was the dauning day, and fading starres did shunne
The heauens hie, of Titan tho and halfe to appeare begunne
To them that vnder vs doe dwell, and halfe discernde our eyes.
I merualld much to see as then, the fier vp to rise,
Amid the floudes vnquenched thus. these contraries no doubt
Each other now doe quite destroy, but is the sunne put out
With floudes? it is not fiery then, or els to touch the brinke
Of Ocean sea, the common sort doe lie, thus doe I thinke
While as by shore I walkt alone, beholde there gan me mete

An aged man with staffe in hand, in clothing neate and sweete.
His hoary beard with siluer heares his middle fully rought
His skin was white, and ioyfull face, of diuers coulours wrought
A flowry garland gay he ware, about his seemely heare.
When as we met, and made vnto each other friendly cheare,
From whence I came, what place I seeke, my name he doth desire.
I answered him, and did the like with shamefast voyce require.
But after that he had declard his proper name againe,
(For Epicure this man he hight,) I was astonisht plaine.
Like as the poore and labouring soule, in deluing of the ground,
A hidden chest amid the earth by lucky chance that found.
And thus I said: good father old, such fauour maist thou finde
Amongst the gods, that all things well may satisfie thy minde.
Sith wisedome great, and wondrous eke within thy breast doth dwell,
(If falsly men doe not affirme, as eft they doe) Now tell
Unto me here, I thee beseech, of grace the good precepts,
With witty lawes, and eke instruct my youth, if nothing lets
More waighty affaires, quod he againe, no waighty affaires me let,
But that for cares and worke I shun, oft times my selfe to get
Unto this place I wonted am, and floures vp to take
Of diuers hews amid the meads my garlands for to make.
Willing therefore with all my heart, to answere thy request
I am, for old men all to chat, it doth delight vs best.
But least by some that passe the way, we here disturbed be
Let vs goe hence, and vnderneath the shaded holmey tree,
That by the waters side thou seest, our selues we will repose.
We went: and thus with pleasant voyce his minde he gan disclose:
Some god, young man thée hither now assuredly hath sent,
Wherby this day thou mightst perceaue, by wisedome what is ment,
For, O the gods, in what a mist, and darkenesse of the minde
Is drent as now the whole estate of mortall humane kinde?
Of them that beare the face of men, two thousand thou maist sée:
But one that shewes himselfe a man, is scarcely found to bée.
A den of doltes that now the world, may termed be full well:
And place with errors stuft, therefore giue eare what I thée tell.
If wretched darkenes from thy minde thou séekest to expell.
And first of all thou oughtst to knowe, the true felicitie,
Which with a reason firme, and good, ought searched forth to be.

A philosopher that thought the happiest life to consist in pleasure.

Hereof

Hereof doth wisedome flow with streames, hereof she doth appeare:
But fewe there be that can attaine, the truth away to beare.
For riches to be chiefest good the greatest sort doe say,
Another part doth honor take to be the chiefest way,
And diuers men in diuers things, the chiefest good doe finde:
But I the price aboue the rest, to pleasure haue assignde.
And this my part I trust I can, by reason good defende:
It is the marke that all shoote at, and eke the finall ende
To which, the acts, and deeds of men, are altogether bent:
Euen as vnto thappointed marke, the shooters shaft is sent.
Who euer would the earth with rakes, or Seas with Oares haue tried:
Or martiall power by force of armes who durst haue occupied:
In fine, who euer would haue sought vertue to come vnto,
If pleasure then or hope thereof, did not enforce him so:
For this the chiefe beginning is, the midst, and eke the end
Of labours all, for proofe thereof, thy minde a while attend,
All workes, if th' Agent reason haue, vnto some ende are done.
The workemans hands it moues thereto, and first in minde begone
It is: But last of all the deede it selfe comes forth to light.
The ende thereof is good, therefore the worke doth more delight:
The will thereof with great delight, the ende for to obtaine
Doth force the labour light to be, the cause is pleasure plaine.
For truely nothing else it is, but pleasure of the minde:
And since by reason hard it is, to teach the rude and blinde.
I will attempt by similitudes, the trueth for to declare.
Why delues the plowmans clubbish hand, & teares the earth to share:
For all the heate of flaming Dogge, his worke he doth not spare.
Nor hoary winter frost. Why feares the shipman not in minde
The roring rage of surging Seas, with threatning Rocks so blind,
Despising death at hand, in hope of maste with sayly pine:
Why doth the captaine to the fielde, his manfull minde incline:
And fiercely doth reioyce, when as he heares the trompets blow:
With hyrieng noyse of foming horse, his heart begins to glow.
Why doth it some delight alwaies, with papers pale to bee:
And bookes of diuers authors made, with daily paine to see:
Certes, because that after time, when labours long depart:
Some gaine or fame may giue him cause for to reioyce in heart.
For if so be that fame and gaine, should not the minde accend

The noble souldiers delight.

With ioy, both vertue and arts withall, would soone be at an ende.
For of it selfe the ende is swéte: and for the ende is thought
Both middest and former facts so swéte. it forceth also nought,
Of vyle or else of honest state, the dædes doe séeme to be:
For as the lewde lycentious man reioyceth vice to sée,
In vertue likewise, euermore the good mans Ioyes doe stande,
All thinges therefore, for pleasures sake we surely take in hande.
For pleasure men decline from harmes, for this they gaines require,
Things worthy praise, or else reproch, through this they doe desire.
With onely this the Gods aboue, contented surely bée,
For profit is for them vnmæte, since nought they lacke we sée.
But thou perchance wilt say, the gods with honest ioyes abound:
What then: If with such ioyfull goods, in them no ioy is found,
As if thou shouldst with glittering gold, and pearles, a stocke aray.
An other thing here add, as oft as cause be perfect may,
It nédefull is the like effect, from thence should then proceéde:
When as therefore that force of life, is well disposd in dæde,
And chiefest good object to it, it alwaies doth retaine:
That this is happiest happinesse, denyeth no man plaine.
But now from out such fountaine, loe, is pleasure forst to runne.
With Musick so, the eares reioyce of Numbers apt begunne.
So is the Sight with beauty pleasde, the Nose with goodly smell.
This iudgement eke I doe pronounce, of other parts as well.
What saiest thou now to Venus worke, that creatures all doth make:
And this the pleasantst pleasure is, (except thou truth forsake.)
Moreouer yet, both paine and griefe, since greatest yls they bée:
Contrary eke to pleasure, now by right we pleasure sée,
To be the chiefest good deserues. of contraries also
The reason like contrary is, that sad things to forgo
By natures force all things to séeke, and pleasures to embrace.
Who may beléeue that once will vs, deceaue that natures grace:
The chiefest good therefore it is, that creatures all doe loue.
But what loue they, or séeke they for, but pleasant ioyes to proue:
That we must vertue séeke, againe some sort there be that say:
By sweat and cold while here we liue: and pleasure cast away.
And after death, they say, we shall in perfect pleasure liue,
Which God to those that doe him loue, prepared hath to giue,
This voyce with reason cannot stand, but shewes it selfe as vaine:

For

For that the soule doth after liue, when death the corps hath slaine.
Or that it lurkes in lothsome lake, of Tartars griesly den:
And payes the paines of his desert, and takes rewards as then
Of former facts, ought none beléeue, except his senses fade.
O fooles, it is your Poets pates that haue these fables made:
Who euer wonted were to write such foolish fained toyes,
Whereby they might delight the eares of fooles with frustrate ioyes,
The vgsome place they fained haue, of Stygian tiraunt fell:
Where flames the floudes of Phlegeton ẏ burnes with roaring yell:
Whereas the triple headed Dog, and Tisiphon doth dwell
With adders armde of painted hewe, and griesly Giaunts great:
With dreadfull darkenes voide of light, and fires whose flaming heat,
Consumes no wood, where frieseth cold, without the winters space,
The bote, without the force of oke, here créketh in this place,
Whilst her with soules doth ouerlode the aged Ferriman.
Here Sysiphus the stone torments, and Tantal waters wanne,
The slitty rifty vessels here, matemurdring sisters beare,
From whence the waters out doth gush, that kept in vaine are there,
Much more then I haue here declarde these Poets pælde haue taught
In hell to be, which are not true of children to be thought,
O Gods how great a lacke of wit there is in euery place:
How prone the way to trifles is, and credit you this case?
O voide of wit: which neuer could by reason ought be proued:
Nor by no sense may be discernde: with feare why are you moued
Of things so vaine: Who credits most, is most himselfe deceaued.
These are, I say, deceitfull things, whereby be priests releaued.
For when that once our vitall breath is faded cleane away,
No more we be, than first we were before our natall day.
O to much weake, to fraile, and proude, O nature bolde of man,
Whereby doest thou perswade thy selfe to liue for euer than?
Leaue of therefore thou lumpe of clay, the peares of Gods to will:
All things begun shall haue an ende, nothing remaineth still.
Both cities great, and mighty men, and vaste realmes withall:
The hautiest hilles, and greatest flouds, doth Time at length let fall.
And thinkest thou (O fading dust) for euer to remaine?
Is hope of minde with thée so great: we trauaile but in vaine
In trusting dreames for vertues sake, and fayning fancies strange.
They be but fooles that things assurde, for vnassurde will change:

The vile opinion of the vngodly.

A riuer in hell.

A fury of hell.

Charon the ferry man of hell.

51

52

Forsaking

Forsaking things assertaind here, with doutfull things to méete.
But yet of old and auncient fame, rewards remaineth swéete.
Of litle force this nothing is, when death hath had his right
Thou nothing art, for what is fame, if it doe nought delight
The corps in graue: what doth the stone or stocke reioyce in praise?
If here thou hast not them, thou shalt haue neuer happy daies.
Therefore while this our brittle life, uncertaine eke, doth last:
The wise man, to his power, will ioy: nor strait will downe be cast.
As oft as fortune on him frownes, will seeke the pleasant life:
If any thing to him shall hap, of bitter eagre strife.
Wherefore because I will not now, thee frustrate here retaine:
(O young man) ioy while time permits, and banish dolefull paine.
When these his words my herded Sire had moude me to beleeue:
God father then (quod I) for these thy paines I cannot giue
Thee worthy thanks, but whilst I liue, I shall to thee be bound:
Within my heart, and eke I shall, reserue thy sayings sound.
One doubt within my breast, doth yet assuredly remaine:
For not the deeds we onely must but learne them to obtaine.
Therefore I doe require you now, to teach me here the way
That will me leade to pleasures place, whereby it haue I may.
The way is short and plaine withall, the old man to me tels:
Not far from hence Voluptuousuesse, that lusty Lady, dwels.
Whom if thou doest desire to see, come after me a pace,
Whereby thou maist by me reioice, in finding out her grace.
One part of three the starry orbes, had scarce past ouer than,
When stackring vp himselfe did raise, thunweldy aged man.
Who leading forth I folowed on, and hand in hand we went,
By strange vnhaunted waies we goe. and space a litle spent,
Behold appeares a sumptuous house, and strait I aske my guide
What owner keepes that precious gem, and princely palace wide?

The God of riches.

Plutus (quod he) possesseth this, and eke an armed knight
The way doth keepe, and men to passe forbiddeth by his might.
Except they come him first vnto, and please him with some gift:
But he himselfe doth hold his hall amid yon towry clift.
Three daughters eke he onely hath, within his bowre to dwell:
Whose names if thou desire to know, I shall thee briefly tell.

The daughters of riches.

The first of them is Filthy excesse, the second Swelling pride:
The third is Foolish ignorance, with countnance bold beside.

Who

Who then (quod I) shall leade vs now, vnto this famous king?
Three maides he hath quod gresil thoe, that thereto will the bring:
Chance, Fraud, and Vsury, by these haue all men easie way.
I haue no gifts then answered I, that giue these maides I may:
Nor safe it is such girles to trust. Some other way declare.
There (is quod he) another way, there is a way to spare,
Which, if thou sayest the word, weel goe, leade me thereto (quod I)
Together both we went therewith: where deepe a vale did lie.
With stones the way was all beset, by which our iourney lay:
And so begrowne with crabbed thorns: that scarce we see the way.
Hereby we found the ragged house, of Seely pouerty:
With top vntilde, we past it thoe, and streight a wood we spie.
Behold, then saith my guide to me, behold you trees so hie
Which with their tops doe seeme to touch, the steamy starry skie.
There dwels the worthy Queene (quod he,) by whom we shall be blest.
But first you must wash hand and face, and get the neatly drest,
The Goddesse loues no filthines nor slouens can abide.
A riuer small I then perceiu'd, by grauaile ground to glide,
Which with a pleasant gushing sound, prouokt the ioyes of bed:
Here washt I faire my face and hands, and combd my rugged hed.
I trimde my clothes in order fine, and lightnes hath expelde
All graue and earnest things: so that with mirth my way I helde.
No further of, than once a man a stone may from him fling
The wood was then, whereas we heare, the birds full sweetely sing,
And floures swete and faire we smell of which inowe there growes.
Such woods th' Arabian neuer saw, though francinsence there flowes.
Nor yet the Easterne Indian thoe, nor Scith the like doth see,
Though round about he is beset, with bowes of laurell tree,
Nor Atlas that the rowling skies, with shoulders doth sustaine,
Though Satyres in ẏ place doth daunce whom Fayries loue doth paine.
A riuer milde about it runs, with comely water cleare:
The bankes so farre asonder stode: as leapes the chased Deare.
And in the depth a doughty proue, of scaley beasts they play:
And for a wall, it compast is with lofty pines so gay,
With pines that in their crabbed barks doth Sybels loue containe
And Phœbus Cipresse stands them by, of equall heigth againe.
There lackes no Mastes Esculus, no Wapple, Holme nor Oke:
Nor plaintree, Corke, nor yet the nutte that colour doth prouoke.

The seruants of riches.

Atys a beautifull boy whom Sybel loued, was transformed into a pine tree.

The

The wilding, and the Alder træ, the Cheſnut, and the Aſhe,
The Filbert, Pitchtræ, and the Palme, the Birch with ſpriggy laſh.
The Firre træ, and the Myrtle eke, and broad leaue Bæchy wood:
(When Saturne rulde the golden world) which was our fathers foode.
The Vine, the Figge, and Apple eke, and Lothos, Priaps friend:
The Iuey and the Laurell træ, that Poets heads doth shend.
The Mulbery, and the Poplar træ, that Hercules eſtæmde:
The Pear træ, Willow, and the Prune, with Boxe that whitly ſæmde.
The Medlar, and the Oliue træ, the Elme, the Cherrie red:
The Cod træ, and the Almon eke, whoſe floures firſt doe ſpred.
What ſhould I here the Cedar træ, or Heben call to minde:
Or Cytron, fit for Tables fine whom gold his place reſignde:
Or other more, whoſe names if thou, doeſt take in hand to tell:
Thou ſoner maiſt in number bring th' Aegiptian ſands as well.
Thus in we goe, whereas the bridge doth ioine the bankes in one,
Of ample ſpace and ſæmely ſight, their alleys long they gone.
With purple Roſes red and white, and Paunſeys painted hewe:
White Daffodils, and violets ſwæte, with fragrant Lillies blewe.
Swæte Amaranthe that long doth liue, with leaues of crimſon die,
The Cloue, with Balme, and Caſſia to, Mint, Time, and Sauerie,
With Safron, Myrhe, and Maioram, the Gardens onely gem,
Of ſauour ſwæte: in Idale woods inough there growes of them.
Both here, and there, in euery place, ſwæte ſauours vp they fume:
A thouſand kinds of Birds doe fill, the woods with euery tune:
With diuers notes the cleared aire, they cauſed to reſound.
There Progne watles the great vntroth that in her loue was found.
And Philomela doth bewaile her owne, and Itis caſe:
In humaine voice, and painfull throte, the Parat prates apaſe.
Their varying ſoftly notes ſo fine, the Goldfinch faſt doth ſing,
And waters flowes the floures vpon, from cleare continuall ſpring,
And here, and there, their courſes run, and moyſts the hearbs ſo græne.
No Dragon there, nor grædy wolfe, might euer yet be ſæne.
No boare, no Beare, nor Tigre fierce, nor Serpent foule there dwels,
To harme with triple hiſſing tongue, with poyſon fierce that ſwels.
In fine, no kinde of beaſt there is, but ſuch as peace hath ſworne:
The longeard Hat, the Hart, the Buck, the Goat with harmeles horne.
The middle heauens then, almoſt, the flaming Phœbus held:
When firſt we ſaw the gorgeous place, whereas this Lady dweld.

Amid

Progne, A woman that after the killing of her ſonne was turned into a Swallowe.

Philomela, the ſiſter of the ſaid Progne, rauiſhed by her brother in Law, and after was turned into a Nightingale.

Amid the woods an ample ſpace, full of ſweete hearbs we ſée:
No tree there grew, but tables round in order placed be,
With deintres ſuch, as Capua did the oneyde duke prepare: A City that hyely feaſted Hanibal.
Such deinties as they once did eate, the ſacred ſhields that bare.
The time is come (quod Greſill) now let vs goe drinke and fill
Our bellies, ſtrength for to repayre. It is the Goddeſſe will,
That none ſhall paſſe with ſober head, nor yet with hungred mawe:
For ſcotfree here may all men féede, this is the Ladies Lawe.
When meat doth faile, her maides doe fill the table full againe:
A pace we féede and ſcarce can riſe, ſo wets the wine our braine.
With doubtfull ſteps our féete doe tread, with ſtackering ſtumps we go:
More earneſtly we then deſire, the Quéene to come vnto.
Whom in the field we walking finde, with mighty mirthfull traine:
Young luſty guts, with boyes, and maides, and doting age againe
On her right hand a woman goes, with pleaſant ſhining face: Venus.
And in her hand a boy ſhe leads, from downe whoſe ſhoulders place Cupid.
A dreadfull quiuer hangs, with ſhafts both cruell ſharpe and kéene:
And in his hands a bow he bare. and drew the ſtring ſo téene.
Though blind he was, yet ſtraight he threw at euery man his dart:
And fiercely to without regard, he perced to the heart.
The ſhaft returneth ſtraight againe when wide the wound is left,
The people all incontinent, he had of life bereft.
But that a certaine woman there, that pitied much the ſore:
Of Godly zeale vnto theſe men, gan helpe and health reſtore.
For when the wounded breſts ſhe ſaw whereas the dart went in,
Of any man, and bloud ſo warme, that guſhing out did ſpin,
Then ſtraight ſhe runs her cure vnto, and healthfull drinke him giues.
Whereby, though cruell wound remaine, the patient yet he liues.
An other woman yet beſides, in left hand leads the Quéne:
Whoſe chaps doe alwaies chaw the cud her golles they greaſy béene:
With muſty, duſty, lothſome clothes, whoſe ſtinke doth all anoy:
And onely to ſhe doth delight, in beaſtly bellie ioy. Gluttony.
Great tankards déepe ſhe turneth quite the bottoms vpſide downe:
And in her hand a boy ſhe leads, with drouſy drouping crowne,
And winking eies: he ſcarce could wake nor would his dame permit
With meate and drinke thus ouercharged to haue a waking fit:
A moyſture ſtrange on her he flings, here ſounds with wheſling noiſe
The boxen ſhalme, with ſtroke the harpe is forſt to ſhew his voice.

Hers

Orpheus Arion and Amphion, three excellent Musitians.

Here Orpheus doth bewaile his wife, with tooth of serpent torne:
The dire decræs of darkesome den, and labours past and worne.
And after him both beast and stone, by musicke swéete he drawes:
To Delphins eke Arion here, doth swétely sing his sawes.
With harpe the noble Amphion here, doth Theban walles renewe:
Declaring here his cruel case, by shipmen eke untrewe.
And after these, with frisking legges, comes dauncing all the rest:
Whose eyes a certaine dimnes darcke, had fully then oppzest.
About the heades of euery one, there flyes a stincking mist:

A prince that passed his daies in all filthy and beastly delight.

And one amongst them all I knewe, that held this writte in fist.
Sardanapalus here am I, that rulde with powre
Th' Assirians Realme, loe this I haue for that I did deuowre.
O foolish wretches, whilst you liue, let neuer ioyes so go:
For after death, Alas, there are, no ioyes to come unto,
Learne you by me O mortall men, the trewest way to knowe.
Now last of all two Monsters came, amyd the vttrest rowe.

Slaunder and sorrow.

Whereof the one with diuers tongues, these fellowes foule araide:
The other vext them sore with prickes, the griefe their ioy alaide.
So much the heauens vs doe hate reioycing at our ill:
So farre the Gods aboue, doe séeme contrary to our will.
And though with these aduersities we passe our daies in paine:
Yet haue we not one houre to ioy, in quiet to remaine.
If ought we haue, it is but short, and ioy imperfect framed:
O life that dost of right deserue, exilement to be named.
Why doth the harmes of mortall men, the Goddes aboue delight:
Why had they rather sad we were, than liue in ioyfull plight:
Whereof did first spring out to vs, such mortall hatred fell:
Winne thou the gods with patient minde, in bearing euils well.
No space we were of any length, from this unruly game:
When from the right side of the woode, came forth a comely Dame
With body fine, and virgins face, and sober séemely gate:
(Such one as Ioue his wife is thought, amid her great estate)
With haire, and bosome torne, she runs to vs in dolefull plight,
And not to be despisd she was, though clothes were base to sight.
And from her ruddy roste lips, these witty words did spring.
O captifes whereto pace you thus: whereto shall frensie bring
You now: stay here, set downe your séete and lep not to the snare,
And hearken to my wordes a while, that I shall here declare.

First

First this (quod she) no Goddesse is, nor her no Goddesse bare,
As you (perchance) beleeue she is, to whom as now you goe,
To tentes of whom you couet now to Ioine your selues vnto.
But is a dreadfull direry spite, deceiuing all that liues
Unwares of her deceitfully, and gall for hony giues.
Let not the face deceiue you now that seemeth faire without:
That glisters aye with shining golde, beset with gemmes about.
You know not yet how foule she is, within those garments gay:
A thousand spots within she hath and casts her men away.
Deceiude with false defrauding ioy as fish their bane come by,
Whom crafty fisher doth begile with rede deceitfully, A similitude.
When from the rockes, into the floudes he casteth downe his line
With harmefull baite the hooke so hyd with hastye course the hine
And snatche with gredye iawes the baite, and fast they hange thereby
And following fast the twysting thred they daunce full dolefully:
The quiuering sandes of Libias lande we neede not for to flye: } Africk.
Ne fearefull Antiphatas house, ne Scyllas rocke so hye, } Tyrant.
Nor dreadefull drenching Charibdis, nor other monster fell: } Two dangerous rockes.
So much as ought we pleasure shunne. what harmes hereby do dwell
In mortal men: what townes: what realmes: what men of worthy fame
Hath it destroide: I will be short, and one example name,
Who euer yet Alcides past, who durst such dædes assaye: Hercules.
That slew two serpents foule sometimes in cradle as he lay.
He tore the tushes from them both, and thrust his hands so small
In midst their throtes. He caused hath Molorchus beast to fall. A Lyon.
He cut the foule Echydnas head destroyde the dreadfull drake:
The fearefull Bull adowne he threw, and swifty hart did take. The labours of Hercules.
He hath expeld the Stimphalids by force of valiant blowe:
The Thracian tyraunts stable eke, his hand did ouerthrowe.
He turnde thy course Achelous, and brake thy winding creke:
He tooke the Apples from the maydes, and spoilde the Spanish freke
Of hugy kine. He did descend adowne the pit of hell:
The dreadfull Dog from thence he drew, that foometh poyson fell. Cerberus Porter of hell gate.
The Boye of Erymanthus to, was slaine of that same hand:
And Anthæus eke the strength of him lift vp did vnderstand.
He felt it eke that Oxen stale, Dan Vulcans wyly whelpe:
And after all the wery Sire, he could old Atlas helpe,
The starres aboue and swaying poles whose shoulders doe sustaine

But O thou hurtfull Pleasure, Loe, deceitfull eke and vaine,
The Lordly hests of Sygean maide, with will he did obay.
And he whom dire Megeros force, nor fende might once affray,
Phlegethõ A burning riuer in hell. Nor quiuering Tartares frosty colde, nor flames of Phlegethon,
Nor vgly Charons dreadfull looke, with bristled haires vpon:
Did often fondly feare the threats, of milde vnmighty maide,
For shield in hand a distaffe beares, for helme with coyfe araide.
Circe The slauish subiection of Hercules being in Loue. The hand also that once was wont, vnweldy clubbe to shake,
In maydely guise gan towe to spinne, and eke accounts to make
Of taske perfourmde. And vnto her the bondled flaxe he beares:
Whilst clothd in womens weede, the stroke of maiden whip he feares:
Amphytrions sonne, what beastly toy hath made thee thus so blind:
For as that Hag, dame Circes did transforme to swinish kinde
A Wytch that transformed men to beasts. Vlysses mates, bewrapt their bones in stubbourne bristles hard:
So doth your Quene (nay rather slaue,) change them that hir regard.
For dish in hand to them she giues, of pleasant poyson full,
Of which who drinkes is straight transformde in Lion, Bore or Bull,
Or made a Dogge, or else a Wolfe, the common plague to shepe:
And other into diuers shapes, are thus compeld to crepe.
But fewe of that same sort there be, this deadly cup that flye:
And you your selues, these fearefull fates, shall shortly sure come by,
If thou perchance wilt after runne, the banners of this whore.
Wherefore be wise and flye the snares, I warne you Sirs before.
Whilst time will serue with brideling bits, and rule your wilfull minde:
And in the priuy hidden snares, let not your eyes be blinde.
Similitude. Least she, like as the spyder doth beguile the sely flye:
Whilst as in tender webbe she lurkes, and in her bowre doth lye.
But when that she doth once perceiue, the guiltlesse soule intrapt,
Then out with cruell course she comes, the corps in cordes so clapt,
The dusty twist with nimble legges, about it fast she winds,
With deadly stings she thrusts him through, & sucks the bloud she finds.
O mad, to mad, which when he may, to Gods compared be
By reason rulde, yet brutish traine to hunt delighteth he,
In vsing eft of lecherous acts, and pampering Venus friend,
His greedy paunch, and beastlinesse he followeth to his ende.
These words with pacience could not beare, my lusty gresild guide:
But mourning this his will so broke, and angred eke beside,
With mumbling words I know not what he turnes from vs his face.

And

And, vnto his acquainted mates, ran thrée legde Sire apace.
Arete then (for this hir name, she termde her selfe to be) Vertue.
Let Gresill flye from hence away, regard not thou quod she.
The Dwle to darkneſſe vſde, cannot the gliſtring ſunne abide.
And as the ſicke, whom feuer long with raging heate hath tride, Similitude.
Refuſeth ſuch as may to him, his health againe reſtore,
Things worſe and hurtfull to his life, deſiring rather more:
So fooles doe follow falſe things moſt, and from the truth they flye.
But flye not thou my warning here, if health thou doeſt ſet by.
Which that thou maiſt more aptly here, walke thou this way with me:
For with theſe ſights the minde is let, and eares diſturbed be.
Then towards the right hand forth she leades and vnderneath a Bay
That ſtoode thereby, we both ſit downe, and thus she gan to ſay.
That workeman firſt that made the ſkies, the earth, and ſeas alſo,
As all the Spheres he hath compeld gainward the Firſt to go:
So would he that th' Affects of minde, ſhould Reaſon eke gaineſay,
Leaſt minde alone within the corps, with dulneſſe ſhoulde decay.
For as the Horſe by force of ſpurre, and Oxe with pricke, a right
Are forſt to goe, and by their ſmart, receiue the greater might:
So ſharps with force, thaffects the minde, encreaſed by reſtraint,
The which effects if they were not, ỳ mind ſtraight waies would faint:
And would no worthy thing performe. Like as the ſhip doth ſlugge
Except the windes her ſayles doe puffe, and Oxes by force hir drugge. Similitude.
Some greatly erre therefore, that ſay ſuch tumults of the minde
A wiſeman neuer ought to ſéele, like forme in marble ſignde.
Theſe men doe thinke a man to be: and doting preach in vaine.
For then in vayne had nature dealt to man ſuch motions playne.
Which is too baſe for to confeſſe, we may them therefore vſe
Moſt lawfully, if Reaſons rule, and Art thereto we chuſe.
Theſe great affections of the minde, with bridle ſtrong he guides:
And as the horſeman rules his horſe, ſo rules he them beſides,
Nor once is ouer runne of them he that deſerues to be
A wiſe man namde, and not in vaine. But fewe there be we ſée,
That vertue knowes for to obtaine, in meaſure for to ſtay,
Some ſort therefore this ſame doe loue, ſome take it cleane away.
Both ſorts thereby in error hault, for onely Gods alone
By Reaſon liues, and beaſts againe, with onely Senſe doe grone.
But man which both is full adornde, commanded to reioyce

In both also: in reason most this part is worthier choyce,
And more celestiall eke it is, and lifteth men aloft:
Where Lust doth throw men headlong downe & makes thē dote ful oft.
Wherefore we ought it least t'obey. although (O nature blinde
Of men) that euery man it haunts, and few can reason finde.
A sort therefore amid the wood saunce number, saw we play,
To which euen thou with doltish guide, hadst helde thy foolish way,
But that our voyce did thee withdraw, and didst thou nothing feare
Those monsters two, with stealthy steps that followed after there:
Knowest thou their names: the one is Greese, the other Slaunder hight.
I not forbid, nor graunt such ioyes, of sense procēding right,
But rare I would that they should be, and eke no vertues foe.
For which it neuer lawfull is, things honest to let goe.
But bridels strong thou nēdest sure, and closely them to take,
For else they hurt: and ioyfull things, will malice not forsake,
Disordring all, and looke how much, a man doth from them flie:
So much the more he doth approch, the seate of Ioue on hie.
And he that haunts them most of all, is worthy least of praise:
Abasing eke himselfe therewith, with beasts he leades his daies,
They hurt besides, when as they be to dayly vse retainde:
And dangers dire be got thereby, and minde with lets is painde.
Nor can the minde be alwaies yet, to things seuere addict:
Nor fraile it is, and ioy it must when endes the sad afflict.
And downe the highest hilles descende, to valleyes dēpe and lowe:
No otherwise then when on earth, doth Ioue his lightning throwe:
Hating the crimes that here be done. The Eagle bearing fast
With bill or fēte, the thrēe edge twle, in Sicil fornace cast,
Similitude. Ascends the toppes of heauens high, and maruailes much to sē
The Princely walles with precious stones that there adourned bē:
Astonisht is, to sē the place of glistering gold confect,
That shines with starres, she doth behold with Diamond pillers dect.
The costly roufes she lokte vpon, of Indian tēth compact:
She meruailes at the ample fielde, and light that neuer lact.
The great delights that Gods are in, that tongue cannot expresse:
Nor euer heart of man could thinke, the worthy pleasantnesse.
She flying fast both here, and there, desireth much to play:
By skies so cleare, and pleasant aires, begins her wings to spray.
The earth and quite she doth forget, her nest is out of minde:

In princely reigne of thundring God, such pleasure doth she finde.
But after that by hungers prick, with fasting strength decayes:
And heate lackes foode to worke vpon, that now she gan to prayse,
The heauens high she doth despise, and downe her selfe she spédes:
To ground, that late she did contemne, and there apace she fédes.
Then I which held my peace so long, such silence for to breake
Addrest my selfe, and not affraid her tale to stoppe, gan speake.
Because (quod I) the sunne as now, doth westward fast descend:
And night doth hast her course to vse. Before this light doe wend
Away from vs, and darkenesse comes, a fewe things shew to me
O goddesse milde (no Matrone thou but sémes a Ghost to be.)
What name the woman had, of late that I saw ponder stand
Besides the Quæne, and what the boyes be, that she led in hand.
Then in this sort she answered me, doubt not thou shalt discerne
By me (if time doe nothing let) all that thou sékst to learne.
Unworthy things thou hast not askt, I will therefore recite
Her now, that on the left hand goes, and Gluttony she highte.
Her great delight is for to eate, and night and day to drinke:
The greatest sort doe worship her, and for a God her thinke.
With ioyfull hearts the flaming wines, in gilded boles they mash,
And costly cates on burthened bourds, the grédy guts they crash.
The Chiefest Good they thinke to be, this Belly God to serue:
But out of doubt I thé assure, they from the truth doe swerue.
For nothing is more vile than this, nor harmeth more the state
Of man: The beastes for onely life did Ioue aboue create.
But man for life and reason to, and that he should excell:
And so be like vnto the Saints, which in the heauens dwell,
He hath ordainde to rule the earth. But they that loue the poke
Of Grédines and Belly ioyes, are dull, and with the smoke
Of fuming meates their wit is darckt, (like as with cloudes the Sun)
Ne may they yet the truth discerne, but chiefly when begun
Hath boyling wines within the brest, to blinde and dull the witte:
And when the paunch is stuffed full, for bookes they be vnfitte.
Whereby it often comes to passe, their witte but small to bé:
The ende that nature plast them for, they cleane forsake we sé.
Nor more they know, than doth the herd of Shéepe or Oxen dull,
Yea lesse sometime, when as with wine, their beastly braines be full.
When as for one, two lights they sé, with borde and wall to daunce:

Drunkennesse how vile a vice.

O dronkennesse, the death of minde, the brode of all mischance.
What thing dost thou not force the mind of man to take in hand?
What dare not he attempt thorow thee: both strife with brawling, and
Most cruel frapes thou mouest him to, thou ioyest when bloud is shead:
By thee are secretes eke reuealde, with minde and tongue made dead.
Both feare, and shamefastnesse also full farre they flye from thee:
Shunne you this plague (O wretches) now that make you mad to be.
And euen as mad as once Orestes was with mothers might.
What filthier thing: what beast more vile: than is the dronken wight?
The meate that he not long before, hath fast deuoured vp
He perbrakes out, he trembles eke, and stinketh of the cup.
Full oft he falles, and breakes his browes, his eyes and legs withall,
His stutting words he stammereth out, no man perceiue him shall.
Much things he saith, and much he doth, that when the night is gone,
And sunne is present here againe, he sorrowes sore vpon.

Great Alexander.

The Macedonian King, the sonne, of Philip graund le Roy:
In dronken moode, at table once his frends did all destroy.
But when the cups their fumes had left, and wit returnde againe:
He found the fault, with teares he mournd, and wisht himself as faine.
Why boast you with your Orgies vaine in woodes of Cytheron?
Your Thias daunce, why brag you now your foolish drummes vpon?
No God your Bacchus is I wis, that comes of Cadmus line,

Ceremonies of Bacchus the drunken God.

Nor Ioue him got of Semels wombe, as Poets doe define.
But Hell hath him ingendred, Lo, Megæra is his dame:
No God he is, but doth despise the Gods, and hates their name.
For godlinesse they nought esteeme that haunt the pots of wine,
Nor well can vse the dronken Priest, the Sacraments diuine.
What néede I here for to recite, what sicknesse, and what paines,
Excesse of meate and to much drinke doth breede, within the vaines:

What sicknesses come by excesse of wine. More dye by surfet then by sworde.

From hence doe flowe, euen as it were from euerlasting spring:
The Axesie, and the Botch, the Byle, with Scaule and Scurfe itching.
The Gout oppressing hands and féete, with bleared dropping eyes:
With wine ỹ quiuering ioynts they quake, from iawes ỹ téeth out flies.
With sodaine death, and stomacks paine, and fulsome stinking breath:
A greater sort than sword hath slaine, excesse hath done to death.
Besides, the goods be straight consumde, and downe the guts doe fling,
The fielde, the house, the houshold stuffe and euery other thing.
And now both poore and base he is, whose riches late were great:

EATE

EATE thou, whereby thy life may last, but liue not thou to EATE.
I haue thée here declared nowe, the woman what she hight:
And now the Boy with drousy noule, I will thée here recite.
The Boy is hers, and of her borne, and Labour him begat,
His name is Sleepe, his nourse is Leth, his foode is poppy fat.
The brother germane is to Death, but not as she, doth last.
He doth refresh the wearied limmes, with dayly labour past.
He doth expell the cares of men, and calleth strength agayne:
Without the ayde of him, no man his life may well sustayne.
Yet hurts he much, and doth the minde, in certayne wise oppresse:
Diseases breedes, and duls the corps, oft vsed with excesse. Too much sleepe hurteth.
If foode be small, he small wilbe, for when the meate is spent,
The corps doth wake or else doth rest, with litle slæpe content.
More lightly then his rest he takes, and better slæpes doth breede,
But vnto troubled mindes it is, a comfort great in deede.
And much it is to be desired, when loue the heart doth payne,
When sickneslle greues, or when the man doth heauy chaunce sustayne:
Then is it more to be esteemde than golde or precious stone.
As death, so slæpe doth make the wretch and happie man as one.
But he whome nature hath endewed, with long and happie dayes,
That doth desire expert to be in euery kinde of wayes,
By vertue eke a famous name in earth for to obtayne,
Must watche: for famous things, by slæpe none are performed plaine
And for to slæpe in feathers soft, renowne doth eft refuse:
Shun thou the same, with all thy might thy selfe to watching vse.
For, O what times of quiet length shall fates permit to thée:
When lest of all the night shall come and day shall banisht bée,
And breath hath left the quiuering ioyntes like ayre that flæting flies,
With long and euerlasting slæpe, then shalt thou shut thine eyes.
While as the Goddesse thus did speake, descended downe from hie, The raine-bow.
Thaumantis, lo, when sunne doth shine that glisters in the skie.
With diuers hewe that shewes her face, amyd the misty cloude,
With ruddy rosye purple lippes, thus gan she speake alloude,
God speede thée Goddesse here on earth, Panomphes gem most deare, The name of Iupiter.
Arete chiefe of Goddesses, (as doth to me appeare.)
Come on thy wayes, for all the Gods desire thée now to sée.
Leaue thou the earth, and earthly reignes, where dwellers yll there bée
Here is no place for Godly men, all wicked crimes here raigne,

Religion none, no faith, nor grace, but vertue in disdaine.
Here foolish fondenesse holdes the ball, imperiall Scepter aye:
Fraude, and deceit, all men amongste, is vsed here alway.
Go to therefore in hast, as now, breake of thy tale begunne:
Let lettes be loste, and with like course, let vs to heauen runne.
Arete than, beholding mée, these wordes began to say:
I cannot now (as faine I would) all things to thée display,
But when the day againe repayres, and night away shall slide,
To thée, shall I sende one, be glad, to tell thée all beside.
Farewell therefore, & with these words, gainward the skies they spring.
The Westerne winde did them receiue, and vpward fast them bring:
Like as when wicked Scylla spies her father following fast,
Aloft by little vp she hyes, and be gan after hast
With greedy mind, and through the ayre he skowres both here and there:
Desiring much to wreke the fault of cutting of his here.
She striues her selfe in cloudes to hide and mounteth out of sight:
And Nisus thither perceth fast, that both be out of light.
Adowne the flouds both sunne descend, and forth the stars they shinde,
And I the way that Greyberd led, full sadly then declinde:
And whom I come, my promist ioyes in heauy hope to finde.

A Similitude of the Lacky and the hoby.

The fourth Booke

Cancer.

O Sunne that with perpetuall course about the world doest flye:
The Parent chiefe of euery thing, and Diamond of the skye.
The Prince of all the Starres, and spring of euerlasting light:
Beholding euery thing abroad, while as with coulour bright
Of crimson hew, thou leau'st aloste the brinkes of Persian land
With rysing face, and passing forth doest hide thy fiery brand
Amid the westerne flouds, and last of all, doest burne the hill
Of Calpe great, and eke that course, frequentest alwaies still.
By thée, doe all things plaine appeare, whose coulour late the night
Bereft, hir darkenesse by no meanes, abiding once thy light.
The light and eye of all the world, who partes in foure the yeare,
And changest times, and with the times all things ingendrest here:
While as by croked line thou runste in liuely pictured spheare,

Gibet altare in auncient time called the pillers of Hercules.

O ſtarre diuine, and of the Gods, O faireſt God, Ar' hail:
We worſhip thée, and from the heart, where neuer troth doth quail,
Our prayers here we make to thée, behold vs now therefore
With ioyfull face, and ioyfull day, with ioy thy ſelfe reſtore.
Diſperſe the cloudes from hence, and let the day be bright and cleare:
Let Seas lay down their roring lookes, ſtrait, when thou doſt appeare.
Let Shipmen ſafe frequent their courſe, vpon the waters plaine:
Defend the corne, the trées, and vines, from pouring ſhoures of raine.
And from the boyſtrous whirlwind mad, and ſtormy ſtones of hail:
Let pleaſant aires on vs be blowne, from fiery Pyros hail,
And make all things by thy returne, in quiet reſt remaine.
O chiefe defence, and Poets aide, All hail to thée againe.
Thou filleſt the mindes of Poets all, with ſacred holy ſpirite:
And mou'ſt the heades of euery one, with fugred verſe to write.
By thée they gaine the laurel leafe, and euerlaſting fame:
All hayle therefore, and helpe me now, my ſinging verſe to frame.
And ſuccour theſe my firſt attempts, direct my courſe withall,
Til vnto long deſired porte, my bote, and I may crall.
Thus whilſte at Caſtale ſpringe on knees my humble ſute declard,
The Muſes all about me paſt, the God my prayers hard,
From towers of Delphos high he heard, and ſtraight as ſéemde to me
The ſteeple beckt, and therewithall a ſhining light I ſée
From out the Chauncell came, and eke, a wonderous voyce I heare,
Which with theſe words, as then me thought, reſounded in mine eare.
O young man voide of bliſſe, and whom, ſuch deſtnies vire do paine,
That ſpendſt thy life with bitter peares, pull vp thy heart againe.
For Pacience, paine doth ouercome, and in thafflicted caſe:
The valiant ought for to deſpiſe, the fawning fortunes face.
For vertue then doth moſt preuaile, when moſt ſhe is reſtrainde.
Doeſt thou not ſée, whom fortune oft, had fully once diſdainde,
The ſame with changed hand ſhe aides, and lifteth vp on hie:
Now this, now that, nothing endures, bene ath the hauty ſkie.
When glouming weather foule is gone, then pleaſant daies enſeiue:
At length the ſwelling ſeas be caulme, that erſt the windes ſo bleiue.
When Winters ſeaſon ſharpe departs, repairs the floured Spring.
Fixe ſure thy minde therefore as now, and faint not in the thing
That bitter ſéemes: prepare thy ſelfe for better deſtenies.
The time ſhall come (the ſtarres aboue, altring their courſe in ſkies.)

If death before, thée not destroy, when this thy present name
That now doth lye both drowned, and hid, shall gaine immortall fame.
For I my selfe will present be, and eke my learned rout:
The Sisters nine in euery place, shall stand thée round about,
And take thée from the common sort, and cause thy name to liue
For euermore. This answere here, to me did Phœbus giue
So praying. But scarce can I the Gods beléeue such things of me,
Under so crabbe aspect of starres, I know my byrth to be.
So sore the heauens doe me vexe, but yet from thence I go:
With ioyfull heart I wander forth alone, and alwaies so,
These words in minde I muse. O Lord that hap might be,
That God or man I might now méete, as promisd late to me
Arete for to send to teach, that I the rest might knowe:
O that from heauens hye she would, descend the earth belowe,
And me with pleasant words instruct, as erst I did her heare.
A valley long there lay betwéene, two hils that bounded neare.
A narrow path there was, that shewes ꝑ trauailing wight his way:
This path I tooke, and straight I saw, two shepheards there that lay
In grasse full gréene against the banke, who (bagges and bottels downe:
With crab tréestaues wherewith they walkt desirous of renowne)
Began to striue who best could sing, but iudge they lacked than,
Whose sentence should the strife appease, and prayse the finer man.
As soone as they me present spyde, they both me calde vnto
And wild me for to sit them by, and iudge who best could do.
Then one of them, (when that he had with Oten musicke playd)
His staring eyes on heauen cast, and on this sort he sayd.
O floure faire of Dardany, of Ioue beloued (O childe)
That seru'st the gods with frothing cup of pleasant Nectar milde:
Come downe from high now from the skies, a fayrer far than thée
In earth remains that vnto Ioue, cupbearer now shall be.
Him, Iupiter despising thé, shall take from hence, and place
Among the starres for enuy burst, (O thou in wretched case.)
Yéld vp for griefe thy wofull ghost, but rather not depart:
Thou shalt with wines the Gods salute, and I enioy my hart
Philetus deare (without whose sight, no kinde of thing is swéete
To me,) no not my life to haue, without his presence méete.
As oft as him on horsbacke swift, (the Gote, or Hart to chace)
The Fayries spie, with loue they burne, and wish that louely face

With thousand kisses for to méte, as many gifts withall:
And floured garlands trim him giue, contending best who shall.
And Apples fayre in baskets bring, and Grapes of pleasant tast:
O that neglecting to be pleasd, in him were not so plast.
O that this liuely Impe would shewe, himselfe alwaies at hand,
To ease the wretched louers griefe: then happiest should I stand.
No man in all the world my mate, but he doth cleane despise
My plaints, and faithfull louers sutes, and hates my dolefull cries:
And as the shaft from bowe departs, so from me fast he flies.
But fye not from me thus, nor hate me so (Phuletus deare)
I am no cruell Cannibal whereby thou shouldst me feare.
But worthy to be lou'd I am, perchance if thou me knowe.
For though vpon my body rough, the hoary haires they growe,
And though from chin with locks vnkempt my grisly beard doth fall:
I am not yet ill fauoured sure, for beard and bristels all
Be decent eke, and méte they be, for fighting folkes and strong:
Let maydly men haue tender skinnes the shepheards all among.
In richesse none doth me excell, of beasts I lacke no store:
A thousand Kine my pasture fédes, of Swine full fifty score.
Amongst my droue of Okes they runne, my kine with calues doe sway.
My lusty Gotes with Kid they swell: ne want I Whigge, nor Whay,
Fresh Chéese, and olde inough I haue take what thou likst, Away.
All mine is thine and I thine owne, though cruell thou deny.
If thou me lou'dst and wouldest thy selfe somtime come sit me by,
I would thée pleasant Apples get, that hangs on branches hy,
With Golden sides like yellow waxe, and red as Strawberies die.
I would thy lap with Fylberts fill, and Nuts of diuers kinde:
How oft, how oft, mine armes should I, about thy middle winde:
Two thousand kisses would I giue, those rosey lippes of thine:
Doubt not (swéete boy) but walke with me by cleared spring so fine
We both will rest, and gratefull slepe, with hauling armes will take:
Allurde with shade of bushing trées, and noyse that riuers make,
While Grashops in the heat doe chirp. Alas, and dost thou now
Despise both me and all my gifts, that here to thée I vow:
Doe naught my wofull teares thé moue nor all that I can say:
(More fiercer far, than Tigre stout, whose whelp is tane away.)
More deafe, than pictures which be made of Parus Marble stone:
And harder eke than are againe, the Mountaines euerychone

A Comparison.

Of Alpes high, and Adamant strong. What doth thy beauty good?
If all men so thou dost despise, with fierce and cruell moode?
And slaist the soules of woful wights whose hearts thine owne be tride?
An application of a Comparison. Thus wise her selfe in floures faire, the dreadfull Snake doth hide.
And thus with poyson hony mixt. Lay downe Disdaine aside
A monster vile, and vnto God, the auncient enimy Pride.
Nor be not thou with Grace beguilde, or forme of fading hewe:
Beauty lasteth not. For Beauty lasts but little time, like slowre fresh and newe
Full faire at first, is gone in time, while flouring age doth last,
While tender skinne in face doth shine, let not in vaine be past
Such happy times, but vse the gifts, now graunted vnto thée
While time doth serue, for euery thing by vse commended be.
The time shall come when this thy chin with brisseled beard beset
Shall vgly séeme, and eke thy face shall riueled wrincles fret.
And when thy golden locks shall turne to ghastly gresild heares,
To late then shalt thou Fole bewaile, the losse of youthfull yeares.
And oft thy selfe shalt say, Where is my beauty olde now gone?
Where is my coulour fresh become, both red and white in one?
Vaine hope, (Alas) of this thy face, then shalt thou sore lament
Thy changed chéekes, and face so foule, thy selfe when representh
Thou shalt thy glasse perceiue. But why thus waste I wind in vaine?
What meane I thus in barren soyle, to let my séedes remaine?
Unhappy wretch in vaine I toyle, my destnies will me so:
O cruell destenies, that now, so sore against me go.
And chiefly now, when wretched loue hath pearst my wofull heart:
Of greater force is lucke in loue, than all the swelling part
Of richesse great, or noble bloud, to destnies vertue thrall:
By lucke in loue the prince despilde, the Clowne obtaines the ball.
But though more fiercer thou remainst, then fearefull raging drake.
Or doest my loue no more esteéme, than wéedes in fenny lake.
Yet thée (swéete hart) I serue, and thée for euer shall I loue:
And nothing shall thée from my minde, (Philetus deare) remoue.
This said, he held his peace, and thus this other gan to say.
Mellina, passing floure of wheat, and whiter farre away
Than trothing fome of raging Seas, or Allablastar stone,
And boyled milke: more red than are the Cherries euery one
When ripe they hang, or Mulbry fruit while yet no blacke they weare.
More faire than trées in time of spring, when branches blossoms beare.

More

More sweete than are ꝑ withered Figges, or Wines that new be made
Such lippe, such brests, or eyes I thinke, dame Venus neuer had.
What should I here commend her thighes, or places there that lie?
Such partes in practise put, than spake, with better will would I.
Not only her, of mortall men her praise Mellina gaynes:
But God her loue, I sawe my selfe a Satyre take the paynes
To hunt her once, and when he had the game possest in pawes:
Against a Corke he taught her tricks of wanton louers lawes.
She cald & shrikt, and I, as wood, would straight her aide haue borne:
But sore afraide I was to mete the shagheard horsons horne.
Nor once I durst my enemy trye, his patience for to proue,
How oft she beckes and byds me come, with eyes that rowling moue.
And of her selfe she calles me thus, and fast begins to twine
Her armes so white, aboute my necke, like Iuey, or the Uine
That wonted are their neighbour trées with winding course to brace:
And fast the wanton bytes my necke, and softly on the face
With hand in sport she smites me ofte, and by her trouth she sweares
That none on earth but me she loues, nor none good will she beares,
But yet am I not such a foole, that I holde this for trewe:
For women all in lies excell, and when with fawnings newe
The naughty Queanes begin to flire, the more thou ought'st afrayd
To be, These worde in long he spake, and more he would haue sayd
But seuen wolues by chaunce therwith, came creping close the way:
From rockes adowne amid the trées, desirous of their pray,
And on the flock they run, now these, now those they slea and byte,
And mouthes in bloud they staine. Againe the mastie curres that syte,
With barking boughing noyse, to beat their enemies from the ground:
A noyse full great made in the dale, with roaring cry doth sound.
Then both the shepheardes rise in hast, the wager quite vndone:
With sling, and staues of Oke in hand, together both they runne.
And I, behinde alone remaynd, and forth another way
With doubtfull minde and diuers thought I went, as farre as may
The brasen Canon cast his stone at thrice: And there a spring
That spouted vp with bubling sandes where thicke the Plantrées cling
I found, and round about the grasse full greene it doth embrace,
With seats of sandy Tophus stone, I gesse it was the place
Where Fayries sit in Summers rage, whē Dogdayes heat doth glow:
Not farre from hence I sawe me thought a Seruice tree to growe.

A stone that is soone resolued into sand.

Whose

Whose fruit did make the branches bend, and thereto fast I went:
(For ripe I then perceaud) and some with hast in hand I hent,
And eate them vp, desiring then, with water for to slake
My burning thirst, and to the well my iourney forth I take.
And downe I bowe my selfe, and there my lippes in water fine
I dipt, and whilst I drinke, the stones in Christall waters shine.
Whilst these are done, a young man downe from heauens to me sent
That Goddesse good, Arete fayre, of me not negligent.
With falling flight he cuttes the aire, more swifter much he flies
Than haukes, that striue by force to take, the pray before their eyes.
And straight he comes to me, that then with weary limmes did rest
Amid the grasse, he bids God Den, then vp my selfe I drest
And worship there to him I make, He (passing man in fame)
I am did say Aretes some, Timalphes is my name.
My mother hath me hither sent, that all that doth remaine
Behinde vntolde, I may disclose to thee in order plaine.
Then both together downe we sit, and thus he gan to say.
The woman, and her boy, that stode on left side ponder way,
Thou knowst, my mother told thee plaine. Now rests there for to tell,
What hight the woman, and the boy that on the right hand, dwell.
Hir Venus men doe call and say that of the salt sea sud
She then created was, when that old Saturne in the flud
Unkinde his fathers stones did cast, So say the Grekish sort:
(A people fancies fit to faine and lies for to report.)
Uranius hir (of troth) begat of Lopades, by rape
Uranius Syre of euery thing, than whom of larger shape
Was Atlas not, nor yet the fierce Enceladus so strong,
Nor gorbellid Typhæus huge, nor all the Giants long,
That euer earth did yet bring vp. Nine heads him nature toke,
Whereof the highest is voide of eyes, and Westward still doth loke.
Gainward the East doth other stand, aboue a thousand eyes
The second hath, and on a pece doth all the rest suffice.
His right hand Northward out he casts, the left to South he sendes,
With both his hands the world he metes, his fete the flocke of fendes
Doth touch, his head the skies doth reach, a Shepheard rich in deede
Aboue all men, of euery flocke through all the earth to fede,
He puts them out, the number would of them exceede, if not
That monster Pamphagus his sonne with greedy rauening throte

Should

Arete signifieth Vertue.

Timalphes is, by interpretation, Precious.

Uranius otherwise called Cælum or Cælius that is to say Heauē, he was Father to Saturne.

Lopas in this place signifieth Spumam marinam, the frothe of the Sea whereof Venus was ingendred.

A riddle, of the nine spheares of heauen, whereof the Fyrst being called the first Mouer, turneth from East to West.

And with him carieth the others that of themselues doe moue from West to East.

The Secód of them conteineth,

Should them deuoure continually, with Atropos his wife.
This Venus now Vranius got, and ioinde in wedlock life,
To one Pedogenes a God, and bad they should encrease.
This is that Venus, without whom the vse of earth would cease:
And all the world with briers thicke vnsæmely should be thought.
Hir God hath ordeind, that she might the losse which nature brought
Full recompence, which God appoints that hurtfull cannot be,
What then of them shall I report content with chastitie,
That faire encrease doe not esteeme: but voide of issue die,
And leaue no signes of them behinde, they sinne assuredly.
And if the truth may here be said, vnworthy byrth him giues
Nature, of whom not one is borne. vnworthy eke he liues
By whom another hath no life. Yet they whom sickenesse let,
Or other meanes doe them constraine no children for to get,
Oppressed with cursed pouerty, doe feare that they shall sée
Their children begge, intend Saints life, of whom but fewe there be,
Let them refraine, good leaue they haue, but many will no wife,
That they may others eft defile, and lead a lechours life.
And for because that more they might the common sort beguile.
Under pretence they giue themselues to sacred things a while,
And churches haunt, and priests of God they counted are to be.
They diuers lawes and garments strange doe vse, and thinke to sée
The heauens high with scraped crowne, cleane things the beasts do flie,
And after things vncleane they runne, while as the paunch they plie,
And giues themselues to drowsie rest, which both doe foster vice:
Stale Virgins are they thought to be while close they cast the dice,
The darke night all in vice to spend their mindes they whole apply.
None truely vse a virgins life, but such as come thereby
When crooked olde vnlusty age, or sickenesse sore them fret:
Or restlesse paine of carking minde, or gift of God them let.
All ouer plus from out the corps doth nature cleane expell.
Hereof it comes that in night dreames sometimes doth Venus dwell,
In dreames that shew the ioyfull act and pleasant sport in deede.
Let them more chast than Sibyls be, or Nunnes of Vestal wæde.
Of two, which worthie. is I aske, esteemed for to be,
The barraine bows that fruitlesse fade, or else the fertile trée:
The ground that gineth good encrease, or sand where nothing growes?
O thoughts of men of none effect, O fond and foolish vowes,

the whole number of fixed stars, The others a Planet a peece.

Against those that contemne Marryage.

Apply

Apply our selues not to despise the sacred natures hest,
Which would the hed should brede againe which made such ioyful rest
In wedlocke bed, thé not to feare, but rather to allure.
Why wilt thou nature thus withstand: no hurt in Venus sure
There is, if her thou lawfull vse with meane, and not excesse.
The hurt of lechery. But to much vse the strength abates, and drownes the valiantnesse:
Destroyes the wit, and shortneth life. Now must we here display
Dame Venus sonne, whose force doth cause both man & God obay.
Who bond withal, and quiuered shafts makes all the world afrayd.
To whom (though yet a boy, and blind) hath euery thing obayd,
All Creatures subiect to Loue. That earth, or Sea did euer brede, or Heauens hie containe.
O Lord what rage of flames, and fire in euery place to raine
This boy hath caused: what force hast thou O quiuered Cupid now:
No strength thy power may once resist, thy conquest makes to bow
Both beast and man, and Gods aboue, with darts of thine alone.
(His heart through pearst) full oft hath made ỳ thũdring God to grone:
And diuers shapes on him to take, his lightning laid a side,
(And region left of starry skies) on wretched soyle to slide.
The greatest and wisest men of the earth, haue been daunted with the fond affections of Loue such as for their other vertues were supposed to be Gods Hath not disdainde sometime the forme of Eagle swift to beare,
Sometime a Bull with frowning face, sometimes a shepheards cheare
On him to put, sometime to seeme a Snake, and now, and than
With flames to come, in Satyrs shape: now Golde, now like a Swan.
Neptunus also once ychangd to flouds of Enepey,
While he poore wretch thy dart did feele, with Salmonide he lay.
And oft a Dolphin would he seeme, a Ram, or Horse to bee.
With all the seas he could not quench the flames that burnt by thée
In brest so blinde, and heart of him, a tale to long it were
Like acts of all the Gods to shew to thée in order here.
How Phœbus did a Hauke become, and eke a Lion kende:
Or call to minde the wood attempts of raging Tartars fende,
But vaine it is so time to spend: for if I should expound
The Lords, and Ladies euerichone, whom cruell loue did wound,
My tale would runne to much at large, and downe (before) would hide
His glistering beams syr Titan bright, the smoking whéls should slide,
Amid the washing westerne waues, But here I thinke it best
Such things to leaue, sith many men haue plainly them expresst.
And now the truth we will declare, this Boy did neuer flow
From Bacchus raines, as Grece did faine, No sure: if it were so,

Eche

Eche man that hateth wine, should loue but destny him begot:
Because in euery kinde of loue this destny knittes the knot.
All mortall things, this desteny rules: she doth to all bestow
Conditions eke with fortune to, and ende of life doth know.
Of greater force than beauty is, this desteny assurde,
Though beauty cause of burning flame hath louers linckes procurde:
Of greater might than Golde it is though once with Golde did bye
Olde Saturnes sonne, inclosde in towers with Danae faire to lye.
Familiar sight, and licence had full oft to take, and liue
Together both, when none shall see which sliding way doth giue,
By which to loue we in doe come, by which is Venus got,
All this can nothing sure preuaile, if destnies fauour not.
By destny ioinde, by destny broke, the louers knot, and ring,
By this the vile deformed slaue, sometimes obtaines the thing
Which rich nor faire can haue: by this the faire and gentle wyfe
Is of her husband eft despisde: and more contents his lyfe
A ragged iade in house to kepe. By this the wife disdaines
Hir husband faire of gentle bloud, and greater ioy sustaines
A lither lousy loute to haue, or vnaquainted wight.
And if so be that loue, were not by Gods aduisement right
To euery man appointed here, by limites parted iust:
No doubt of all might one be loued, and on them all should lust,
And euery man might take enioy the Damsel that he likes,
But as the fisher doth not take the fishes all in dikes:
Nor foulers all the birds doe catch, nor hunters all doe kill,
But euery one his chance doth take, obtaines, and hath his will,
So, loue to euery one is dealt by Gods arbitrement.
So doth the seruant base full oft his Lady well content.
So shall the burstен bleared lout, and crooked father olde
A blissefull girle to wife obtaine. For as the Marchant bolde,
That vnderneath vnhappy starrs with wares his ship doth freight,
And cuts the fearefull foming seas, is often spoild of weight
By losse of ship, or Pirats fierce: so he that flames with loue,
The starres, and lucke against him both: doth seeke the rockes to moue.
An euill name, and cruell wound, receiueth he againe.
And eft his loue to get, doth he the losse of life sustaine,
But he, whom destnies fauour well, and fortune smiles vpon,
His heart, and ioy, may soone obtaine with quiet rest anon.

Desteny ruleth in Loue.

That is to say Iupiter. The daughters of Acrisius king of the Argiues.

Similitude.

Similitude.

No Loue without Lucke.

But ſure of fewe this grace is had, ſo good are Gods to fewe:
Except ſuch one as cloſe doth kæpe his ioyes that none them knewe.
No truſt there is at all in man, deceipts are vſed vile,
Now euery man doth practiſe how his fellow to beguile.
If any man vnto his friend his ſecretes doth diſcloſe,
Then muſt he ſtand in feare of him leaſt he his friendſhip loſe:
Leaſt he in angry mode reueale that earſt in heart he hides.
If frēs, therefore thou ſækſt to be, and ſafe to liue beſides,
Let no man knowe thy ſecrete dædes: thy friend haue alwayes ſo
While friendſhip laſts, that thou foreſæ he once may be thy foe.
Which thing in proſe hath eſt bēn knowen, for few ſuch friends we ſæ
That alwaies loue: and much herein ought enuy ſcarce to be,
Which euer ſtriues, the happy chaunce with poyſon fell to ſtaine,
Take hæde therefore of enuy Syrs I warne you louers plaine.
Let no man know thy minde in loue, but hide this loue of thine,
(If witte thou haſt) and let not thou thy fier forth to ſhine.
A monſter vile is Enuy ſure, a plague that rageth Fell,
A deadly hurt, than which a worſe is hard to finde in Hell.
It hunteth vertue in euery place, good dædes a ſunder tears,
Good men ſhe hates and doth diſdaine the happes of others yeares,
Although no man can well kæpe cloſe his owne vnfained loue,
If Fates againſt him let, and nyll the enuious lights aboue,
Small force in wit of man there is, where Gods doe not agrē.
In vaine he toyles that ſæketh ought when Gods againſt him be.
Yet ought we not for this to leaue our willes and wittes to ſtraine:
For he that hath the race forth runne, and palme cannot obtaine,
Is worthy prayſe: and enuy all vpon the Gods he layes,
Who often good men downe haue put, and fooles exalting rayſe.
A happy man is he, to whom from tower of heauens, grace
Is graunted, whom God guides himſelfe, whoſe byrth w lucky face
The happy ſtarres haue ſhinde vpon, to him comes ioyfull loue:
And voide of woe long ſwēteneſſe he with pleaſant life may proue.
For loue is dainty, ſwēte, and milde, if deſtiny cauſe not paine:
Whoſe darts the man that neuer felt, doth senſleſſe ſtill remaine.
What beaſt might euer yet be found, that felt not Cupids flame:
All creatures vile and baſe we ſæ haue taſted of the ſame,
God willing ſo. Wherefore who ſækes this loue, a thing of fame
He ſækes: for if the king, and Lord of all the world, ſhould not

All

The mind not to be diſcloſed.

Enuy a Monſter.

A hard matter to hyde Loue.

Our will is nothing without God.

Euery man muſt doe what in him lyes to liue well

All things created here retayne in loues assured knot,
The worlde should straight be at an end, and the elements decay.
That ech man loues he keepes, and it defendeth eke alway.
But no man seekes the thing to keepe that he sets nothing by.
Wherefore the order of all things shall last continually.
For euerlasting is the loue of God, that all doth guide,
Though all things made doe fall and fade, the kindes yet neuer slide.
For those the blessed God doth loue, but not the bodies so.
Whereof the cruel death hath power, for no man suffreth tho
The thing he loues to perish quite, if he can it defende.
But who denies? God all thing can, and he can them defende.
But he the bodies doth not loue, wherefore he lets them die:
But not the kinds he so permits from their estate to flie:
What doth the potter care, of this or that his pot be burst,
Turning the wheele, and chalke in hande despising now the first,
A newer sort of them he makes, now ouer all this same,
The skie, the ground, the seas and ayre, and raging fiers flame, The 4. Eliments, fire, ayre, water and earth.
And eke in fine, the world it selfe (by loues enduring knot)
So many yeares doth stande and last, for if this loue were not:
The elements altogether would with burstē bonds goe fight.
Nor downe to earth, the Heauens would shew forth their blisseful light.
And beames so warme: No sede should growe, and eke the fierie flame
This Ayre his neighbor, would consume, ne would, but out of frame
His shoures on earth ỳ ayre put downe, ful bare would seme ech soile
The seas should quench the fire quite, or rather fire boyle
And waste away the fishie seas, and nothing spare to spoyle:
As once, when Phaeton rulde not well the firie foming beasts, Similitude
(Wisdreding sore the monsters high) his owne good fathers beastes
Beleeuing not, vnhappie wretch was drownd in his desire.
Then all the worlde therewith began to burne with blasing fire,
Till he by force of lightning smitte, come tumbling headlong downe,
And in the flouds his flames did quench. Loue brēds in euery towne,
Assured Peace, the worthiest is of all things here we see:
In time of peace do all things growe, and all things liuely be. The commoditie of Peace.
Then liue men safe, in safetie eke the trauailing wight he stands,
And takes his iourney voide of harme, and scapes the robbers handes.
Then buzzing Bees in hiues be kept by good aduice and care,
And beastes in pastures fat are fed, the ground is torne with share,

And yeldeth fayre encrease in time, then plentie beares the sway:
In bread, and mylke, and holesome oyles, then euery where they play,
The sounding shaume doth them prouoke to daunce, the Tryas round:
But idiots, none doe enuie peace, and couet Martiall ground.
Such times doe flowe when Saturn ruld his Empire here alone:
(O worthie age more worth than Gold) but now, O griefe to mone,
All things doe Discorde vile disturbe, with raged motion mad:
And filles and feareth euery place, with broyling tumult sad.
Nowe fierce we forced are to be, and lawes with sword to slake:
The furies all of hell they swarme, a thousande brondes they shake,
A thousand snakes withall, and moue the proude hie minded Kings
And common people mad to be, what goodnesse to you brings
(O Wretches mad) your death to haste, with battes and byl bow blade:
To late when as she neuer comes, but mischiefe this hath made
That plaguy pride and hunger mad, dominion for to haue.
O dust, what makes thée proud to be? whose stinking guttes in graue
The filthie wormes anone shall teare, why séekest thou so for gold?
Thinkest thou for euer here to liue? O wretch, O wretch, Behold
How vaine, howe short, how fléeteth soone our life before thine eyes?
A graue anone shall close contayne thy bones, and shall suffice.
And if so be that loue should knitte, the hearts of men in one,
This woulde not be, for euery man his friend to tend vpon.
And all men for their partes would ayde, the friend ẏ they holde deare:
Assuredly, nothing more good, nor swéeter doth appeare,
Than truely while we here doe liue, of many loued to be
A safe defence are alwayes friendes, against aduersitie,
The minde in doubtful things they ease and helpers séeke to be.
Thy cares and losse they lighten much, they wéepe and wayle with thée.
But seldome perisheth the man, that thus is rich in friendes:
When fortune laughes vpon thy lucke, and happy chaunce thee sends:
With thée thy profits they embrace, with thee they ioyfull be:
With friendship they thy haps increase, and feast in mirth with thee.
Who list therefore to leade his life, in safetie, and in ioy,
Great store of friends for to retaine, let him his care employ.
By many meanes this thing is got, which (as I can) I shall
Declare: but now to vnderstand, is néedfull first of all,
Which loue the people call to mind, a motion for to be:
For well to will it is the same, that men call loue we see.

A kinde of stately dance in measure, dedicated to Bacchus

The goldē world.

The commoditie of friendship.

The

The mind alwaies it ſelfe deſires, the Good thing for to proue:
And ſeekes the Euill for to ſhunne, theſe two alone her moue.
Theſe two therefore the cauſes be, and loues aſſured ground.
But Good in thꝛée deuided is whereof one part is found
(As learned men diſcourſed haue) Delighting for to be,
The other Honeſt eke appeares: The third Vtilitie.
So likewiſe Yll in thꝛée we part, firſt Hurtfull we eſteéme:
The ſecond Vile deformed is, the third doth Greeuous ſeéme.
Who ſo that loues, refuſing theſe, or elſe deſiring thoſe,
He loues. Loue diuers is, like as the ſpring from whence it flowes.
Not worthy prayſed like to be, nor worthy like diſprayſe:
Nor onely differ thꝛée foreſaid, in generall kinde alwayes,
But diuers ſpeciall kindes himſelfe, doth ech of theſe containe:
Which kindes when as they diuers be, make diuers loues againe,
What ſo euer aides, that profit is, but is not yet as one.
Much goods vpon the body waight, and much the ſoule vpon,
Strength, Beauty, Health, Actiuity, theſe foure the body oweth: The goods of the body
Theſe things whatſoeuer creature giues from them the profit floweth.
Two goods againe the ſoule containes, as Maners milde, and Art: The goods of the ſoul.
Like as the ſoule hath vertues two, the Will, to whom the part
Of Maners all belong, and Minde, to whom the Truth to know
Ie proper is, and from the mind like diuers goods doe flow.
The Learnings nine this minde adorne, which Poets, Muſes call:
Equiualent to circles nine, that roule aboue vs all.
The Will with diuers goods poſſeſſe, of which theſe foure excell: The goods of the will.
Wit, Iuſtice eke and Vertue ſtrong, that conquers troubles fell.
With Her that brideleth eke our mindes, and modeſty doth bring:
From theſe, as from the fountaine firſt, doe all the other ſpring.
Which whoſoeuer ſeékes to know, let him goe toſſe the booke:
Of Stagerite, or (if he liſt) in Platoes works goe looke: Ariſtotle.
Which two are lights to all the world. What ſo euer then it be
Such like to vs that giues, that terme may profitable we.
As to the body medicine is, and eke the healing leach:
And to the minde the booke, likewiſe is mayſter that doth teach.
But thoſe that profiteth the ſoule, more profitable be,
And better eke, becauſe it is of greater dignitie.
As is the mayſter than the man, the ſhipman than the ſhip:
Than is the cart is he that holdes, the laſhing carters whip,

But by delay, or out of hand, doth profit vs eche thing:
As to the hungred man the golde, and he that gold doth bring.
The Cooke, and eke the foode it selfe. The like I doe declare
Of Pleasing goods in diuers parts, deuided is their share.
Of which the body some doe please, and some the soule delight:
But yet the pleasures of the soule, be alwaies more of might,
And common eke to Gods, and vs, whereas the bodies ioy.
Is graunted vnto brutish beasts, to them a proper ioy.
Not lawfull vnto them it is, with ioyes of soule to mell:
Nor haue they all the senses fiue, and onely know they well
What tast and sence of feeling meanes. They Musicke nought esteeme:
No sweete perfumes with princely smell, to them doth pleasant seeme.
Regard they ought the painted lines of fine Apelles hand:
Or muse they on the brasen plate, of comely Corynthe land:
Or wonder they the sight to see, of shooting Circus game:
If ought they smell, if tune or sight, them please, it is the same
Similitude. That tast, or feeling makes. As when the Lion fierce doth spie,
In fieldes by chaunce a cowe, he leapes, and liftes his maine on hie.
And twines and twirls his twisting taile desirous of his pray:
Or when the fomey horse beholds, the gadding mare astray.
With hauty head vpheld he runnes, and here and there he kickes:
And leapeth hedge and ditch aboue, while lusty guts him prickes,
And causeth all the skies aboue, with hineying noyse to shrike:
When meat therefore, and gendring act, the beastes doe chiefest like.
And sith to them it proper is, it is therefore most vile:
And fit for villaines to possesse, fine wit it doth exile.
To often vsde, it body hurts, who therefore this obayes:
Is made a sole, and for to serue, is apter eke alwaies,
Than ouer others for to rule, but vse them moderately.
And if thou minded art to know, the goods of Honesty.
Remember what before I said, for of the minde they bee:
The Manners milde, and Learning eke, as I declard to thee.
But giue good eare what I shall say, those goods that doe delight
While as they last, doe pleasant seeme, and after of no might.
Example. For behold the ioyes of Song, and Venus play:
But that that brings the body good, that profits, men doe say.
The goods thereof be pleasant eke, as Health obtaine doth please:
So profits it againe we see, that healeth eche disease,

And

And that, that causeth goods of minde, we well may Profite name:
But these, as soone as they be got, then pleasant are the same.
And Honest out of hand they be, for all that vertue brings,
Doth profit much, and delt her selfe, aboue all other thinges,
She pleaseth most, and honest is, her iust rewarde and hire
Is honour, onely due to her: therefore who doth desire
Much loue, while he here liues to haue, let either him deuise,
To please or profit them he loues, or else in any wise,
Let him haue vertues good in store: The which the dogged sort
Shall force and eke constrayne to giue, a prayse and good report.
Whome though they hate yet shall they feeare: and first of all he must
Of those whome he doth séke to please, marke all the manners iust.
For all mens willes doe not agrée, nor all their studies on:
Such séede vnlike dame nature sowes, ingendring vs vpon.
The one doth hate, the other loues, that one doth most dispraise
The other lifts aboue the skies. Whereof appeares alwayes,
That ech loue all thinges not alike, nor all men do desire,
One good that profites, like to haue, nor honest like require.
Wherefore we first of all must learne, what pleaseth best his brayne
To whom we seeke, lest else perchaunce we labour all in vayne,
In doing things of them vnlikt, this is not hard to knowe:
The talke assuredly declares, the déedes from them that flow,
And hidden heart, all men talke most, of that they most doe loue:
And most attentiue are thereto, full many things that proue
His loue at home may eft be spied. The plowman holds at home
The Plow, the Goad, the Yoke, the Rake, the Spade to temper lome.
The knight his glistring armour hath, that hangs at home full hie:
So he whose house with bookes abounds, a student rightfully
May déemed be, and this I say of euerie other man.
The hand and tongue declare the heart, such things as pleaseth than
Who séketh friends let him performe, for fawning loue doth get.
But most men yet doe gape for gaine, and all mens hearts are set
On gold, and gifts, and many friends by gifts obtained be.
But sure such loue endureth not, for when that gayne doth flée
Then fayleth friendship, chiefly then when hope to haue, is gone:
But some there be (though fewe of them) that still remaine as one,
And mindfull eke of friendship shewed, doe neuer cease to loue.
But graunt th'unthankfuls friendship faile, it doth not yet behoue,

How to get friends

The good and friendly man to leaue, (who may as rare be founde,
As Phœnix birde in all the worlde, that brædes in Aribs ground)
To profit many men, and ayde, with all his power the same:
This way to heauen onely leades, by this obtainde the game
Great Hercules, and many more, whose worthie fames remaine
And yet with vs, whom neuer age can cause to die agayne:
The gentle and the liberall man is like to God aboue.
Great sortes of men agayne there be, delighting things that loue.
Whereby such men they most esteeme, that pleasant things do bring
And chiefely children, youth, and such as are of great liuing,
Doe couet ioyes, and pleasures seeke, but such loue is not true:
For when that pleasure once is gone, then friendship eke adewe.
Yet sometimes sure it profits much, and many get thereby
Riches, and many fauour get. Therefore let him applie
His minde, to please who friendship seekes (so he goe not astray
From bonds of right and honesty) but ech man profit may
And pleasure eke two sundry wayes, by words and dæde beside:
And safer eke and easier tys, such friendship to prouide
By words, than dædes. But now tis best for to declare the way,
By which it may be brought to passe, which thing performe you may,
If holsome counsell thou dost giue, and warning hurt declare,
And teach how profit may be got, of euill to beware:
In praying Gods to sende them health, and send them well to fare.
In asking gratefull things for them, in whome consistes thy care.
If thou desirest any man, with words for to delight,
Of him, and eke of all his things, doe prayses thou recite:
And if he euer any act performed worthy prayse,
Commend it much, for wise men now, and fooles at all assayes
Would praysed be, sometimes agayne, with sweet, and pleasant style
Delight thatentiue eares of theirs, prouoking them to smile.
Or telling of some pleasant tale, though new, or old it be:
(If it be worth declaring) tell some worthy historie.
If thou perceiuest any thing that doth his minde delight,
In any case, dispraise it not, but say the crowe is whyte,
And if thy Conscience be so straight thou darst not say so much,
Then hold thy tongue, say neuer a word, for nowe the time is such,
That wisedome great it is to fayne, (as true the people say)
He cannot liue that knowes not how with both his hands to play.

He must please that seeketh friends.

Sometime

Sometime, beléue me, nowe it hurtes the trueth for to defende,
The place, the people, and the time in minde do thou perpend,
That nought thee hurt. But some there be that rather loue to praise
A man behind his backe, and take the same for better wayes:
They doe but well. Such kinde of prayse more thanke deserueth sure. 104
Unfayned eke and vnsuspect, it séemes to be more pure.
For some doe vse to flatter men when as they present be:
True friends wherby they might be thought, whō when they absent see
With biting words they laugh to scorne. Best is it to reiect Flatterers to be auoided.
Such clawing guestes, it is the vse of Gnatoes fawning sect.
Note, few agayne at least, some one such marchant shalt thou finde:
That all things will abroad declare that issued from thy minde.
Such prating mates inow there be, he speakes much good (saith he)
And doth commend your mastership, of him displayse you be.
In fewe words nowe the trueth to say, nothing doth more delight
All kinde of men, than manners good, and life lead all vpright.
Of greater force than riches, this, or learning eke it séemes:
Though euill men be learnde, or rich, yet no man them estéemes. Honesty, & vertue, procureth loue
Nothing more odious is than vice, but if thou honest be
And good, all men shall thée embrace, at least (I thinke) none thée
Wyll hate. A sentence old it is, that maners like in all:
And studie like is it (they say) that loue is fedde withall.
So merry tys when knaues be mett, so learnd with learnd remayne: Like to like
So haunt all kinde of beastes their herd, I speake not this agame.
For howe can they be ioynd in loue, whose minds contrarie be:
When one thing for to will and hate, frendes vse it is we se:
Loue lastes not long in wicked men, fooles friendship lastes not long. 105
For priuate wealth that ill men séke by right and eke by wrong,
And cruell luste to harme and hurt that ill men all possesse,
With pride, and wrath together both, the friends of foolishnesse,
Makes fuming humors rage abroad, and ioynes them by the eares
That onely loue endureth long, whose roote dame vertue beares, What loue endureth.
Which honestie ingendreth hath, this onely knittes the heartes:
Of godly eke and faithfull men, with loue that neuer partes.
And more it is to be estémde, than is the loue of kinde:
By which the father loues the sonne, and eke with louing minde
Eche other kinsmen doe embrace. For children often hate
Their parentes deare, and fathers eft haue grudge the childes estate.

The brother hath bene (er this) to worke the brothers wyle:
But neuer true Oreſtes yet, did Pylades beguile,
Nor Pylades Oreſt to ayde, did death eſteme there while.
But here it comes in queſtion, if by any meanes we can
Procure the loue of euery chone, the good and euil man.
For loue in many partes diſperſt, is weaker euery howre:
In fewe of greatest force it is, in two of greateſt powre.
Deuided thus in many partes it vaniſheth away:
Who biddes ſeeke not to many mates, doth therefore truely ſay,
For harde it is to liue among ſo great a companie:
With them as it doth friendes become, eke conuerſant to be.
Friendſhip hardly cõtinued amongſt manie.
For fixed faith denies her ſelfe, with many for to dwell,
With fewe her ſelfe ſhe doth content: wherefore beleeue thou well,
Thou ſhalt not many faithfull finde. Loue not in any wiſe
The common ſort, nor ſeeke their loue, for diſcorde then doth ryſe,
And pleaſant peace with few remaynes, the common preaſe forſake:
Of preſſing men with troubles, they their troublous name doe take,
A fewe, and good chooſe thou thy ſelfe, with whom to leade thy life
By many yeares in ſafe thou maiſte, and alſo voyde of ſtrife:
Like as therefore, thou canſt not loue ſo many feruently:
So, canſt thou not of ſuch a ſort, be loued faithfully.
For who ſo loueth not for troth, is worthie of no loue.
A ciuil common loue there is, wherewith it doth behoue,
The common ſort to loue, with which ech good, and euill man,
We oughut aſſuredly to loue: which is performed than,
When as we no mans hurt procure by words, or elſe by artes,
When as we leade our life that none may well controule our factes,
Whem we to all men curteouſe be, and eke with friendly face:
Doe them ſalute with honors due, and praying them imbrace.
But yet, at firſt it doth behoue with fewe to leade thy life,
If thou doeſt ſeeke in peace to liue, and flie from fooliſh ſtrife:
Then chiefly ſhunne whom nought thou knowſt. It cannot be perdye,
Yl companie to be auoyded.
That we in thornes, and thiſtles treade, and ſcape vnprickt thereby,
Nor care thou not a whyt, if that the wicked loue not thée,
Thinke it ynough if he not hate, ne ſhalt thou hated be,
If thou from them doe ſtand alofe, ſuch hurteth not the ſnake.
But if, ſometime it doth thée pleaſe the companie to take
Of tag and rag, and neighbor Iohn, let tongue in ſilence dwell:

And

And take good hæde what thing thou saist, and alwaies harken well.
And seldome speake, it is the signe of one, whose head is light
To much to prate, he eft offends that so doth words recite.
But such as rare and wisely speake, deserue the chiefest praise:
And in the prudent mouth it is a goodly gift alwaies.
Speake ill of none behinde their backe, ne yet before their face:
Let this thy chiefest warning be, and rule of chiefest place.
Nor prate not thou to no intent, nor idle words let fall:
For then shall eche man laugh at thée, and eke a fole thée call.
If thou shalt answere any man, or if thou question finde:
Before thou speakst in any case, determine in thy minde.
For when it once is fledde from thée, thou canst it not restraine:
The worde that once is flowne abroade cannot come home againe.
A goodly thing also it is, in talke to tell sometime,
The pithy sense of aged sawes, and auncient Poets rime.
And now and then examples found in worthy stories olde,
Doe giue the talke a greater grace, if they allude so tolde.
Alwaies therefore, it nædefull is on diuers bookes to rede:
And, as the Bées now there now here, on sundry floures to fede.
Expell thou anger farre from thée, away with pride, that elfe:
Such kinde of men cannot be lou'd, and alwaies shewe thy selfe
Of gentle minde, and lowly eke, so shalt thou all men please:
If any man thy hurt procure, proue thou him to appease
Rather with Wit, thã furious moode. To Wit doth Strength giue place:
She Conquereresse doth all things tame: the Tigres stout in pace,
And Lyons fierce by art are wonne, and ships in seas doe swim,
And towers strong by art doth beare the Elephant on him.
By this the Bull doth beare the poke, and horse of strongest might
By this constrained is to beare, the bridle, and the knight.
Wit all things rules with aide of force, to threaten much with crackes,
Is cowards guise, and womens strength: to men belongeth factes.
The wise man doth dissemble hurt, the valiant prates no whitte,
But when he sées the time, then dare he doe that shall séeme fitte.
First take good hæde that none thé hurt, and if by iniury
Thou harmed art, when thou séest time reuenge it rightfully.
If thou canst not, let griefe a while within thy heart remaine,
Least that by foolish boasting words, thou maist more harme sustaine.
Tys naughty playing with edged toles, The wiseman will refraine.

And

And ſpie his time, and eke geue place his foe with woꝛds to traine
That pleaſant ſæme, and fawnings eke till he him bꝛing to ſnare:
So winnes the wilde vnꝛuly colt, the witty hoꝛſeman ware.
So on the Oxens necke the yokes, the plowman putteth on:
So Lyons fierce the Chariot dꝛawes that Cybel ſittes vpon.
So (Tigres wood) you doe obey to Bacchus bꝛidle raines.
Great wit it is to conquer thus, and hide the inward paines,
Till time conuenient come. Theꝛefoꝛe this muſt be marke beſide.
Whereſoeuer thou remainſt, let not thy mouth be ſtretcht to wide,
With laughings loude, but when næde is then laugh thou moderately:
It doth declare a ſimple wit to laugh exceſſiuely.
And on the other ſide, it is not fit foꝛ any man
Alwaies in dumpes to be, theꝛefoꝛe flie thou them now and than.
The middle kæpe, there vertue ſits, no Ieſter would I thæ,
And yet, if that thou canſt, I would that pleaſant thou ſhouldſt bæ.
Enough (me thinks) I haue now ſaid, my meſſage here doth ende:
Foꝛ which to thæ, my mother me from heauen hie did ſende.
Now time commaunds to leaue the earth, and ſkies aboue to clime:
From whence I wonted am the earth, to ſæ full many a time,
Muſing that it ſo little ſæmes, and roumde as any ball:
Amid the ayꝛe to ſæ it hang, hauing no ſtay at all,
Suſtained onely with his poyſe: the ſea doth eke appeare
About the earth full ſerpent like, to crangle here and there:
And like a little bꝛooke to runne. Here eke I doe beholde,
The Padus, Tanais, Ganges, and that Hiſtre, waters colde:
As oft as ſhoweꝛs doe cauſe the dikes with wet to ouerflowe.
And when thy mouthes alwoke I ſæ (O Nilus) then I trowe,
They be (though great in dæde they are) but ſeauen gutters ſmall.
And hence I viewe the bloudy bꝛoyles with ſhining ſwoꝛds that fall.
And fields beſpꝛent with purple bloud, And foolish kings thereby:
Who (while they couet moꝛe to haue and neuer thinke to dy)
With dire debate doe battailes bꝛing, the giltleſſe ſoules to kill:
And ſhewes the Gods a gaſing griefe repugnant to their will.
And there I ſæ their places change both riuers, ſpꝛings, and flouds,
Hils fall to dales, and dales to hils, and place (where once grew woods)
With coulter tild, and whereas plowes befoꝛe haue runne their race,
Their woods to gꝛow, tranſfoꝛmed towns & all things changing place.
He bleſſed is that may the like pꝛoſpect to this obteine:

Where

Padus a riuer in Italy

Tanais a riuer deuiding Europe from Aſia.

Ganges a riuer in India drawing golden ſand with his ſiluered ſtreames.

Hiſtre the greateſt riuer in Europe, commonly called Donaw

Nilus a riuer in Ægypt, the onely hope of their prouiſion.

All things change.

Where Asia, and Affrick he may see, and Europe eke againe,
That swels with wealth, and weapons eke, and diuers motions strong
That there doe dwell, whom Cancer burnes the Aethiops thē among,
Cilicians fierce, and Tartar Turkes, and men of Scithian ground.
The shouting Parthes, Arabians eke, where frankincense is founde.
The Thracians wilde, and Arimaspes those valiant men in fight.
The French, the Italian, men of Spayne, the sturdy English wight.
As many people more beside, on whome the sunne doth shine,
While he aboue, or vnder goes, the Horisontal line.
Wouldst thou not hither will to come, if it might lawfull be,
For any mortall man to doe: if body let not thee:
But this can hap to none, but vs whose bodies framed were
Of finest aire, and not of earth, a while therefore forbeare,
Till death thy soule shall lose from bonds, and till that time, A dieu
I go, this said, and answering I, away from me he flewe.
In hast he flies with swifter course than winds thēselues, my thought,
And spreading wings abroad the skies, with course againe he cought.

The fifth Booke

Leo.

I Seeke not here Th'Arabians wealth nor stones of value hie
That redde seas breede, ne golden sands in Tagus streames that lie.
Nor people proude to gouerne here with sceptred hand and mace:
Such things my lucke hath me denyd, nor once I waile the case,
That destny hath not giuen me such, so euen the nought, as good,
May like obtayne to reape the gold of wealthie richesse flood.
Full oft we see thunworthie heds of witlesse people crownde:
Whose bodies eke are trim bedecke with robes of purple rownde.
Those things I would the Lord of all, on me would here bestowe:
Which neither fooles nor wicked men may euer hap to know.
That makes a perfect man indeede, and neere to sanctes aboue:
O mightie Ioue what is the cause: or what should thee thus moue
Wisedome to none or fewe to giue: in euery place we see:
Both pleasant, faire, and lustie bytes, and wealthie men to bee.
But vneth may the place be found, in all the world so wide:
That bringeth forth such any one in whom both wit abide:

A wise mā hard to be found.

Dost

Doſt thou perchance moꝛe woꝛthie thinke, a guide of fooles to bée:
Moꝛe noble is that power, vnder the which moꝛe noble be.
Foꝛ woꝛthier tis aſſertaynly to rule by foꝛce of powers
Both caſtels ſtronge, and foꝛtreſſes, with large and ample towers:
Than Loꝛde of fold and flocke to be, and dꝛoues of beaſtes to guide.
Perhaps thou doſt it to that ende our doings do deride,
And makeſt man thy laughing ſtocke. Foꝛ nothing elſe to be
The life of men on earth doe ſæme, then ſtaged Comedie.
Cõpariſon. And as the Ape that counterfets, to vs doth laughter moue:
So we likewiſe doe cauſe and moue the Saintes to laugh aboue.
As oft as ſtately ſteps we treade with looke of pꝛoude diſdayne:
As oft as riches we too much doe craue, oꝛ honoꝛs gaine.
As oft as we like Saunders ſnuffe, our ſelues do bꝛagge and boſte.
What leſſe is it, what part is plaide, when holding honoꝛs moſt,
With ſceptred hand, a crowned Owle, an Aſſe of ſtature layꝛe,
Of them beholden is to ſit a loft in ſtately chaire.
Deſpiſing euery other man though he be like in caſe:
Deſiring yet to heare the ſounde, of God preſerue your grace.
And to be decked and knelde vnto, and haue them kiſſe his fæte,
Noꝛ ſæth the mad man what he is, how vayne and apt to flæte,
Like water bleb, and thiſtle doune, that flyeth in euery place:
I am no ſuch, noꝛ ſæke I doe, to liue in ſuch a caſe.
But you (O Gods) aboue that dwell, and bleſſed are alone,
That liue in euerlaſting ioy, if caſe you thinke vpon
The cries of moꝛtall ſinners here, and if you not deſpiſe,
The humane pꝛayers that we poure, and teares of wꝛetched eyes:
I you beſæch to graunt me here, a pure and perfect minde,
By which the trueth I alwayes may from falſhode aptly finde.
And vertue eke from vice diſcerne, leaſt I as voyde of wit,
Shoulde ſhun the things that I ſhould haunt, and follow things vnfit.
Foꝛ if ſo be it may pertayne to any moꝛtall man,
To liue as thus in bleſſed eaſe: by this meanes thinke I than
That I may bleſſed be. But ſure I am therein deceaued,
As with me are all thoſe that haue the verie ſame beleaued.
No man happie. Foꝛ no man euer happie was, noꝛ euer yet ſhalbe:
Not though the goods of all the woꝛlde in hand poſſeſſed be.
Noꝛ though he did in wit excell. But ſome perchance will doubt,
Except my leaues by reaſon ſtrong doe boult the matter out.

Marke

Marke thou therefore this preſent booke, that ſeekeſt this to know:
Accoꝛding as they beſt can doe my verſes thee ſhall ſhow.
Your ſacred doꝛes (my Muſes ſweete) ſet wide and open here
To me your Prophet, and refreſh my minde with waters clere
Of Parnaſſ hilles, which ſoꝛe I thirſt: diſcloſe your ſecrete waies,
Shew me the truth, foꝛ well you know what hath beene done in daies
Of older time, and preſently, and what ſhall eke enſue.
Now firſt of all I will declare, with name and not untrue,
Whom we ought Happy foꝛ to call, then will I touch the thing
Whereto the God Apollo high, by wiſedome ſhall me bring.
I ſay therefoꝛe, that onely he can haue the name of bleſt:
Who hath the chiefeſt good in hand now preſently poſſeſt.
But all men this not truely know, when each one beſt doth deeme
The thing that moſt his mind doth pleaſe. The Aſſe doth moꝛe eſteeme,
And Mule, the barely graine, than Birt, that deinty diſh of meate:
Than fleſh of tender Thꝛuſhes ſod, than loynes of Hares to eate.
So gold the greedy ſnudge doth wiſh, and alwaies pꝛaiſe foꝛ beſt:
So honoꝛs thinkes thambitious man, and milkeſop Venus neſt.
How fewe, Alas, the truth may know: what myſt of errours blinde
Our iudgements hide: becauſe that few haue now a perfect minde.
Eche man doth iudge, and eche man ſpeakes accoꝛding to his will.
Of their owne ſelues ſome things are good which neuer can be yll,
And neuer harme. So good there are, not of them ſelues that bee:
Which ſometime helpe and eke beſide, doe ſometime harme we ſee.
Theſe are the bodies outward gifts, vſe makes them good oꝛ nought:
As if a man his countrey ſaue by ſtrength, this ſtrength is thought
Then good to be, but if he harme the giltleſſe innocent:
And with this ſtrength his countrie waſt, then now incontinent,
This ſtrength ſhall counted be foꝛ yll. Like ſentence I declare,
Of riches, honoꝛs, eke of rule and all things elſe that are.
The owner eft ſuch goods deſtroy, although he vſe them well.
So hurts the Bees their hony ſweete, ſo makes the Beuer yell.
His hoyſting waxe, like riuers ſtreame, they fade and fleete beſide:
And doubtfully in errour paſſe, and neuer certaine bide.
Not therefoꝛe they be chiefeſt goods, noꝛ who ſo doth abound
With ſuch may counted be to haue, a happy life then found.
But rather if the truth be ſaid, thoſe goods vnperfect bee,
Which vnto vs doe pꝛofit bꝛing, and hurt in like degree.

Some things good ſimply: Other ſom things good accidentally.

Foꝛ

For else might poyson good be iudgd, that sometime health vs brings:
And nothing should be counted ill, among all worldly things.
When as nothing so hurtfull is, but sometime helps againe.
But those that of themselues be good, and alwaies good remaine,
Doth make the happy man in deede, but what these same now be,
All men knowes not, with reason sharpe therefore then seeke must we.
The Goddesse supposed of wisedome. (Minerua graunting grace) and some these things perchance will say
Is nothing hard to know, sith them both chance and corps denay.
Then must they needes be good of minde that makes vs best alone:
This bolt of theirs is well bestowd, but marke yet hyt they none.
First must we common things declare, our purpose shew that may:
Like as the torch amid the darcke doth shew the gadlings way.
Worke, working, or the man that workes, is euery kinde of thing:
The worke it selfe an ende we graunt, and him as beginning
That workes, we take, the middle eke, the working for to bee,
Now which of these more worthy is, becommeth vs to see.
Ech thing that moues, doth farre excell, the moued thing thereby:
This plaine appeares, the end doth moue the workeman certainly,
For what is he takes ought in hand, but doth before perpend
And in his mind doth full conceiue, thereof the finall end:
The end therefore more noble is. That working eke beside,
Is much more base than is the end, by reason like is tride.
Hereof we must conjecture needes, the chiefest good to bee
A certaine end: but euery end is not of best degree.
But onely that which is the end of euery other end,
To which the other ends haue all recourse: as flouds descend
Together all in roaring seas. For reason would that so,
Unto the sure and perfect thing, thunperfect things should go.
And for to come to better state, the thing that is more base:
None otherwise could well be kept, good order in this case.
The last end of all things is the cheefest good. That thing therefore that is the last, and end of all the rest:
That needes must be the perfectst good, the chiefest and the best.
Againe, of euery kinde of thing containde in compasse round
Of all the world: some hauing life, some voyde of life be found.
But those that life retaine, excell the bodies life without:
Then whatsoeuer is chiefest good, must liue, ensewes no doubt.
Of things that liue, some reason want, and haue no speach to vse:
The rest haue speach and reason both, and them we best doe chuse.

The

The chiefeſt good therefore hath ſpeach, and reaſon perfect tride:
Of thoſe that reaſon haue, great part, their liues in pleaſure ſlide.
And part againe their liues conſume, in labours great and paine:
But of them both their ſtate is beſt, that pleaſant life retaine.
We muſt nædes (Ergo) thinke the life of chiefeſt good, moſt ſwæte.
Of thoſe that liue moſt pleaſantly, ſome part away doe flæte
In little time, and ſome againe, remaine for longer dayes:
They that continue longeſt age, their ſtate for beſt we prayſe.
The longeſt time therefore doth liue, the chiefeſt good of all:
Whom thundring Ioue, and great Iehoue, wont mortall men to call. God the Chiefeſt good.
He ſhakes with fearefull noyſe the flames, and flaſhing lightnings fell:
Black ſtormes he ſends, with thunders rore he makes the ſkies to yell.
Unbindes the blaſts, and ſets them forth that makes the ſeas to rore:
That driues the foming floud with force vnto the ratling ſhore.
And ſhakes encloſde in caues ỹ earth, whereby comes tumbling downe
The buildings big of euery bowre: and ſtrength of euery towne.
But ſome perchaunce do doubt if God, whom we chiefe good do call:
An end may be, ſith we haue tolde before that end of all
A framed thing muſt be, and here, this end to haue we ſay
Beginning and a midſt thereto, which all men will denay.
He alwaies was and ſtill ſhall liue, no end to him can be: The eternity and euerlaſtingnes of almighty God.
All things he made, and of no man was euer framed he.
Before him nothing could be ſæne, nothing can after bide:
This doubt with anſwere for to loſe, loe thus I doe prouide.
The workeman firſt and maker here of all the world, and all
Things in the ſame contained clere, this ſame we God doe call.
The end of all the world likewiſe and all thing in the ſame:
Him God that guides the ſtarres aboue, him God we alſo name.
Yet lawfull therefore is it not, a worke to thinke this ſame.
For euery end is not a worke, his minde that worke doth frame,
Sækes not the worke alone to make, but farther doe intend:
As he that frames a cheſt, doth not his paines and labour ſpend
The cheſt alone to make, but for ſome other cauſe it frame,
As ſome thing for to kæpe therein, or elſe to ſell the ſame
More worthy euer is the ende the later it doth fall:
And worſer things to better driue. So God is end of all,
To whom eche eather thing contends, for whom the world doth ſtand:
And all things eke therein that be, and for himſelfe his hand

God created the world and all therein conteyned for his owne glorie.

Created all, and not for vs, as some sir Johns doe say,
That call and bawle in euery Church, and leade poore soules astray.
With words they dolts of dawcoks make. what cause, what wit of ours?
What nobleneſſe, what goodneſſe is containde within our powrs?
For which the world so vast should frame so great a prince as hee?
We all are full of filthy vice, and fooles we also be.
Scarce one in all the world there is, whom poyson doth not try
Of grædy scraping Auarice, or filthy Lechery.
Whom swelling Pride doth neuer vexe, whom Yre or Pleasure blinde
Doth not throw hedlong downe, why then what goodneſſe can we finde
In vs, or what deserts, that might so great a workeman moue,
The skies, the seas, the fruitfull earth, to frame for our behoue?
Loues not he gentle vndeserude? so thou perchaunce wilt say:
This is but fond, for who will loue, th'unthankfull wretch alway?
But he that wit doth lacke beside: whose natures disagræ
So much, what meanes, or how may loue betwæne them lincked be
For God himselfe all times surmounts, in whom no ende is spide
Nor neuer he beginning had, yet ende of all beside,
And first beginning eke he is most chiefe, omnipotent,
Aboue all things, than whom more good can no mans head inuent:
Or yet a Lord of greater power, or one more excellent,
Who hath no nædе of any thing, yet all things nædе his might:
Who eche thing doth beholde, and yet no subiect to our sight.
Containing all good things in him, and voyde of eche ill dædе:
We contrary all misers borne, of vile and filthy seede,
To wailing woes and dolefull teares, and thousand dangers dire:
Continually with these or those diseases, set on fire.
But little time remaining here, and that in griefe and paine:
Alas in what an errours mist, our liues we here doe traine,
How eche one weake of minde we be, with diuers chaunces bolde:
Lamenting this, and wailing that, in fraude and vices bolde.
Who after that we waded haue, through cares and carking thought:
Are here compeld this life to yeeld, resolued soone to nought.
The distance vs betweene and God, this (Ergo) doth declare
More great to be, than if we should the seely Flea compare
Unto the mighty Elephant, what knot of amitie
Can knit these two good guests in one that so vnequall be?
Thinkst thou this Flea may haue the loue, of this same monster strong?

God without beginning and without ending.

With

With like doth loue and concorde dwell, and eke th'vnlike among
Alwayes doth hate and discord raigne, small faith at least but wrong.
Hereby some sort appeares, whom men prophane our laws doth deeme
And they that cowles do weare and hoods, our aduersaries seeme,
Call heretikes, account vs mad, and doltheads vs do call:
Because we hope the Skies to see, and liue the Gods withall
For euermore in happie life, with diuers other toyes,
Which foolish mind and prating tongue, do promise vs as ioyes.
For speach doth make vs beastes excell, where if we lacke the same
Which God vs giues, & eke our hands, by which we al things frame
No beast more vile then we were then, nor beastes in worser case:
For these same two aboue the rest, giues nature all her grace.
Hereof doth all our pride arise, thereof ech Art begonne,
For voyce doth warne the present, what to doe or what to shonne.
And letters to the absent speake. For if a beast might show
By words the secrete motions hid, in heart that he doth know,
If talke among them might be had, if that their fingers fine
Were apt to write, no doubt we might beholde an Asse sometime
Of greater wit than we: and beastes of euery other kinde
Would greater reason haue in them than man in vs may finde.
And boldly durst themselues preferre, ech other wight before:
And eke the Asse would proue himselfe, of estimation more
Than we, the tongue and hand therefore, not reason causeth thus:
Ech other kinde of beast to be a Subiect vnto vs.
This they affirme and more beside. If men be borne they say,
Of parents dumbe, whose hands are maimde or cut frō them away,
And liue in woods not neere to townes, and tongue and hand doe fayle
Like other beastes: (I pray thee) what can humane wit preuaile?
What reason shall in them appeare, thinkst thou they will not leade
Their liues as vile as other beastes? what wisedome may they pleade
More than the rest of brutish sort? one spirite they all possesse,
Though it vnlike doe seeme to be, because they doe expresse
In bodies diuers forme: and haue of great diuersitie
Their members all, whereto is ioynde, a diuers facultie.
If diuers Carpenters you bring like learned in their feat:
If some of them lacke instruments, no doubt the difference great
Must needs amongst them be, for they can nothing aptly doe
That want ech kinde of tole that doth belong their worke vnto.

The necessarie benefit of the tongue & the hands.

No crafts man may want his instrumēts wherwith al to work

Nor after him shall Orpheus drawe, the beastes and rockes so hie:
If he should lacke his musicke swéte, ne once would Paris flie
(Being armed well at euery point) vnarmed fierce Achill
With such a sort of reasons vile, these fooles our eares doe fill.
But more of them perchance I will, hereafter bring to light:
When I shall of the soule of man, some sentences recite.
For there I will it proue diuine, immortall eke to be:
Which two of beastes no man will grant. Now where we stand wil we.

The chiefe and perfect good is God, and who so him possest:
May called be of euery man, the happiest man and blest.
But who can him obtayne to haue? for ech thing had as yet
Is farre more vile than he that hath obtayned it to get.
And euery kinde of thing possest, is eke of value lesse
Than is the owner of the same, that then doth it possesse.
For euen as soone thou maist contayne, the Ocean sea as well:
Within the compasse of a dish, or of an Dyster shell,
(O candle set before the windes, O subiect dust to graue)
Than Lord of such a mighty power, by any meanes to haue.
Alone God all things doth possesse, and hath himselfe alone:
He onely hath the happie life, beside him blest is none.

Philosophicall, & pithie reasons.

God incõprehensible.

God onely blessed.

A certayne chiefest good there is, beside this same foresaide:
Which euery creature may obtayne, yet like to them denayde.
For diuers natures all they haue, some one thing this doth please:
Some other thing doth séeme agayne, to be the others ease.
All thing therefore may well obtayne, a certayne happinesse:
If not so perfectly as God, himselfe doth it possesse,
But by some meanes, and for a time, while thinges that doth agrée,
With nature best, he can obtaine, ne féeles aduersitie.
But (all things past) now time requires, that we should speake of man:
Who hath the chiefest good in hande, and counted happie than,
When séeming vnto nature good, he all things doth possesse:
And féeles in all his life no harme nor kinde of bitternesse.
This may be counted chiefest good, that all good things contaynes:
That giues all kinde of pleasant things, that puts away all paynes.
For onely pleasant doth not make, nor vertue yet doth giue
The happie life, as some doe write, in ground of Grece that liue.
Sith many goods of greater worth, than few, are counted plaine:
As is the bushell counted more, than one poore séely grayne.

What felicitie man hath.

One

One good thing giues not happinesse, though it be chiefe and best:
But one in all that makes the life, compact in all the rest.
So can not onely one that rules, a towne procure to stand:
So can not of a thombe be framde, a full and perfect hand.
And sith that of two parts we are, the body and the minde:
Then happinesse the happy man, in both these parts must finde.
He must be whole, and sound in Corps, and of a lusty might,
He must be faire, he must be fresh, and of a lusty spright,
He must be good, wise, Learnd, Discréte, and gifts of both retaine,
Nore life not known nor hurtfull chaunce, and if he not remaine
In long estate of happy yeares, yet blest he cannot bée,
Though all the same commodities foresaid to him agrée.
For happy life that doth not last almost is worth nothing,
As well haue certaine said before, not one day makes the spring,
Ne bringeth it on Swallowes swap. But at his latest day,
With easie death and smallest paine must he depart away,
And passe with ioy the Stygian lakes, resolude from mortall dayes,
Nor in his life time glory wants nor at his death his prayse.
But may there any one be found with vs that mortall are,
Which hath all these things in his time? I thinke him very rare:
To whom nothing desired lacks, nor dolefull chaunce doth light
In all his time and yeares, who liues and dyes in happy plight.
This is the very Phœnix byrd whom durst the Grecian faine,
The Grecian of a foolish head, and of a franticke braine:
Who thought of one might issue come, and bones consumde that bée
To ashes colde, a byrd to brœde which neuer men could sée.
But so that she may wonders sing this nation not esteames
The truth to say, a nation whole addict to topes and dreames,
At whose example Latins dote. The happy man therefore
Is rare as Phœnix byrd. But we are all both lesse and more
In wretched case, although yet some than some more misers be,
Because that like estate to all is not, nor like degrée.
He that therefore doth most good things, and euill least sustaine,
May counted be a happy man. But he whom cares doe paine,
And fewe good things at all possesse, may called be full well
A wretched man. Sith none therefore is happy, we must tell
How least vnhappy we may be, and how in better case
Our liues in greater ioy, and with more pleasant grace.

Man consisteth of two parts, the soule which is immortall and the body which is Corruptible.

Aristotles felicitie.

What belongeth to perfect happines.

Th vanity and lightnes of the Græcians.

No man happy.

And to begin I not beléue it true that all men prate,
How Bishops great and mighty Kings doe liue in best estate.
Kings and Bishops liue not the happiest life.
For as in euery other thing extremity is thought
But ill to be, the meane as good, so here excesse is nought
In riches, for to much of each doth hurt, who hath therefore
Most riches, hath no better life, than he that most is pore.
With euils like they vexed be. So he that is to fat,
And hath his paunch with guts bumbast not lighter is for that,
Nor sooner moues than doth the wretch whose skinne doth leanesse fret:
The one doth feébleneſſe forbid, the other fatneſſe let.
Similitude
And as the Sea with greater flouds, and foming force doth pell,
And casts himselfe in mountaines high while he discouers Hell,
Amid the depth the tempest rores and yet doth least appeare,
Is moued most with raging windes, but now the shoare full neare
The shallow Seas with louder noyse doth bounce vpon the sand:
Princes subiect to great Cares.
So Kings that haue the supreame power and rule of realmes in hand,
With greater cares tormented are, and greater griefes of minde,
Although the common people yet, these wounds doe neuer finde.
For secretely within their hearts their torments they doe hide,
Adde this thereto, they alwaies haue a mischieuous mate beside
That vexeth them, and Feare it is, suspecting euery twigge,
Hereof sometime doe treasons brædе sometime a Spanish figge.
They dare not walke alone, nor eate except it tasted be.
More deare than any kind of price O worthy Libertie,
The sweetnes of liberty.
The chiefest Gem, and Jewel faire, which taken once away,
Be swæte, and pleasant vnto men, nothing inuented may:
And death it is aliue to be. The poore and sælу soule,
Where as he list both night and day in safety may goe proule,
Either within the Cities wall, their places faire to sæ,
And playes beholde, or viewe the signes of olde antiquitie:
Or if his pleasure rather be without the wall to waike,
In Orchards faire, and Gardens gay, amid the floures to stalke,
Or if desire of countrey sight remaine within his hart,
Nothing him lets but may alone when he sæth time depart.
He nædes no shuffling sort of men, nor croude of clients thicke.
As oft beside as he doth thirst or hunger doth him pricke
Apace he falles thereto, nor feare of poyson doth him let.
For baser foode the byrds abroade in woods had rather get:

And

And greater pleasure farre they take in pecking sédes with payne,
Than if a cage of pearle and golde their bodies should contayne:
And there be fed with dayntie meats. Full oft a king therefore
May liue in wretched case no doubt, nor makes him happie more
(Beléeue me now) his regal crowne. But on the outwarde showe
The fooles to gase, and what within remaynes they little know.
For I him count in best estate whome Fortune giues a meane,
Whose liuing doth not much excéede nor substance is to leane,
Who hath himselfe a pretie house to which doth ground belong,
That giues his master malt and wheat and other grayne among,
O what a great and goodly gayne the ground well tild doth bréed,
The husbandman that labours well of fewe things stands in néede.
For either trées of diuers kinds a long in order set,
With litle cost on them bestowde doe greater profit get,
Of sundry sorts of fruitefull grayne and Corne in furrowes cast,
With great increase comes vp agayne. Or if to labour fast
It pleaseth him in Orchards kayre, of whose increase doth spring
Such pleasant fruits that may compare with dish of any king:
Except you rather list excéede, than reasonably to liue.
The meane estate therefore is best which either chance doth giue,
Or dead mens will, or dowrie of wife, or trauayle of thy hand,
Or cast of minde by marchandise to fetch from lande to lande,
In breeding beastes, with cattels heird, thy stables full to driue,
In kéeping doues on houses hie, or honied Bées in hiue.
Or winter milles blacke oyles to grinde or milles that meale do make,
With these and diuers other meanes sufficient gayne to take
Doth wisedome teach such as giue not their mindes to slouthfulnesse,
Nor sucker ill and poyson swéete of drousye lazinesse.

But chiefly yet this is the gift of Lady Fortunes grace,
Shée setteth whome shée will aloft in rich and welthie case,
She Ladie is of euery thing and riches all doth giue.
It is not to be sought beside in seruice for to liue,
For nothing more an honest man becomes than libertie,
But he of nature is a slaue and of no dignitie,
Unhappy rather, and a wretch, who can the yoke sustayne
Of masters hestes, and them obey for hope of foolish gayne.
The meddowes fat, nor all the Golde nor price of Indian sandes,
Is so much worth that thou shouldst haue thy meate in others handes,

Similitude

The meane estate the happiest life. Commendation of husbandry

Meanes to liue by.

The vniuersal regiment & ample rule of Ladie Fortune.

And reſt at others will, and when thy maſter byds thée goe,
Then like a ball from him thou muſt be toſſed to and fro,
The miſerie of ſuch as ſerue. And ſerue a man perhaps moꝛe woꝛſe then thou thy ſelfe ſometime:
An Aſſe, vnlearnde, a ſurfetter, that bowes his yeares to wine.
A fond and filthie thing it is, when thou maiſt leade thy life
With little liuing ſafe and frée and voyde of all ſuch ſtrife
To beare the yoke of bondage vile, foꝛ hope of greater gayne,
And frédome ſell, the chiefe of all, and ſtately thecke ſuſtayne.
O mindes of men degenerate why ſéke ye great mens halls?
To be an honour vnto them and make your ſelues as thralles?
Wo woꝛth you all that ſhepheꝛdes néede like beaſtes of bꝛutiſh ſoꝛt,
That of your ſelues not able be to kéepe an honeſt poꝛt.
Foꝛ who ſo ſerues by any meanes can no wayes happie be,
It is an Aſſes part to beare the ſaddle ſtill wæ ſé.
Theꝛefoꝛe who comes of parents frée, oꝛ of a noble kinde,
And doth poſſeſſe as much as may ſuffice himſelfe to finde:
He nædeles then his chance bewayles, But ſome perchance wil doute
The maꝛied oꝛ the ſingle life, which beſt of them, foꝛ ſtout
And pꝛoud the wiues are often ſéene, and oft to chide and bꝛall,
And catch their huſbands by the pates, and often naught withall:
Obiection againſt mariage. Beſides the cares of childꝛen beꝛe, whome grieues the ſickneſs rage
Oꝛ elſe vntimely death doth take. The daughter come to age
Lais a very faire & beutifull harlot at Corinth, with whó non might medle but ſuch as brought a fat purſe. With monyed bagges a mate requires, oꝛ elſe Dame Lais ſchoole
Doth pꝛactiſe there, and ſtayns the houſe. The ſonne pꝛoues oft a foole,
Limefingred oft, and harlots kéepes, a bꝛawling marchant ſtout,
A ſwearing Gooſe, a Ruffian wilde, a vile vnſhamefaſt lout,
He ſéemes not to be frée beſide who ſo euer hath a wife,
Muſt after nédes condicions all, and leaue his youthfull life,
Foꝛſaking frayes muſt byde at home, not ryde from towne to towne,
Noꝛ in the night time walke the ſtretes in beating doꝛes adowne,
And kéeping Ioane. Its néedefull then to liue aduiſedly,
And ſé thy goods they not decreaſe, but may augmented be,
The aunſwere. Leaſt in the age the wallet come. Although theſe things be ſo,
Yet thinke I ſure with maꝛied bed and nature foꝛ to goe
Moꝛe better farre, as ſhe to vs of birdes and beaſtes vntame
Example ſhewes, howe both the kindes themſelues together frame,
And ioyne in one of dutie muſt, and alwayes ſo remayne:
Encreaſe to get and nouriſh vp their yong with equall payne.

Whereby

Whereby the kinde may styll endure and neuer more decay,
For we as euery kinde of beast are mouid to Venus play
By natures will, a worser thing shall hap to thée be sure
If thou thy selfe wilt neuer séeke this thing for to procure.
And voyde of issue shalt thou die and yelde thy corps agayne,
A straunger then shall haue thy goods for which thou tokest payne.
And when that aged hayres shall hap and sickenesse shall thee hent,
Who shall thy wearied age relieue? who shall thy hurts lament?
Thy brother or thy kinsman neere, or will doe this thy friend?
No sure, for to be heyre to thée they rather wish thyne end.
On thée aliue they wayt and fawne thy goods at graue to take,
And eche man loues and feares thy good, of thée no force they make.
O mischiefe great, O beastlinesse, and vile desire to get,
O piteous plague eche where disperst, on profit all be set:
The vertue left. Who séeketh now the righteous thing to vse?
What man is he that will not nowe all gownesse clane refuse
If any hope of gayne he haue? GOLD guides the lawes we sée,
And might of Gold than strength of blouy of greater force to be.
For Gold both shamefastnesse and faith are set abrode to sell,
For Gold the Gods aboue be serude and we set frée from hell.
But now the wife her father leaues and mother deare beside,
With all her house and housholde friends, with thée alone to bide
For euermore both night and day, and of thy séede she beares
A swéete and goodly golpowlde Boy of small and tender yeares:
And kindred newe to thée she brings and doth thy house enlarge,
And helpes thée eke in euery thing and takes with thée the charge.
Betwéene you all things common are, both good and euill things,
Whatsoeuer harmeth one, hurts both: and that which profit brings
Unto the one, that profits both. If sickenes make thée weake,
Or greater age, then doth she strait exhort thée well and speake.
She comforts thée, she helpes thée then, she neuer leaues thée there,
She watcheth thee and watching serues. Likewise thy children déere
With all the meanes they can they kéepe, for both your bloods are one
And Image like: and when the day wherein thou must be gone
Is come, thou art not cleane extinct but shalt aliue remayne
In them, who then shall represent their fathers face agayne.
But some there be that rather had in common harlots bed
Uncertayne children get, therefore they list not wiues to wed.

The incommodities of single & vnmaried life.

All things for monie.

The commoditie of a good wife.

Such kinde of men I cannot prayse nor wise I haue them thought,
For wife with dourie helpes thée well where harlots bring thée nought.
A wife doth bring thée store of friends, where harlots bring thée foes,
A wife thou shalt in safetie haue, a whore with griefe and woes,
The one will trustie still remayne, the other false alway,
And fearing to be cast at large, shée stealeth all she may.
And for her selfe she heapes vp all her state for to repayre,
When thou hast pluckt her belles away and cast her vp to ayre.
Wore, if thou kéepst a whore, thy goods are but in quasie case,
Of wiues are children lawfull got, of harlots bastards base.
To wed therefore it néedful is, but fitting first to sée
The maydes estate, the parents eke, their manners what they be.
For often times the children doe their parents after take,
For trées according as they are like fruites are wont to make.
Aske counsel of her neighbours, chose, A faithfull friend to thée,
I meane a woman honest sende, her whole estate to sée:
If she be fayre, if she be fowle, If sound, or sore to knowe,
If she lacke wit, if she can spinne, if she can knit or sowe,
These are the worke for them to vse, and vertuous womens déedes,
For to eschewe all ydlenesse, which chiefly vices brédes.
For ydlenesse the minde corrupts, and leades it vnto euill,
To wanton lust and filthie vice, and fansies of the Deuill,
This ydlenesse doth ouerthrowe and Cities downe doth pull.
For if that Lucrece had not giuen her selfe to worke of will,
And if the chaste Penelope with webs had neuer wrought.
But both ampd their halles had sat with ydle wanton thought:
This might haue pleasd perchaunce a thousande woers, one
And of the others Virgins death should neuer fame haue gone.
But best it is for thée to bewe these things thy selfe alone:
For other men among (for troth) firme fayth remayneth none.
For all men nowe will fayne and lye, and truth is quite exilde,
Fewe faithfull shalt thou finde: but if thou wilt not be beguilde,
If thou wouldst all things better proue, then make thy selfe a spie:
And séeke all things thou goest about, to sée with present eye:
Wherefore I warne thée earnestly, take héede that thou her sée:
(If that thou canst) what one she is, to whome thou thinkst to be
In mariage ioynde, least afterwarde, in payne thou doest lament:
And least it doe when time is past, thée of thy déede repent.

Compari-
sō betwixt
a wife and
a harlot.

Good ad-
uise to bee
taken in
mariage.

Ydlenes to
be eschew
ed.

A man
must chose
his owne
wife, and
not stand
to the ele-
ction and
appoint-
ment of o-
thers.

But

But if perchaunce (as oft perhaps) thou liueſt in wretched caſe
With wicked wife, deceiude by Fate and frowning Iunos grace.
Firſt mildly doe ſuch one exhort ſweete words with her frequent:
And giue her gifts and all that may, her wayward minde content,
With ſweete deceits her ouercome, now faſt thine armes embrace
About her necke, and though ſhe ſhun, caſt kiſſes on her face.
With all ſweete meanes appeaſe her yre. If this doe not preuaile,
Vſe bitter words, be angry then and chide her faſt, and raile,
Put on thy braſen face, and fume and feare her then with threts.
If this doe not procure, and by thy words ſhe nothing ſets,
Trie thou the matter then with ſtripes and ſoftly on the backe
With bouncing blowes bebaſt her well, that all her bones may cracke.
If thou ſuſpect thy wife of play, then keepe no luſty men,
Nor fellowes fayre, with whom ſhe may be prating now and then.
Thou art deceaude, if thou doſt thinke that any kind of man
Will faithfull be in Venus caſe: No man is faithfull than.
For ſhe reioyſeth to beguile, by fraude is loue poſſeſt
And vnto Venus alwaies fraude a thing is counted beſt.
But as a chiefeſt thing take héede there enter not thy doore,
No Frier fatte, ne luſty Monke, nor Prieſt of any lore.
Eſchewe theſe knaues, a greater plague then theſe can none expreſſe,
Theſe are the dregges of euery ſort and ſpringes of fooliſhneſſe,
The common ſinke of miſchiefes all, and Wolues in felles of ſhéepe,
For pence, and no deuotion ſure, to God theſe wretches créepe.
And with a coulour falſe of truth, they ſimple ſoules beguile,
And vnderneath religious cloke a thouſand miſchiefes vile.
A thouſand hainous déedes they doe, deflouring Maide and wife,
Whorehunters vile, and Sodomites, the ſeruants all their life
Of beaſtlineſſe, and belly ioy: The things diuine they ſell.
What wonders great inuent they not: what dreames doe they not tell:
The common people to deceiue, and to procure their gaine.
Hereof doth ſuperſtition riſe, and thouſand fanſies vaine,
Which, if the Gods be wiſe, they ſcorne, and doe refuſe to bewe.
The Godly man doth worſhip God with earneſt loue, and trewe,
And not for gold: Away with gaine, thou ſhalt ſée them denie
All ſacred ſeruice here on earth, and God himſelfe on hie.
Themſelues therefore this flocke doth ſerue, & not the Saincts aboue.
And profit cauſeth Gods to be: which if thou once remoue,

Meanes to winne a wayward and curſt wife.

Villanie coloured with religion.

Both

Both Temples and their Altar stones, shall flat lie on the ground:
Nor any more amongst them all, shall any God be found.
These Jugling mates and Foxes false, expell from thée therefore:
And take good héede that none of them, doe enter at thy doore.
Least thou doe sing the Cuckoes note, through fained vertue such:
Nor if thou any Gossips hast, beléeue them not to much,
For vnder coulour of this name the Knaues doe many play.
Take héede beside that from thy house, she often doe not stray.
Nor let her haunt thy neighbours house. It hath béene séene full oft,
That whoremasters haue hid them selues, amyd thy neighbours loft.
Appoint her mates for company, of chast and honest fame:
Let mother Bée, be put from thence, and euery bawdy dame.
The behauiour of a marryed man to his wife and bedfellow. And séeke thou not with other whores, thy selfe for to relieue:
Nothing doth cause her more to frowne, nor nothing more her grieue.
For nothing more reuengement séekes, than when she is begilde:
And sées that with vnstedfast loue her bed is thus defilde.
Then all with ire she flames and hates, then doth she eke begin:
To worke her husband like despite, then choler boyles within.
Then rageth she like Bacchus priest, whom to much wine doth pricke,
Beléeue me well she is but rare, that doth not vse the tricke
That harlots vse, when that she is, deceiude of lawfull part:
At least if she cannot in déede, yet sinnes she in her hart.
For will with vice prouoked thus, in vice will farther slide.
But if thou takst her with the déede, let lawes on her be tride.
Be not ashamde but let the lawes be reuerenced of thee.
Lawes are not to be contemned. For they are as a certaine rule by which we guided bee.
Least thou shouldst giue a greater paine amid thy raging ire
Offending God, in following men than doth the fault require.
For common people neuer vse the rule of reason sage,
But are seduste with furies fell, like beasts of braineles rage.
Ne hast thou lost thy libertie by maryng of a wife,
Because thou maist not walke the streetes and leade a ruffians life.
This can be cald no liberty but rather licence nought,
Who so is free doth seeme to serue, such is not to be sought,
It bringes the owner to much harme. And not to can doe ill
Is better farre, than haue such vice adherent to thy will.
How many men haue beene destroide by to much liberty:
How many men in safety liue with bridles dost thou see:

And

And if thy children sickenes vexe why shouldst thou wæpe or wayle:
Go sæke in hast to make them whole if that will not preuayle.
And if that death will haue them nædes then vse a patient minde,
Thou art not in this cals alone, but fellowes shalt thou finde.
The griefe that we with many beare, we better may sustaine:
We all are borne to this intent, to render life agayne.
For of our first beginning doth the fatall end depende,
And certayne is the time decræde for all away to wende.
And either soone or latter doth ech man his graue descende,
To death which is of euils all the last and finall ende,
Not of the valiant to be feared: what doth it ought auayle
The deaths of them with teares, that here haue lost their life to waile:
Is it a thing so wretched here to leaue this foolish life:
To rid thereby our mortall corps from all vnquiet strife:
And for the hurly burly here, eternall life to win:
Perpetuall rest by death we gayne, or else the comming in
To life agayne. But wæpe thy fill, in time thy teares shall stay:
And all thy cares and griefe beside, from thæ shall time conuay.

Death the end of all euils.

But if thou wanton children kæpe, or of a greater shame,
(O Father fond) deseruing stripes, then thou art most to blame,
And causer chiefe of all their hurt, who taughtst not them to know:
Both maners good and vertuousnesse, while tender yeares did growe:
Not yet with vices foule defast: neglecting thou the minde,
Didst onely bring their bodies vp, like beastes of brutish kinde.
Hereof so many foolish gæse, and noughtie men remayne,
With whome ech citie pestred is. For all in age retayne
The maners that they did receiue when yonger yeares were rife:
And ech man as he liud in youth, so leaueth he his life.
The tender twigge at first may bowe according to thy minde,
But when the bows get elder strength, no more thou shalt them winde,
Nor from the place that yong it helde, thou shalt it cause to flie:
So doth a child in tender yeares ech way himselfe applie,
But when the elder age is come, looke which way first he went:
That kæpes he still, and will not change his first conceiued intent.
Of custome long is nature byde, and yeldes her sore alway,
To vse that long time hath bæne kept: yet ought we for to pray
To God, within the mothers wombe that he may giue good sæde:
For so we shewe our selues in life, as we therein do bræde.

Parents ought to be mindfull of the good bringing vp of their children.

Yll bringing vp, the cause of Lewde persons.

A Similitude.

Wha-

That which is bred in the bone will neuer out of the flesh

Whosoeuer doth come nought frō thence will seldome vertuous proue,
Though maners good, the schole him teach & thousand masters moue,
Well maist thou nature rule somtime, but neuer her expell:
For she is still of greater force than all thy guiding well.
Yet something will she alred be with vse and dayly toyle,

Short com parisons.

So with continuall husbanding doth beare the barren soyle.
So Lyons fierce of mightie force obey to man as king.
So by continuall exercise ech Art in time doth spring.
Wherefore instruct thy children well while tender yeares do grow,
And teach them honest wayes to walke and vertuous life to knowe.
Permit them not to rampe abroade according to their will,

Giue not Children too much libertie.

Than libertie no kinde of thing for children is more ill.
If thou be wise hold fast thy raynes and warely well them guide,
For mortall things by natures force are moude in vice to slide.
And willingly thereto they run, if helpe no labour bring:
For without Art is nature wont to giue no perfect thing.
For God himselfe will not permit, that we with slouthfulnesse
Should heauie waxe, but stirres vs vp with cares and businesse,
And as with spurres, the slouthful pricks. A pleasant place there lies

The wery way to the habitation and dwelling place of Ladie vertue described.

That riseth vp with craggie rocke amid the steamie skies,
Full of delight, than which more blest a place cannot be found:
To whom the swēte Elysius fielde, and Temp of Thessall ground
Doth place resigne: here nigh the Pole and nigh the starres that shine,
Dame Vertue dwels, and there enioyes a thousande pleasures fine
But vengeance crabbed is the pathes, both narrowe and vnplaine
And so be growne with thickes of thorne, that neuer can attaine,
The vile and slouthfull minde to passe of earthly cares possest:
And fewe pure minds alost doth bring, whom God hath chose as blest
Aboue to dwell amid the skies. Full crabbed is the way
To Vertue sure, but plaine to Vice, by which we swne do stray:
To which we all runne easely. Who therefore doth intende
To trade a childe in vertuousnesse, must labour him to mende,
For without labour, nothing good can well perfourmed be:
The force of dayly labour, doth al things dispatch, we sē.
First ought (you Fathers) to take hēde aboue all other things.
Your children haunt no ill resort, for custome alwayes brings
Ech kinde of manners vnto men, yea though they Saintes should be:
Ill companie will them corrupt. But chiefly let them flie.

From

From haunt of lusty youthfull brutes, for youth is alwaies bent
To vices all, and filthy be, and filthy talke inuent,
For wholly is this age addict to naughty ryots deede:
That they vse not the haunt therefore, of yong men take good heede.
That thou intendest for to kéepe a childe in vertuousnesse,
Now vse to chide, and now the rod, and plaine the way expresse,
By which they may their féete direct: in no wise fauour showe,
And euer angry: let them not the loue of fathers knowe.
For nothing can more hurtfull be, than speake them faire vnto:
Then greater heart in vice they take, then all things dare they doe.
When thou for truth shalt take their words and makst of them to much,
Bewitched fore with doting loue, to children fauour such
Is hurtfull sure, for feare alone doth make them vice to fly,
Not reason then: and soone they sinne, if they be not put by
With bridels hard, and as they doe full oft in vices fall,
None causing them, so seldome they returne if none doe call.
According as they bring them vp so all men children haue.
Beside all this we must inuent our bodies health to saue.
For health is far more worth than gold. THE healthy deluing lout,
In better state accounted is than crased king, no dout
First ought the cause be knowen, whereof such sickenesse vile are sowne
In corps of men, tormenting them, for once the causes knowne,
More easly maist thou shun the effectes. And causes pulde away,
Th'effectes of them that did ensue incontinent decay.
The causes first of each disease is chiefest Nature sure,
As oft as vnder naughty starres the byrth she doth procure:
While as the childe, doth inward take the motions of the skie,
Or else begot of naughty séede: the cause doth often lie
Amid the parents of the childe, when they performe the acte
Disposed ill, with naughty bloud, or fore diseases racte.
More causes are there yet beside, as labour, toyle, and rest,
Both cold, and heate, with slæpe, and meat, and ioyes of Venus nest.
Eche one of these, doth strength abate and hurt the liuely spryte,
As oft as we to much them vse, or vse them else to light.
Excesse of both doth sickenesse bring. Of measure health procéedes.
The perturbations of the minde diseases often brædes.
And to much sadnesse, feare, and griefe, and to much myrth, as well
Doth kill, if we will credit such, as histories doe tell.

Yll company to be banished from Children.

The child must not know the fathers affection.

Health to be cared for.

The causes of sicknes some naturall some violent.

Affections of the minde cause of sickenesse.

The

The Ayre doth hurt, the Water harmes when they be both infected:
Hereof doth come the plaguie sore, whereby the guttes are vexed.
The common Rot doth many kill, and diuers sickenesse sore
Doth brawling fight, and fall procure, with thousand perils more.
These springs and grounds of mischiefes all (if thou thy health set by)
By all the meanes thou canst inuent, séeke thou from them to flye.
If thou be sicke (as néedes thou must sometime) what wilt thou doe?
In sickenes remedy must presently be sought. Deferre not then the medcine long, but looke thou soone thereto:
While as thy sore is yet but grééne, nor yet thy mortall foe
Possessed hath his pitched place, amyd thy corps. For, loe,
A litle water doth suffice, to quench the bréeding fire:
But when that it is fully growne, and flames begin to spire
With vaunting course again the starres: scarce Riuer, Spring, or Lake
Will then suffice to quench it out. Shift therefore timely make
To know the cause of thy disease, and soone to put them out
Use contraryes, Contrary things eche one expell no dout.
If cold haue thus procurde thy harme, vse things to heate againe:
If trauaile, toyle, or meate thée hurt, from them likewise refraine.
If nécde require, then séeke the aide of some Phisitians hand,
Or Surgians helpe: in Surgians Art more knowledge sure doth stand.
Surgery more certaine then Phylick. For plaine and sure appeares the worke, that in his hand he takes:
But Leache (whom we Phisitian name) while he the water shakes
Whereby he doth his iudgement giue, and feeles the beating vaine
And rakes the dung, he is deceaude, and doth deceaue againe.
But with vnlike estate of harme, the simple soule doth die
And giues the balde religious men, a cause to sing and crie.
The other hauing gotten golde, accuseth God on hie,
And saith that he was onely cause, whereby the man did die.
And fast with siluer stuffes his purse, with sweete reioycing hart:
All men (Alas) are healed now, by chaunce and not by Art.
For he that any Art knows well, in practising of it,
But seldome he doth chaunce to erre, or doth offend no whit.
Against vnlearned Physitians. But these among whereof we talke, among a hundred ill,
There scarce is one whom they can saue: or whom they doe not kill.
How chanceth this? But for because that fewe of them doth knowe,
What thing they doe, what Phisicke is: but while they seeke to flowe
With witty words, and Logicks Art, thunlearned for to blinde:
Of Phisicks cure the Principles, they scarcely seeke to finde.

Instructed

Instructed thus with néedelesse Artes, themselues they homewards hy:
And fast with Ergo there they prate, and bigge they looke thereby.
Hereby they stipends doe require, and thinke inough the same:
(Nor are they here deceiude) for this, that with an honest name
They may be murderers of men. O lawes of wretched kinde
That can permit such mischiefes great, O Kings and rulers blinde
That spie not this deformed thing, O you that guide and raigne:
Permit not such a wickednesse, chase hence this plague againe,
And succour bring to mortall kinde. By these same murdring knaues,
How many men both night and day haue found their fatall graues:
Let them haue perfectly their Art, or let them not professe: Phisicke a most perilous profession.
For other Arts if they doe erre, the harme of them is lesse.
But this except it perfect be, is full of perills great:
And priuily doth rage, as doth at home the plaguy sweat
It is not good therefore to trust such men, whose learning stands
In pretious habite to be séene, and to adourne their hands
With rings and hoopes, and precious stones. But this that I shall tell,
Whereby thou maist thy selfe retaine, in minde reserue thou well.
Sée that thy dyet hollsome be, and eate not thou to much: A good dyet to preserue men in health.
For mischiefe great hath come to men, by ouer féeding such.
Hereof doe most diseases breede, beware especially
As of a poyson strong, that doth enforce the corps to dye,
That thou no meate againe doe take, till that receiued last
Be well consumde, and perfectly his full digestion past. Moderate feeding & daily exercise the continuers of health. Hipocrat. 6. Epi. Part. 4. Aphorism. 20.
And euery day vse exercise, by pace, or other feate:
Whereby the ioynts thus moued, may procure a warming heate.
For mouing is the cause of warmth, and aydes the stomacke well:
Encreaseth strength, and humors nought from out the flesh expell.
Breake not beside thy quiet rest, for slæpe the body fædes,
And helps the minde: where harme to both, excessiue watching brædes.
Expell thou sorrow farre from thée, and heauinesse exile:
For it dries vp the sinowes all, and makes the body vile.
And grisled haires vntimely plants. The ioyfull heart againe
Doth make the lims and members strong, and ioyfull yeares retaine.
The other things beholde thy selfe, that earst I tolde to thée.
A thing more precious farre there is, by which we happy bée
And like to Gods, and heauens haunt, in earth remayning here:
Although this grace to fewe is giuen, fewe worthy doe appeare

Such honor high for to possesse, and it to know the same
Thy minde desires, I will thee tell, Dame Wisedome is her name.
This is the greatest good of all. Than this of greater grace
The Gods can nothing giue to man: To this resigneth place
All that that breedes in red Sea lauues, or all the golden gods:
That Tagus keepes, that Hermus hath, or in Pactolus floods
Whatsoeuer growes. If truth be said, to her no Princely raigne
May be compared, she is the Mother of all Godly traine,
And greatest vertue is. O blest, yea blest, and blest againe,
As much as man can be, is he that doth obtaine
Of God this goodly gift to get. But some perchaunce will seeke
What Wisedome is to know, and sure the truth hereof to speake,
Nought else but knowledge chiefe she is, by which the pured minde
Whō neither mortall waight doth presse, nor earthly thought can blind
Doth scale and clime the skies aboue, and there in ayry place
With God doth dwell, despising here, all things in mortall case
As vaine, ascending alwaies vp, much like the flames of fire,
Regarding light these earthly things, doth things aboue desire.
And doth discerne the good from ill, and truth from falsehood nought:
And things of blinde and mortall men, that chiefest here are thought.
As pleasures, realmes, and riches great, with hie triumphing geare.
For which both night and day they toyle esteeming not a heare.
Bewailes the vaine and fading thoughts, declaring here the way
Of liuing well in order iust, and eke the dying day.
The rest among the wiseman shines, as doth the sunne full bright
Amid the starres, and doth despise the force of fortunes might.
And vnderneath his feete doth treade, ech harme with constant minde:
Nor moued is beside with feare, or dread of death vnkinde.
Nor feareth once the paines of Hell, but takes with mirth his graue:
And laughs to scorne the fancies fond, that common people haue,
Not doubting here this life to leaue, repleat with wretchednesse
And full of toyles, hereby to get eternall quietnesse.
In fine he equall is to Ioue, to him adherent be
Foure things: For well he counsell giues, and clearely iudgeth he,
All errour quite from him remoude, he guideth also right:
Both humane things and eke diuine, are subiect to his sight.
This last that I haue here rehearst, is chiefe of all the rest:
Than which there is no greater thing, that here may be possest,

But

Wisedome the greatest Iewel on earth.

Tagus a riuer in Spaine. Hermus & Pactolus two riuers in Lydia full of golden sand.

The office of wisdom wherein sinne is conuersant.

A perfect wiseman. Foure things incident to a wiseman, 1. Good counsell, 2. Sound Iudgment, 3. Right gouernement, 4. Cōtemplation of heauenly and earthly things.

But no man can this wisedome haue, till cleane he purged be,
From euery haynous vice and crime, and all iniquitie.
For wisedome doth denie to dwell, amyd the sinfull hart:
And hateth eke the mindes vnpure, sith she is purest part.
And no man can this wisedome haue, except he be discreate,
And learned be in many Arts. Know these to be the feate,
With which is wisedome frée obtaynde, whereof I would say more:
But time commends me here to shut, and end this booke before.
My Lyons tayle hath long enough, continued here her stile:
Wherefore my, Muse, now holde thy peace, and rest thy selfe a whyle.

¶ The Sixte Booke.

Virgo.

SOme I beléue of canckred minde, and of malicious face,
Who thinke they onely know the troth and onely haue the grace
All doubtfull things with iudgement right, and knowledge full to trie:
Wil say I neuer tasted yet, the blessed springs that lie
In Aone fieldes, or sacred flouds that Phocidos doth frame,
Nor that the Laurell leafe I doe deserue, nor Poets name,
Because I write not fansies fond, and monsters maruelous,
And fayning not deceyue the eares, of such as credite vs.
For they suppose the Poets part, is onely lies to tell:
As if it were a thing too vyle, for them with troth to mell,
And lawfull not, their iudgements I accompt both naught and vayne:
And swéeter sémeth farre to me, the truth for to retayne.
To aged wiues and witlesse boyes, such trifles I betake.
Some barke abroad the battels big, that Giants great did make.
With Gorgons grim, and Harpies vile, and mightie Cyclops wild:
And shipmen sore inflamde with song, of pleasant mermaides milde.
With Circes olde that monstrous hag & beastes that thrée heds weares
Chimæra vile, and Atlas strong, whose mightie shoulders beares
The starrie skies, ichangd to rocke, that clouds hath forrowed eft
With Persea hie, and Tantalus, Promotheus wretched theft.
And Tityus stout, and Belides, and whatsoeuer more:
The doting Grece hath Latins taught, in long time here tofore.
I wish not I, so much to drinke, of Aganippes streames:

Aonia, that part of Bæotia which is hilly wher also the spring Aganippe is. Gorgones were most terrible women, or rather mõsters, they were three in number Stenia, Euriale, and Medusa. Harpies, were mõstrous women rauenous and greedie, there were thre of thẽ namely Aello Ocypite, and Celeno. Cyclopes were black Smithes hauing but one eye, they made Iupiters thunderbolts. Chimæra a monster. Atlas, a giant that vnder propped heauẽ with his shoulders.

Nor seeke I so the Laurell leafe, of glistering Phœbus beames,
With fuey leaues the hears to decke, whereby I so might faine.
A Poet thus to be I blush, and am ashamed plaine.
If needes we must such trifles write and vse such pleasant lies,
Troth thus dispisde. Of many tongue is bad, but few are wise.
(Beleéue me well) and many write with hautie verses hie:
And many haue the Græcians tongue, and Latin perfectly.
And whyle so many things they know their wisedome is but thin:
With princely words their stile is deckt, but small effect within.
The outwarde Image onely shewes, and picture light we spie:
But what good things remaynes therein: what fruit is had thereby:
What learneth he that readeth them: what knowledge hath he got:
But dreames and foolish fansies fond, that life here profit not,
Which for to know, and not to know, is all of one effect.
Though they me Poet call or not, I will not yet neglect
The troth to say, and lies to shunne. Truth makes the perfect minde,
Which who so euer most doth know, approcheth nigst the kinde
Of Saints aboue and happiest is, although the foolishnesse
Of people rude him not commend, nor prayse his worthinesse,
Nor fauour him as he deserues, nor titles of him tell.
Wherefore my Muses now approch, and Sycophants farewell.

Proserpina a yong maid who Pluto stole away & caried with him to hel

Beholde, I enter nowe the way which with a lothsome shade:
The Cipresse and the Yeutrée hides, with leaues that neuer fade.
The doubtfull fieldes and darkesome raigne of Proserpine I sée:
Wherein the Letheus riuer runs, with streames that darkned be.
Amyd the poysoned fields abroad, doth slepy Popie spring
On silent shores, Calliope whereto dost thou me bring?
What monsters for to sée dost thou commend: what noyse to harke?
With doleful noyse of yrkesome Owles, sounds all the woods so darke,
The scrichowles cry with woefull tunes, and loud lamenting noyse,
O Muse, whereto dost thou me bring: behold, with wayling voyce
The hilles and valleis all doe roare, and Eccho backe doth beat
The mourning tunes: An answere giue, what griefe is this so great:
What is the cause of mischiefe such, what kinde of people those
That all be cladde in mourning robes, and wayling vesture goes:
What men are they that thus in blacke, with weeping fill the skies:
Alas, what sight of bodies slayne, lie here before myne eyes:
What hath here raisd this bloudy broyl: who made this slaughter fel:

Howe

How many Kings and Bishops bones lie here: I know them well
Is pen same death alwoe that comes with bloudy sithe in hand:
With dreadfull face, and ghastly looke: before whose face doth stand
A thousand heapes of sicknesses, a thousand dangers eake:
O armed with so fierce a gard, my thinkes I heare him speake
With hellish voyce as he doth come, to him I will giue eare:
And what I heard with all my heart, I will declare it here.
The selfe same death am I, that with my sith doth cut like hay,
All things that liue vpon the earth, the rule and eke the sway
Of all the woyld, hath Ioue me delt, and bids me none to spare:
But hie and low, to slea and kill, them downe with equall share.
Whereby may none escape my hands, not one can flie from me:
The hauty heads of mighty kings, by me suppressed be.
The pryde and pompe of prelates floure, I cause a downe to fall,
No kinde of creature here doth liue, but vnto me is thrall.
Although he (flying pearce the parts, of Northern Boreas ground:
And passe the ragd Riphæan rockes, yet shall mine yne be found,
And he my power and stroke shall feele. Or though he doe descend
The Southerne parts, where shineth bright the starres to vs vnkend:
Yet there he shall me surely finde, and finding me shall dy,
My sithe, both East, and west doth kill, I set not riches by.
How many men hath this my hand downe cast from state on hie?
And headlong shoued with mortall might, in darkesome graue to lie?
I well remember Priam once, when slaine at Altar stone
He sacrificed was to me, the guide of Macedone
The proud, with fighting hand that put so many realmes to flight,
To whom no like could then be found, by force and deadly might,
Of this my dart, in Babilon, sore wounded downe did fall.
What should I here the Latine Lords, and Mars his nephues call
To minde, the Lordes of all the earth, whose valiant vertue plaine:
Did ioine their rule to Ocean seas, and same with starres to raigne.
Could I not when me list, all these destroyd to hell throw downe?
Depriude their hands of sceptre stout, their heads of regall crowne?
Of woyds their mouthes, of sight their eyes, of mouing members alle
And eke their bodies thus destroyde, in filthy graue let falle.
We feares the Inde, th' Arabian, the More, the Scithian fell:
All they whom Asia and Europe keepes, in Affrick all that dwell,
Both kinde and place are one to me, nor times obserue I than,

Princes must dy.

No man can flie frō death.

Priamus a King of Troy who had fifty sonnes, &c.

Great Alexander.

The Romans.

Nor maners way, nor yeares eſtéme: the God and Euill man.
The Wiſe, the fooliſh dolt ſhall die, the little ſucking will:
The wiſe=man dyeth as well as the foole. The young and old, eche fayre and foule, with reaſon like I kill.
And he that ponder I doe ſée, approching to my land,
When as his deſtenies permit, ſhall féele my deadly hand.
These fearefull words w helliſh mouth, this churliſh thief out brayed:
Wherewith my ſenſes all did faile, and I remainde affrayd.
My blood therewith forſoke the veines, and left the outward part:
And ſhrouded cloſe within my breſt to ſuccour there my heart.
But chiefly when this fearefull fiende, had ſent the plagues of Hell
To them that ranged on the earth, amid the croude to dwell,
Which knew not of that miſchiefe great, then forth abrode they fly:
And here and there they catch and ſnatch eche one they can come by.
Then bodies ſicke on ground are laide and déepe for paine they grone,
The peſti=lence. And many there with Sithe in hand doth death diſpatch alone.
And paſſing forth ſhe did reſerue till ſlaughter next begunne,
Lacheſis, ſhe which ſpinneth the threed of mans life, ſhe is called La=cheſis be=cauſe ſhe ſerueth e=ery man his lotte. The vani=tie and mi=ſerie of this life. Compari=ſon. The liues of all whom Lacheſis not yet had fully ſpunne.
Thus trembling all my ioints therewith and all amaſed, Then
My ſelfe vnto gan ſay theſe words: O cares, O vowes of men
O labours vaine, deceiuing hope, O fléeting ioyes of minde,
O time that euermore doſt chaunge, O fading humane kinde,
How vaine and how vncertaine is this tranſitorie life:
How ſubiect vnto euery harme, of thouſand euils rife:
Which outward ſhewes a pleaſant face both ſwéete and framed well
But inward, O what Gall, what griefe, what poyſon there doth dwell:
What are we wretches here but duſt, with winde and raine vpcaſt:
And there the brittle breaking glaſſe and ſhadowes fading faſt:
Much like to Roſes that doe ſhewe a gorgeous gaudy face
When ſunne doth riſe, and when the night appeares do loſe their grace.
To day with mirth aliue, and foode to wormes within a while,
This day in fayre and luſty plight, and ſtraight a Carrian vile.
Alas, what doth it vs auaile to hourd vp heapes of Golde:
And place to haue, and clothing rich, and Gems of prize to holde:
Great realmes and cities ſtrong to guide, in houſes fayre to lye
Aloft to looke, and thinke our ſelues full like to Gods on hye:
If death doe all things take from hence, if we like ſmoke, or duſt,
As wretches fade, if that ſo ſoone our pride, our pompe and luſt
Doe paſſe, and ende for euermore, As I theſe words had ſayd

With whispring voyce my selfe vnto, beholding all afraid
With quaking pace this Ghastly fiend: Syr Orpheus mother deare,
Why art thou thus she saith afeard: be bolde and of good cheare,
FOR feare is signe of beastly minde, vnfit for men is such,
What is the cause that should thée moue to feare this death so much?
Then answered I: Good Lady my nature doth force me so,
What liuing beast her not abhorrs, and séekes from her to goe?
She takes from vs both life and goods, delights and all at ones,
The corps to nought resolues, for what remaines but dust and bones,
Which bones in time returne to dust. In fine all goodly things
She here from vs doth take away, and chiefest mischiefe brings.
Whom would not therefore such a beast and vgly monster feare:
Except his heart were made of stéele. Then Ioue his daughter deare
With smiling lippes began to say thou roueſt beyond the white,
And art deceiud with forme of truth and shadow of the light.
It is not easie for eche one the truth it selfe to know,
This is the selfe same bowe that doth amid the great wood grow,
With trées of ouer thicke embrasde, that misty errors hide,
Nor euer might this golden twig of many men be spide,
But onely vnto them, to whom the milke white Doues it show:
But I of séede celestiall borne, the truth doe fully know:
And can it well to thée declare if thou to heare require.
I answered then: (Good Lady) sure I nothing more desire.
We must depart from hence (quoth she) come after me a while.
And forth she leades, not far from thence where Phœbus high did smile
With beating beames vpon the hill: whose pleasant shining light
Did put the misty cloudes abrode, and darkenesse all to flight.
Beside a spring we both sate downe, and vnder Laurel shade,
Begins my guide with pleasant voyce, and thus her words she made.
An Ape (quoth she) and iesting stocke is man to God in skie,
As oft as he doth trust his wit to much, presuming hie,
Dare search the things of nature hid his secrets for to speake,
When as in very déede his minde is dull and all to weake,
If he be ignorant of things that lye before his féete,
How thinkst thou those things shall he sée, which God and nature swéete
Within their bosoms close haue hid? yet all at fingers ends
This hasty, blinde, vnhappy fole, perswades him selfe he kends,
So much himselfe he beares in hand, of all your foolishnesse

Nature abhorreth death.

Our wisedome foolishnes to God.

The ſpring and chiefe this Selfeloue is, (and plainely to confeſſe)
A darkeneſſe great, that cauſeth you to know the truth the leſſe.
Away with this, and better things thine eyes ſhall quickly ſpy,
And thoſe that erſt for good thou thoughteſt thou ſhalt for good deny,
And thoſe that euill now thou thinkſt, thou wilt not euill trow,
This darkeneſſe from thy minde expeld. I will therefore thou know,
Compariſon. That mortall ſtate is nothing elſe but blathers full of winde,
Which here and there on rolling ballenforceth Fortune blinde.
To whom, if any wit they had, ſhould death more welcome be,
Than life, ſith liuing here all men with harmes oppreſſed be.
And fewe good things they here doe vſe not full of bitterneſſe,
Which true I thinke thou wilt beleeue, when I ſhall here expreſſe
The goods and illes of mortall life as briefly as I may.
Theſe two conferd, the humaine life we plainely ſhall diſplay
What thing it is, and whether death ought ſo much feard to be.
But firſt of Riches will we ſpeake: which euery land, we ſee,
Doth praiſe, doth ſeeke, doth wonder at, and couet inſtantly,
I will endeuour them to blaſe. (Good Lady) then, quoth I,
If it you pleaſe, this labour ſpare: for once, and long agoe,
This leſſon learnd I perfectly, Minerua taught me thoe,
Now forward ſhew ſome other caſe, not things foreknowne retell.
The whole eſtate of pleaſure to, Arete told me well,
So did her ſonne Timalphes eke, let this thoe paſſed be
Therefore, and then declare at large what els it pleaſeth thee.
Then anſwered ſhe, of Nobleneſſe I ſomething here will ſay,
For that is one of chiefeſt Goods, and at this preſent day
Euery man would be a gentleman, All men doe ſeeke this ſame to haue, and thinke they it obtaine:
Although as farre from it they be, as is the Spaniard plaine
Remoued from the man of Inde. But what is Nobleneſſe?
Of value what: the truth I doe intend for to expreſſe.
But what auaileth it as now the truth of ought to ſay,
Sith no man will it now beleeue, ſith all men it denay?
Compariſon. Some kinde of beaſts doe flie and hate, continually the light,
And rouing ſtill amyd the darke, doe wander eke by night:
So, many neither can, nor loue the light of truth to finde.
For God with nature ſo deuides the ſtate of mortall kinde,
That vnto him that ſees aright, the ſtate of man alone
Doth ſeeme to blaſe the nature full of other beaſts eche one.

So

So diuers are the thoughts of man, and so vnlike they be,
For many still pursue the darke, and truth can neuer see,
And on the Sunne doe alwaies looke, with watrish winking eyes,
A fewe with open sight it bewe, whose minde is of the Skies.
Nobilitie therefore, as doe the common people say,
In heapes of Riches doth consist, or in the Golden sway,
Or else in bloud, as oft as he bred vp of Gentle line,
Of Bellters, and Grandfathers can brag, and armes define,
And can his valiant parents praise: this iudgement I refuse,
For still the common people lye, as they were wont to vse:
A like opinion many haue, but fewe haue reason plaine.
If he should be a Gentleman that riches doth obtaine,
Why then good gentlemen may be Iohn Frankling and his feares,
The Butcher, Barbar, Fishmonger, and he that horses reares,
The Shepheard, and the Baker, and the Tanner with his hide,
The Baud, the Theefe, the Grasier, and other all beside
Of filthy sort, for them among full many riches haue,
And many may, for Fortune oft extolls the wretched slaue,
And often she doth throwe a downe with her vnequall hand,
Such as of late she did permit aloft on wheele to stand.
At that time onely Marius was, therefore in noble state,
When as a victorer he came within the Romanes gate:
(The Counsell and the Commons all reioysing much thereat,)
With crowne of Bayes, and horses white drawne on Chariot sat,
But after that from thence expeld, by wicked Syllas might,
A banisht man to Minturne fled, lay hid, and wanted light
In dungeon vile, or when he was constraind to beg his bread
In Africk land (O lawes of Gods, O powres to little dread,)
And bread most apt for ditchers tough. Was not this noble man
A wretch as now: from him alwaie fled Nobleneſſe as than:
And straightwaies she did eke returne when Marius came againe,
By lot of chaunged starre to Rome: Their sentence sure is vaine.
If noble state consist in Golde, of earth doth Golde proceede,
Of Fraude, of Stealth, of Usery: we Ergo then doe spæde
Of noblenesse by Fraude and Stealth, and Usery indæde.
O iudgement blinde of common sort of reason cleane without,
No Golde can make you noble men, no riches thus can clout,
For worthier is Nobilitie than any precious good,

An example no lesse pithy, then true, describing the variablenes, and often alteration of fortune in Marius the noble Romane, Sylla a noble Romane who tooke his perigree of the auncient house of the famous Scipioes, Minturne a towne in Campania, where Marius hid himselfe hard by a Lake side. Riches can not make a gentleman.

With Golde it is not bought nor solde. But some now brag of blood,
And prayses of their kinred prate, while they most wicked be,
The Gentleman of birth Liuing Like a villaine loseth his gentrie.
And of their parents actes they tell and olde antiquitie,
Of Grandsirs dæues, and bloudy spoyle, of Uncles winning ground,
And though ỹ slouthfull beastes themselues w̄ thousand crimes abound,
And vertue lacke, yet are they thought good Gentle men to be,
Because they come of auncient bloud, and noble Auncestrie.
Why bragst thou thus with others acts: and talkst thy Parents prayse:
When as thou art a shame to them that liude in alder dayes:
The Crowe a Swan would sæme to be, and eke the prating Rooke
With Pecocks feathers false pstolne would like a Pecocke looke.
But nature doth forbid, which is the spring of noblenesse:
Hereof comes beastly mindes, and mindes addict to Godlinesse,
A noble minde makes a Gentleman. Of her procædeth euery kinde. The body causeth not
Thæ for to be a Gentleman, but minde procureth that.
For many clownes haue bodies bigge of faire and lusty state,
An ornament is nobleneſſe, to minde appropriate,
Commendation of Nobilitie or gentrie. And certaine force of nature bred, which mighty things and hy
Desireth still, and things of base estate settes nothing by,
By which the minde doth striue, aloft lyke fiery flame to rise,
And like the Herne to pearce the cloudes, and baser things despise.
Whosoeuer can this strength obtaine by gift and force diuine,
He shall be good and painefull eke, of powre in counsell fine:
And toyle sustaine something to doe that shall sæme worthy prayse,
That he himselfe may laude deserue in long and after dayes.
But not to all doth nature giue a thing of value such,
Yea vnto fewe she doth it deale, whose worthy fame so much
For euer liues in peoples mouthes, long after deaths distresse.
But O conditions ill to tell, O wondrous frantinesse:
Iacke will be a Gentleman. Who would not now be calde, and thought, a Gentleman by name,
O Knauish sort, O creatures vile, beyond all kinde of shame:
Triumphing names doe thæ delight, and fame abrode to yell,
Thæ glory likes, then why not paine, and vertuousnesse as well
Contents thy minde, that worthily thou mayst be named than
A Gentleman, likes it thæ more a wise and sobre man,
Deseruing not, than of desert accompted for to be:
Why is not Chalke for Cheese as well delighting vnto thæ,
As lying name of Nobleneſſe: O vile disguised spright,

O Monkey,

O Monkey, learne to bridle will, to guide thy minde aright,
Reason to vse, to flie the thing that shamefull are and vaine,
Haunt righteousnesse, and know thy selfe, and labour hard sustaine.
Flie slouthfulnesse, whereby thou maist attaine to vertue hie
Then maist thou well a Gentleman be calde, and worthilie.
This, this, is true Nobilitie: these gifts the Gods bestowne,
And these rewards to men, unto the unlearned sort unknowne.
This way the auncient Romanes went, by this their Empire flew
Aboue the starres, and when it ceast then bad their state adew.
For when as their worthy sede (their Empire thus encreast)
Did spring amid more prosperous yeres, they following, inward preast
Great riot, Playes, and Wantonnesse, did cleane forsake the state
Their fathers helde before, whereby did Nobleneſſe them hate:
And went againe the heauens to till ryot forewarde wrought
And vice, whereby was Rome at length cleane sackt, & spoild to nought.
It is not kinred thoe, nor bloud, nor spercheleſſe Imagrie,
Nor heapes of Golde that can thee make a Gentleman to be.
Uertue, vertue, by her was made both Hector and Alcide
Of noble state, by this againe right Gentleman was tride
That wight to whom the Iliades got an euerlasting name.
With diuers other worthy States, of still abiding fame.
Why bragst thou that thou dost descende of Noble stocke and bloud?
Great syres thee got, what then, if thou thy selfe be nothing good,
If thou a villaine, doe defile and staine thy familie,
Then is thy bloud no honour sure, but mere reproch to thee.
Thou art a monster, shame to them from whom thy bloud doth passe,
As when the stately Lion stout begets a seely Asse,
Or Ape of Eliphant is borne: for Nobleneſſe not so,
Is left you here by Testament, nor Vertue giuen so,
As House and Land and Housholde stuffe. This Nature cleare hath dele
Unto thine Auncestours before, which yet they all not felt.
And if thou shalt ỹ line well search from whence thou first wert twinde,
Thou shalt perchaunce of thine owne bloud full many a Cobler finde,
And many a Carter cleane, and one of them thou shalt well see
Was first that cause in time thy stocke, such Gentlemen to bee:
Which as it did in time increase, so time shall it decay,
For time doth here bring euery thing and time takes all away.
Amongst vs all what man to come of Pompeis bloud is founde?

Good enterprises and vertue makes a Gentleman.

Effeminacie and delicacie. The destruction of all Nobilitie and common weales.

A Gentleman ought to doe like a Gentleman.

An apt and fitte comparison.

In time all things flouriſh and in time all things perish.

Of

Of Cæsars line, or of that man to whom did Affrick ground
A surname giue by vertue great: what man would once haue thought
That such a stately stocke as these should euer come to nought:
The highest houses often fall and come to mære decay:
Oft comes the litle house aloft. Of man the state alway
Can not endure, The skies aboue doe alter mortall things.
But thou wilt say, what kinde of sæde is sowne, such fruit it brings,
If I of noble stocke doe come, then shall I noble bæ:
Not so, for oft a Squall is borne of Goodly men, we sæ.
And faire and eke welfauourd men ill fauourd knaues haue got,
Of witty men haue Asses come. The minde ingendreth not
As doth the corps of fathers sæde, nor in the fathers sure
It lies, to giue the children minde. This, nature doth procure.
What fruit can noble sæde vp bring if skyes doe not agræ:
Most true it is that people say, The yeare not husbandrie
Doth giue the corne a good increase, If sæde amyd the ground
Though best be cast, and thereto starres agræing not be found,
Thereof will either Darnell spring or lost it else will be,
Thus noble children for to get the father not (we sæ)
Sufficient is, except the grace of heauens him permit.
That many base, proue noble men of this here chaunceth it:
Who by their vertue and deeserts obtaining fame thereby,
Did after noble make themselues. What was that Vergil by:
What was the famous Cicero: what Cato wise: diuine,
Or what els was Horatius: all borne of Franklines line.
Of whom did learned Homer come: whose Sire nor countrey, wæ
As yet doe know, Demosthenes his father tell thou mæ,
And mother of Euripides: declare the worthy line
Of Socrates, of him I say, from whom the sawes diuine
Did Plato learne, who counted was as then Apollo thought:
The wisest man, him Phæon got that in the Marble wrought,
And eke a Midwife was his dame. We also well doe knowe
That many haue bæne crowned Kings whose parents were but lowe.
Not seldome Emperours haue come from base and small estate
To honours hye, What sayst thou then, sith all degenerate,
Both horse, and dogges, & other beastes from their long wonted kinde:
For nothing can long time indure, but all things worse we finde,
In time to be by natures rule, and lawe that still indures

He meaneth Scipio Africanus, a valiant and conquerous Romane captaine.

A saying not so popular and common, as certaine and true.

A Catalogue or beadrow of such whom vertue made famous and honourable, being professed Poets, Rhethoricians and Philosophers.

Of

Of vestenies, till that agayne another byrth procures
Restored state, this altering the worldes chiefe grace I take.
This is the highest workmans prayse, of little things to make
Great matters, and the ample things reduce to small estate,
To chaunge the face of euery thing, and still to renouate
Most prudently all things in time. I doe not here denie
But that it is a goodly thing to come of parents hie,
And to be borne of auncient bloude: for it is worthie sure.
With ayd and good examples eke such fathers doe procure
Their children like themselues to be, if Fates doe not say nay,
Or Nature strong of force to much: which who so seekes to stay,
As well may clime with heaped hylles in heauens high to dwell,
Depriuing Ioue of regall seate, as fame to vs doth tell,
When Phlegres fields the tumult felt of ghastly Gyants stout,
Howe then the great Enceladus, by force did hyng about
The great and huge Olympus hill with Ossa for to lie,
Whyle then was ouer prest with might Pelion hie.
But yet we count not this enough, though all therefore thée call
A Gentleman, and thou art faire, and framed well withall,
Of pleasant face, and fairest well, and goest in proud aray,
And thereby shewes thy noble stocke, for this no man can say
Thou art a Gentleman, but that dame Fortunes grace is thyne,
And thou full like a Gilded puffe, and like a Marble signe.
But who regards, for now enough it is, to haue the name
Of vertues, and of Gentlemen, ech man to seme the same
Desireth more than it to be. O Gods aboue that guyde,
Now names of great magnificence and titles high beside
All men desire and arrogate, they hunt and it possesse,
The Asse and Libarde calles himselfe, the Ant a Lionesse.
Who will not Gentle, Iust, and Wise, well Learned, and Honest nowe
Be counted here: contented well with barke alone of bow
And outward shadowes of the thing: that vnder such a cloke
His wicked manners he may hide. Now names beares all the stroke
And not the thing: well take therefore this noble name to thée
As Pasquill is at Rome, and as both Théeues and Harlots bée,
To marble signe, and painted post in noblenes agrée.
I put the case a Gentleman by name and eke in déede
Thou art, what good shall it thée doe, hereof what shall procéede?

A commendable thing to be discended of a good house.

Phlegæus campus A field in Campanie where Giants were buried.

Enceladus a Gyant who was smitten with a thunderbolt from heauen and buried vnder the hill Etna.

Olympus Ossa and Pelion three mountaines in Thessalia.

Men are more delighted with vaine shadowes, then with the substantiall natures of things.

Thou

Thou answere will, I shall haue prayse, and honours shall obtayne.
Are these rewardes not to be sought: or seeme they to be vayne?
Of Noblenesse doth Vertue brede, of Vertue Praise doth spring
And Honor eke. I will not (for it seemes no lawfull thing)
With vertue finde a fault: but if with cleare and perfect eye
Thou shalt beholde the truth in deede, then shalt thou plaine espie
What griefe and paynes this vertue brings, and bitter life doth make
Though they that are of Stoical sect, this for to graunt forsake.
And first we will the mortall part beholde, so diffusil.
That who so seekes it for to keepe must needes employ his will
Great cares and labours for to take, with nature warres proclayme,
And fight he must: for nature so doth minde of man constrayne
But weake and prone in vice to be, and vertues enimie.
O God, full soone in vice eche one doth fall ful readily.
What is the cause that nature is of man so naught and vile?
Was this the fault Prometheus? or doth the fiend beguile,
And plant such illes in mortall brest as fame doth playnely tell?
And causeth loue of wickednesse? The way that leads to well
Full hard and sharpe and painefull is. Who can the good now finde?
Of his owne selfe not one, who not of ill and wicked minde?
Such one as feares of King or lawes prohibites to offende,
Or such as cannot well perfourme the crime he doth intende.
To winne and vanquishe nature, doth require no little paine,
Wherefore it needfull is to striue from yeares of youthfull trayne,
With dayly slight and labours great, the vices to restraine,
For custome wonted is to breake the force of nature sure,
If that by many yeares it hath beene vsed to indure.
Mans life a warre fare (Ergo) is eche fielde the enimie
Possesseth full, all ful of thefes, such ginnes who then can flie?
So many nets who can escape? For when that Fortune smyles,
Then crepes in fond Laciuiousnesse, and stings with thousand wiles,
Fast by encampeth Swelling Pride with Slouth and gluttonie,
And Foolish boldnes straight doth rise with griefe and feare thereby,
And poyson full of Enuie and yre doth then possesse his minde.
When as he liues in great vnhap, then seekes he for to find,
All meanes he can away to driue his wretched pouertie,
Then false he playes, he robs and steales, his lacke for to supply.
Oh Lorde thus wise are mortall men, betweene the cruell rockes

Prometheus the sone of Iapetus by the bodie of the Nymphe Asia his wife.

The life of man a warfare.

Prosperitie and aduersitie both hurtful to mã.

Of

Of Charybdis and Scylla toſt, of both receiue they knockes.
And while they ſeeke theſe ills to ſhunne, to other ſtraight they fall.
If valiant they doe ſéeke to be, then dangers dire they ſhall
And irkeſome labours alſo féele, if vertue they doe héede
That guides the actes of mortall men, then them commaundeth néede
All ioyes to driue and put away, and eke with aged ſawe
A life vnpleaſant for to leade. If iuſt and righteous lawe
Séeke any man for to obſerue, then profit muſt away,
This iuſtice is of many praiſde and fewe retaine it aye.
If prudence any man doe pleaſe he muſt in any caſe
Beware he put his truſt in none, for now in euery place
Are great deceits, and perils riffe, and with ſimplicitie
In fine who that is good receaues moſt often harme we ſée:
He leaſt in ſafety liues and féeles more hurt then all the reſt.
For this ſame world a ſtorehouſe is, where miſchiefes all be preſt,
All goodneſſe here exiled is: the ſimple hares thereby,
The fearefull hart, the harmeles Gotes, their harme come ſoneſt by,
But rare the hunter hunts the Beare, amid the woods ſo hy,
The Lion reaſts, goe now thy waies, and doe thou leade ſimply
A gentle life with innocents, that ſooner ſo thou may
Unto the grédy gaping Wolues become a gratefull pray.
The world (alas) doth now abound with Tirants ouer all,
The Strong tread vnder foote the Weake, the mighty hurt the ſmall.
The Eagles chaſe the fearefull Swans, the Haukes do Throſtles kill,
And ſwéete and gentle harmeles doues deſtroyes with croked bill.
The ſpeckled Serpent killes the Frogs and Lizardes vp doth eate,
And in the woods the greateſt beaſtes of leſſer make their meate.
Thou monſters alſo doeſt poſſeſſe (O Sea of mighty powre)
That with a gaping grédy throte the litle fiſh deuowre.
Not Sea, not Earth, not Ayre is ſafe, the enemy euery where
Is now at hand, it profits ſmall to liue vnhurtfull here.
Behold how good is vertues part that goodneſſe here doth traine,
For when ye haue it gotten once with labour, and great paine:
Amid your enemies all ſhe doth you thus vnarmed ſend.
But thou wilt ſay, ſuch vertuouſneſſe doe Lawes and Kings defend.
O would to God that this were ſo, but now in euery place
With money lawes corrupted are, and eke the Princes grace
Is pleaſde with precious giftes and ſute, the Lawes ſet them on racke

Many Iuſtices but fewe Iuſticers.

The ſimple honeſt mā alwaies moſt hāmed.

Might ouercomes right.

Lawes abuſed.

That

That either haue no pence to pay or friendship else doe lacke:
The other scape as innocents howsoeuer iudgement trye.
Similitude. Like as the Fly that smallest is, in weaued Cobweb lye
That Spyder makes, remaineth wrapt, where if a greater stray
He meaneth Anacharsis the Philosopher. She breakes the nettes, and flyes abrode. The lawes (as well doth say
That Barbarous sage of Scythia) the sely soule doth tie:
Whereas the rich and mighty men burst through full easily.
The other part of vertue, that doth search with studious paine
And for to know the causes hid of nature, doth obtaine,
And troth to learne, that scarce you can at any time come by:
How hard and full of paine it is they knowe that it doe try.
First vnder maisters rule with stripes they are constrainde to liue,
The painfull and yrkesome Life of Sholers & Students. And there account of lessons hard with feare and teares to giue:
Shut vp as it in prison were, whereby they may not goe
Abroade, without the Tyrants leaue, although them forceth thoe
The nede they haue to ease themselues restraint of Blathers might,
Though Hunger pricke, and Lust to play wherein they most delight.
But when the peares of youthfull state approching, present stand,
Then nede requires more diligence. Some one then seekes the land
He meaneth the City Patauium, wher of Antenor was the founder, it is now called Padua and inhabited by the Venetians. Wherein Antenor last arriude, with raging flouds to striue
Of Venice gulfe, to Naples else through Tuscan seas doth driue:
And other fast to Peruse sayle, or gaineward Rome doe fléte,
There, from his country farre exilde with many woes to méte,
With lacke of meate and quiet slépes, and want of Venus play,
On bookes with study for to looke, applying day by day.
For otherwise can none be learnde except with vntrue fame,
For fewe are learned now in deede, but many are in name.
Ioyes hurt them much, and pleasures eke, that seeke for to attaine
The Lady of Learning. To top of Learnings palace high: for this beates backe againe
Their minds from treading crabbed paths, by which the iourney bends
To faire Mineruas holy house. For he that thus intends
A name throughout the world to get, must suffer daily paine.
Great griefes hereby some men, with ill digestion eft sustaine,
Study hurteth the body. Of many whilst to much they reade, both sight and eyes decay,
By study great their stomacke rawe, their colour falles away.
Then leannesse comes, with wayward age, (no, maruell is it thoe,)
Sith for to know the truth, doth still beyond mans nature goe,
A similitude. And proper is to God alone, Like as the Owle of night

Can

Can not beholde the shining Sunne, with cleare and perfect sight,
So fares the minde of man as oft as it intends to flie
Aloft, to search the secrete things falles headlong strait from hie.
Now mortall men dare reach at things to Gods appropriate,
And foolisher they proue themselues, the more they seeke the state
Of things, whereof the knowledge doth pertaine to them no whit:
Except that God graunt them from high both reason grace and wit.
But happy are the Angels all, for they the world doe know
What thing it is, how much, how great, whereof it first did grow,
The Lord and maker of the same, all things that may be thought,
The causes hid, the priuie strengths whereby all thinges are wrought.
This is the life that they doe leade and this their pleasure all:
On meate or sleepe they neuer thinke, to griefes they are not thrall,
No hope of gaine, or feare of losse doth cause them for to fret,
But alwaies are of perfect power this knowledge true to get.
Sapience to Angels doth belong, and Gods aboue you see:
Where onely Prudence doth pertaine to men that mortall bee.
Whereby they may take good aduise from harmes and hurts to flie
And gather things that may giue aide, and liue here quietlie.
What thing to doe, and what to leaue, to man doth prudence show:
Therefore who wisheth well to liue, and eke where thornes doe grow
With feete vnpricked for to goe, let him seeke her to know.
Who will not him account a fole that things of greatest gaine
Forsaking quite, doth seeke to get things straunge, and also vaine,
Who seekes aboue his reach to roue, and while he climes to hie,
Comes tumbling downe like Icarus in waters deepe to lie.
The Tode that late did seeke to match the Oxe in drinking vaine,
His paunch asunder bursten thoe doth neuer drinke againe.
While as Syr Phaeton sought to rule the wideled iades on hie
With earthy hand, was he not forste in Padus streames to lie?
His life and chariot both resigned with this vnhappy fall.
The Godly wise containes himselfe within Dame Natures wall,
Nor more he dare than him becomes, except that God him moues:
Let mortall men such things regarde as mortall men behoues.
Let them not search beyond their powre, least if they clime to hy,
They headlong fall, and proue themselues a laughing stocke thereby.
As if an Oxe would vpward clime aboue his flight to take,
Or if an Asse a Lute would sounde melodious noise to make.

The knowledge of Angels

The difference betwixt Sapience and Prudence.

A Comparison applied to such as striue to clime vp to things aboue their reach

An example for such as are to busie, in attempting things whereof they are not Capable.

But let it bée that one obtaine all Artes in memory,
By which he many bookes can make, what good gets he thereby:
What iust reward shall counteruaile the paines that he endures:
Fame, Praise, and glory, thou wilt say reward to him procures,
His name thereby shall euer liue, and alwaies eke remaine.
But I would haue thée well to way, and also view more plaine
What Praise, what Fame, and glory is. For many things we sée,
In other shapes than in their owne transformed for to bée,
Which with a cloke and shadowing mist deceiue the minde and eyes.
Hereof good things are counted nought, and euill good likewise:
Many things appeare better then they be. All foolishnesse hereof doth spring. Full oft is Copper tride
In Siluer round inclosde to lye, oft Golde doth Iron hide,
And purest Shelles within containe the Nuts that rotten bée,
In skinnes of sheepe full oft to lurke the wily Wolfe you sée.
Doe not the gorgeous hangings hide the dusty mouldred Wall,
Where gaping Riftes vnsémely sit and Wormes consuming crall:
There is a sharper sight that sées what hidde in secrete lyes,
Who vseth this shall iudge aright, and wonders sée with eyes.

Phy sicall or naturall reasons, I here demaund what Fame doth help, what praise or what renowme
To them that slepe or vnto them whom death hath stricken downe:
No more for truth than doth the Harpe, the deafe vnhearing wight,
No more than gorgeous plays doth please the man that lacks his sight.
Thou answerst here that they that liue and they that here awake
Reioyce therein, and for the same no perils they forsake,
But breath and bloud doe both resigne this thing for to obtaine.

Ambition Cause of vaineglory Ambition many doth enforce, and driue to glories gaine
Much like a spurre, and many brings to toppes of vertue hye
With prickes, prouoking sluggish folke by force of sword to try
Some worthy thing, and if they will by force perfourme the same,
That then by wit they take in hand some thing of worthy fame.
Yet is Ambition sure a vice, and no man will, we sée
Be called so, and they that are ambitious counted bée
Both vaine, and proude, of naughty minde, as once the Romans war,
Requested of the common sort (reiecting shame afar)
As oft as they their voyces sought, with humble suite did pray
Good will of Rascalls for to get, that they might beare the sway
In Common wealth, their owne things left, whereby they might goe let
Amid the stréetes with traine of men, and stately countnance set.

For

For her owne selfe is vertue sought, and not for honors sake,
Though she of right deserueth sure chiefe honors for to take.
No vertue moues the Common sort, they rather her despise,
Wherefore must Fortune fauour needes and richesse eke suffise,
Then Prayse Renowne and Worthinesse will also present be.
In euery place if liuing lacke, doth vertue begge we see
But yet it forceth not, if that the dongbill cocke doe gesse
A precious stone as nothing worth, this makes not it the lesse
Of value: so the vertuous man content with eche degree,
Despising prayse of Common sort regards not vanitie.
The face that well proportiond is requires no painted hue,
And of it selfe may bare be shewde the Golde that tryed is true.
But he that vertue is without, doth counterfait the same,
And vnderneath disguised cloke, procures a vertuous name,
Wherefore if thou dost well discerne, thou shalt behold and see
This mortall life that here you leade, a Pageant for to bee.
The diuers parts therein declarde, the chaunging world doth showe,
The maskers are eche one of them with liuely breath that blowe.
For almost euery man now is disguised from his kinde,
And vnderneath a false pretence they seely soules do blinde.
So moue they Gods aboue to laugh with toyes and trifles vaine,
Which here in Pageants fond they passe while they doe life retaine.
Fame, Glorie, Prayse, and eke Renowne are dreames and profitlesse:
Because with Chaunce they are obtaind, and not by Vertuousnesse.
But let it be they graunted are to such as worthy bee,
Tell me doe they the body good: No whit I promise thee.
Helpe they the minde: as much for truth, they blowe them vp before,
Depriuing them of sobrenesse, they make them carefull more.
For he that after honour seekes must cap and crouch full lowe,
With bribing gifts beseeching men his simple state to knowe,
This is therefore a wretched life and full of businesse,
With enuy oft it compast is, and oft in great distresse.
But he that vertue true can get he liues most quietly
And happy enough, let him commit the rest to Gods on hy
Sufficient honour vnto man is to deserue the same,
For to the vnworthy honour dealt you can not honour name,
To such it is a burden great, and more, a scornefull thing:
As when vpon the stage a fole comes drest vp like a King.

The opinion Peripatetticall.

No worthinesse esteemed if liuing want.

A resolution of a secrete obiection.

The world a stage play.

Desart is a sufficient honour.

Now will I here declare and tell of man the mischieues all,
Assoone as he from mothers wombe with blood embrued doth crall,
The misery of man from his birth to his graue.
He straightwaies cries, and weping lucke him brings to wretched life,
For seeing well by nature shewde, the cares and bitter strife
Wherewith this mortall life abounds. So deepe with groning winde
The Merchant sighes, and feares as oft as he doth call to minde
The perils great that ships are in, the force of Pirats hand,
The boystrous windes, & raging Seas, with rockes & drenching sand.
The miseries of man in his infancie.
Then by and by but scarce yet borne him binding bonds doe holde,
And straight his tender ioynts and lims the swadling cloths doe folde:
As tokens ill of bondage great that he in time must weare,
For who is free? lawes, kings and crimes haue all thing subiect here,
And eche man serues for hope of gaine, or else with force constraind.
All beasts assoone as they were bred with limmes are straight sustaind,
And walke abroad immediatly, where man is nothing so,
But long his mouth and minde he lacks, and strength of limmes to go
Much like a sounding picture made with crying neuer still,
Disturbing all men night and day with voyce and waylings shrill,
And when on limmes he stiffer stands, and words can well pronounce
The bondage of mã in his child hoode.
Then bound he is, and suffers threats, then mockers on him bounce
With lashing stripes, and oft his eye, oft mother on him layes,
Sometime his brothers buffets flie, sometime his stepdames frayes,
With blowes not few that stepeye giues. And when this age is past
Youth neyther followeth Counsell nor forseeth perill. For youth is wilde wanton, & vntameable.
Then lusty youth approching comes, and strength increaseth fast.
Now from his mouth he shakes the bit, now counsel none he heares,
He rageth now with furious moode, and burnes in youthfull yeares,
With rage and riot runnes he mad, and rash without aduise,
No counsell will he take therein, but witty sawes despise.
No daungers now he doth esteme, so he the thing obtaine
Whereto lasciuious lust him moues and force of wilfull braine.
Neglecting lawes he brawles and fights, and brainsicke runnes astray,
The greatest part of youth are now with surfets led away.
A fewe whom feare, or shamefastnesse or wisedome doth restraine,
Their youthfull dayes vprightly leade, and voide of vicious staine.
Manes estate.
Now grauer age and wiser comes, and cares with her she brings,
And labours hard, then toyles the man about a hundred things,
And all the meanes he can he lakes his liuing to prouide,
At home he neuer idle stands, but here or there must ride,

In

In towne, or else at fielde he workes with labour great and paine,
His wife, his children and his men whereby he may sustaine.
Alone for all he careth then, he tastes no deinty meat,
Nor quiet slæpe, but forward now him driues Ambition great,
And giues him rule in common wealth, where while for honours by
The fole doth gape, he malice doth and mischieues great come by.
Then wrinkled age with hoary haires encrocheth in apace,
The body fades, the strength abates, the beauty of his face
And colour goes, his senses faile, his eares and eyes decay,
His tast is gone, some sicknesse sore frequenteth him alway,
Scarce chaws his meat his tothlesse chaps, scarce walks w staff in hand
His croked olde vnweldy limmes, whereon he scarce may stand.
The minde likewise doth fæle decay, now dotes he like a childe,
And through his weake and aged yeares is wisedome quite exilde.
Eche age therefore his mischiefe hath. But mischiefes more there bee
That doth belong to euery age, to all of eche degree.
Sometime doth colde to much them vexe, and Snowes that flakey flie,
And Northern Boreas winde so byym, when Yse doth hang full hie
On house, and when the waters deepe congealed still doe stay.
Now raging heat of Summer burns, while Sunne doth kæpe his way
Through blasing breath of Lion fierce, the fields depriude of græne,
The ground by drythe doth gape for raine, and moysture none is sæne,
The hearbs and grasse their liues resigne, the Poles and Fens be dry,
Now hunger pricks, now thirst doth græue & dearth doth make thẽ cry.
Who can in verse declare to men the sicknesses that raignes
In mortall life: the Agues hot, the griefe and raging paines
That ouer all the body runnes: eche member poyson fæles,
The hand, the side, the sight is vext, and all from head to hæles
Doth griefe and sicknesse sore sustaine, Why doe I them recite:
Why sæke I here the Cranes to tell in Strymon flouds that light:
Or number great of Swans that swim in streames of Troian land:
Oft times the minde doth lose his state by hearbs or Witches hand:
Or when at sacred Cæres feast some fiende in breast doth lie,
Or when possest with Bacchus force abrode with rage they flie,
Though griefe with ye, and couetousnesse, ambition, and delight,
As much the senses doe confound as doth of wine the might,
Procuring darkenesse to the minde. If truth we therefore say,
All dronke with beastly affects of minde are most men at this day,

The losses of the naturall powers, of the body and the minde in the aged estate of man.

Mischiefes Common to all ages.

Strymon a riuer in Thracia, breaking out of the hill Æmus.

He meaneth the riuer Mæander in Phrigia which is taken for Troy,

But fewe (Alas) there can be found, that rǽle not here and there,
That can diſcerne what they ſhould doe, with beames of eyeſight clere:
And guide themſelues by reaſons rule. Hereof aduiſedly
One ſaid the number endleſſe was of fooles abrode that flye,
For who nædes not Helleborus that giues the purging ſtooles?
But ſeuen wiſe the Grækes could finde, among ten thouſand fooles.
The nurſe and dame of mortall kinde dame Folly ſure is thought,
Without whoſe grace al things would fade & mē would here do nought
She Captaine chiefe, are warres begunne, and all that thereto long,
As Armour bright, and Targets fayre, with Ancents eke among,
Where coulours faire abrode doe blaſe with ſundry ſort of beaſtes,
The fruits of folly deſcribed. Of her comes playes and daunces fine, and dronken Bacchus feaſtes,
All nice delights, and wanton geſtes, with ſutes of fonde aray
From her doth come, with heapes of bookes compyled day by day.
The flouds of trifles fonde doe flowe by her, and euery thing,
Moſt part at leaſt that man here doth, procæde from ſuch a ſpring.
But now the wofull hurts and harmes and dolefull deſteny
That man ſuſtaines, can none declare though eloquent he be,
What caſualties mortall men are ſubiect vnto in this life. Now drownde in flouds here ſinkes there on and vnto fiſhes great,
The ſimple wretch of ſoule depriude becomes a deinty meat.
An other downe from houſe doth fall, and ſhewes a tumbling point,
And through his haſt receiues a clap that crackes his chiefeſt ioint:
Or batters ſore his tender limmes, and ſome the lightnings ſmite.
Or tempeſt kils, on ſome againe the falling houſe doth light,
And doth vnlode him of his braines, ſome Fier fries to death,
With hurtfull herbs, or Muſhroms vile ſome yélde their vitall breath.
And ſome when as to faſt he eates, while grædy guts doe gripe,
Doth ouercharge his pæce with lumps, that ſtops his drinking pipe.
How many teares the raging beaſt with tæth ſomething to kæne?
With Dron ſhoes of Horſes flaine how many hath bæne ſæne?
And many goarde with wilde Bulls horne, that roring mad doth fling?
What ſhould I ſhew the dangers great that man to man doth bring?
No beaſt ſo hurtfull to man as his owne kinde. No beaſt he nædeth more to feare than fellowes of his owne:
So many knaues and thæues hereby and perſons vile are knowne,
So many witneſſe falſe that beare ſo many vicious ſlaues,
So many liuing on the ſpoyle, and cut throte ſwearing knaues
Diſturbing reaſt of mortall men, and in none other plight,
Than doth the merry beaſtes diſturbe the Lioneſſe in ſight.

He with his tongue procureth harme, he with his sword doth fray.
The greatest sort with craft doth hurt, one robbes in open way,
An other filcheth priuily. Some sort there also be,
That vnder cloke of friendship strong or of hypocrisie,
Such men deceiue as they doe know to be of credite light.
All men almost (O wicked kinde) in others harme delight.
The brother scarce may brother trust, eche man his friend must feare,
The father of his sonne in doubt doth liue, sure Hell is here,
The furyes and the stinking flouds that lye in Limbo lake,
The gaping grenning Hellhound wood and all that Hell doth take.
Sléepe onely peace to man doth bring amid his fléeting life,
Nothing than this (if dreames fray not) more swéet or voide of strife:
For cares and labour it exiles, and with his pleasant wings
The wretched body resting brodes, and swéete estate him brings,
Yet nature sémes this rest to hate and ordaind hath hereby,
The stinging Gnat and byting Flea, to vexe continually
With twinging pricke this pleasant ioy, whereby both night and day
Might mischiefes euer present be. More better farre away
Therefore is death, than Picture his. No wise man will gainesay.
For who so once the seas of life in ioyfull bote hath past,
And in the quiet hauen faire his Anchor safe hath cast,
With mery heart doth laugh to scorne the blastes of raging windes
With tempests black, and Leucoths hed which floury Garlands binds,
Doth honor much, and Melicert with giftes he doth salute,
And safe amid the shores he ioyes with playes of sundry sute.
Death endes all pain, all bonds doth lose, death causes feare to flie,
And daungers all by death are forst to rest eternally.
And as no griefe nor paine thée vext before thy Syre thée got,
So shalt thou féele no griefe nor paine, when death her dart hath shot.
Who can conceiue the times as ill, he felt his byrth before:
Or iudge of dayes he neuer sawe or neuer shall sée more:
Or who will once dispraise the night as wretched, nought or ill,
Wherein possest of deadly fléepe he senslesse lay full still:
For what is death: continuall fléepe. what fléepe: for small time death.
But many thinke soules neuer die, but after losse of breath
The dead they say doe liue againe, and flesh forsaking quite
As cockels from the shell out drawne to Pluto take their flight:
And downeward hedlong fast they runne in kingdome blacke to sayle.

He meaneth Styx the Poole of pensiuenes, by the which the Gods immortall sweare, as by a thing clean contrary to their nature which is altogether ioyful and pleasant.

The profits depending vpon comfortable sleepe.

The happines of those that are departed this transitory life.

The commodities of death.

The description of Hell according to the opinion of dreaming Dolts.

Their faine they woods of Mirtle trées, where wofull louers wayle.
Their riuers runne with flawing flouds, and dreadfull Monsters bée
That poyson forme with gaping throtes, there places may you sée
Of diuers forme, where Infants crye, and where the guilty Ghostes
The furyes fierce of Hell doe burne, and whipp fast liuckt to postes,
And where the pleasant fields doe lye with goodly gréene araide,
As due to blessed men that here their pagents well haue plaide.
But other now say otherwise, and soules they graunt remaine,
But those ẏ well in earth haue liude with starres aboue shall raine,

The fond opinion of Pythagoras which sauoureth of the musty leuen of Purgatory.

And they againe that like to beasts haue serude licentious minde,
And God neglect, in forme of beasts to liue are all assignde,
In brutish shape to wander long by iudgement iust are made,
Till time that purged from their crime they come to highest grade.
Which things in déed if they were true death feareful might be thought
Or at the least a better life and voide of sinne be sought:
For to the iust hereby is got the ioyes and pleasures true,
Where as the wicked shall receiue their paines and merites due.
But whether that the dead doe liue, or that they nothing bée,
And soule with body hath his ende, pertaineth not to mée.
For I mée thinkes haue said inough: enquire of Sister mine,

The holy Scripture.

Whom Grecians, Wisedo me euer call, these thoughts she doth define,
And alwaies searcheth secrete things, and verity doth showe,
Her teaching, well thou maist attaine the state of soules to knowe.
Except it serue to tell thée that death is not to be dred,
At least vnto the iust that here a righteous life haue led:
For either quiet rest they haue in sléepe that still doth last,
Or happy else they shall receiue rewardes for vertue past.
Wherefore go to, liue godly now, put vice from minde away,
So death shall séeme but light to thée, and graue thée shall not fray.
But now in mind these words reuolue, both speak & thinke this thing:

A good and a commendable meditation for a Christian.

What hurt shall death to me procure what losse shall graue me bring?
No whit for troth, what will it haue? of richesse me depriue:
But richesse then I shall not néede, for nothing then I striue.
But richest then I may be calde, FOR welthyest is the wight,
Not that doth most possesse, but he that lacketh least in sight.
Gold, siluer, precious stones, and lands, with sumptuous fine aray,
With other like, I will despise, as things that I not way:
Nor pleasure past shall gréeue me then, no more than gréueth beastes

Swéete

Sweete pleasant sparkling wines to lacke, or Custards fine in feastes,
The things that no man doth desire what if they be not had:
But friends & children sweet to leaue will make (thou sayest) men sad.
Why should this thing me grieue so much, were it not hurtfull more
If in my life my friends should die, and I lament therefore
Continually: as some doe write how for Antilochus
Syr Nestor wept, as for his sonne (whom slewe the King Turnus
While he the Troians armies helpt) Euander liude in woe.
I goe before, and what for this they all shall after goe
When God appointed hath their time, and me againe shall see:
If soules be ought as we beleeue as CHRIST declares they bee.
Well whatsoeuer that it is, death ill I may not call,
Because it riches takes away and pleasant ioyes withall.
For vnto vs these are but lent, the vse doth nature giue,
And not the thing it selfe she deales to mortall men that liue.
Sith nothing then to me belongs, to death I will resigne
All other things that here I haue, as nothing sure of mine.
What if I others goods doe leaue: wherefore should I lament
If nature now doe aske againe the things that she me lent:
I naked came into this world and naked will I out.
For this world is an Inne where hostes of men a wondrous rout:
Who for a time doe vse the foode that layes before their face
Their host, and therewithall doth say, Syrs take and eate apace,
Not for deserts of you we giue these things, but of good will:
These pleasant dishes here we set therewith your selues to fill,
Untill such time as I thinke good to bid you hence depart
And say From vp my table rise. Now eate with ioyfull hart,
But when the houre last shall come wherein I bid you go,
With willing minde obey me then, and place resigne you tho
To other guests that here shall sit, let them reioyce a while
With dishes these. Who will repine (except he be to vile,
Lacke wit, or else vnthankefull be) hearing these words to go
From others doores, or else will sit while he commaundeth so:
But he shall cry come forth you Knaue and thrust him out by th'eares:
Than ill apaide he forwards goes, with wofull weeping teares.
Wherefore should I if he doe call that all things here doth guide,
Repine to goe from hence, or seeke in wretched life to bide
As many doe: nor fit it is nay willing hence I go

Antilochus the sonne of Nestor, who was slaine in the Troian warres.

Riches are but lent vs to vse, and not giuen vs to possesse.

The world Compared to an Inne, Nature to a liberall hostesse, and mortall men to guests or Trauaylers, &c.

He meaneth the giuer and guider of all things,

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When God appointed hath their time, and me againe shall see:
If soules be ought as we beleeue as CHRIST declares they bee.
Well whatsoeuer that it is, death till I may not call,
Because it riches takes away and pleasant ioyes withall.
For vnto vs these are but lent, the vse doth nature giue,
And not the thing it selfe she deales to mortall men that liue.
Sith nothing then to me belongs, to death I will resigne
All other things that here I haue, as nothing sure of mine.
What if I others goods doe leaue: wherefore should I lament
If nature now doe aske againe the things that she me lent:
I naked came into this world and naked will I out.
For this world is an Inne where hostes of men a wondrous rout:
Who for a time doe vse the foode that layes before their face
Their host, and therewithall doth say, Syrs take and eate apace,
Not for deserts of you we giue these things, but of good will:
These pleasant dishes here we set therewith your selues to fill,
Untill such time as I thinke good to bid you hence depart
And say From vp my table rise. Now eate with ioyfull hart,
But when the houre last shall come wherein I bid you go,
With willing minde obey me then, and place resigne you tho
To other guests that here shall sit, let them reioyce a while
With dishes these. Who will repine (except he be to vile,
Lacke wit, or else vnthankefull be) hearing these words to go
From others doores, or else will sit while he commaunded so:
But he shall cry come forth you Knaue and thrust him out by th'eares:
Than ill apaide he forwards goes, with wofull weeping teares.
Wherefore should I if he doe call that all things here doth guide,
Repine to goe from hence, or seeke in wretched life to bide
As many doe: nor fit it is nay willing hence I go

Antilochus the sonne of Nestor, who was slaine in the Troian warres.

Riches are but lent vs to vse, and not giuen vs to possesse.

The world Compared to an Inne, Nature to a liberall hostesse, and mortall men to guests or Trauaylers, &c.

He meaneth the giuer and guider of all things.

We must desire to be dissolued and to be with Christ.

No good thing in this life.

The world a denne of theeues.

Sodomytis call sinne.

Cuckold makers to many.

Incest.

Buggery.

Vnworthy Princes.

Calanus a Sophister of India who made a great fier of sweete smelling Chips and burned himselfe therein being aliue.

Plato a heauenly Philosopher.

And leaue this wicked world I will, where thousand mischiefes flow:
Where fayth is none, where Godlinesse, where iustice none doth dwell
Where Peace and Quietnesse is fled, where vices beare the bell,
Where brother seekes the brothers bloud, where sonne the father hates,
Where Discord euermore doth raigne, and Guile in maried mates.
No man there is, at least but rare: who (if he can) not steales,
Who robbeth not, who doth not faine, and who not falsly deales.
That well this world may now be calde of theeues a gaping den.
Loe, Kings and Bishops prowde beside, by name of Godly men
The Commons powre doe powle and pyll, and Citizens doe shéere
And simple Innocents destroy. What should I recken héere
The whoredomes great committed now: all flowes with vice we sée,
The naughty act doe yong men vse, and close misused be,
Who plants not hornes in neighbours heads: the bauld religious frye
(Who should be chast) abrode with whores or close with boyes to lye,
To widdowes graue, or tender maydes, the holy prieستes doe créepe,
And some within their kinsfolkes bed haue great delight to slépe.
Some slaues with beasts themselues defile, the Fields & Groue of trée,
And euery towne is now a stewes. And harmes that instant bée,
And daungers great that hapt to men, and labours great and sore,
And all the superstitious sort of false religious lore,
What néede we subiects now to be: sith (O the shamefull state)
Vnwitty and grosseheaded Foles and they that learning hate,
(To whom the Dice, and Dogs to kepe with Byrds of rauening kind,
And Horses ride, with other topes is all their childish minde)
Doe Scepters holue, and peoples guide, and gouerne Cities strong:
Hereof such errors vp doe spring with foolishnesse among,
Hereof so many vices brédue. If this thou callest to minde
Thou shalt not feare this foolish world and nought, to leaue behinde.
Yea thou wilt count it well that once Calanus and his feares
Did bring to passe, who slew themselues to scape these wretched yeares,
And staying death with hand did hast, nor longer would preserue
The dying Corps, nor wretched flesh with labour long to serue.
And if Religion said not nay, and Lawes of Plato hie,
And GOD himselfe: I would perswade thée forthwith for to die,
And wicked Chaunce and wretched Earth to leaue as vaine & nought,
Not Wine as wine desired is, but wine and good is sought.
So life as life is nothing worth if goodnesse lacke we sée,

If it be naught, as wine corrupt let it despised be.
For life it selfe we néede not wish, nor fled it ought to bée.
The Worme, the Flye, and euery stone and barke of euery trée,
And euery vile and litle thing doth life in it possesse,
No kinde of thing desired is where wanteth pleasantnesse,
If it be not both life and good, I sée no cause whereby
It should be wisht, or may be loued. Therefore who feares to dye
Is but a foole, since he desires such hurt and harme to bide
Both of the body and the minde, with labours long beside:
Before he would all kinde of griefes with flesh from him expell,
And euer in tranquillitie and perfect rest to dwell,
Or leauing members here behinde to liue for euermore,
Where he shall want no kinde of thing, nor sorrow féele, nor sore,
And with the Saints together there, about the world to flye,
More swift than all the windes that be, beholding things on hye,
Except the dregs of vice him stay, and force him still to dwell
Beneath, in Corners déepe of earth, amyd the raigne of Hell.
When thus this Lady fayre had sayd she rose, and stoode by mée,
And on my head (refusing I) she put the Laurell trée,
And thence departing forth she flewe where shining starres we sée.

To feare Death a great folly

The faire Lady was Arete, with whō the Poet hath had all this communication continued.

¶ The seauenth Booke.

Libra.

My Muse aloft raise vp thy selfe, and vse a better flite:
Mount vp on high, and thinke it scorne of base affaires to write.
More great renowne, and glory more, in hauty matters lyes,
View thou the Gods, and take thy course throughout the starry Skyes:
Where Sprigtime lasts for euermore, where Peace doth neuer quaile,
Where Sunne doth shine continually, where light doth neuer faile.
Clowde causer Southwinde none there is nor boystrous Boreas blows,
But milder breaths ẏ Westerne windes where swéet Ambrosia grows:
Take thou this way, and yet sometimes downe falling fast from hie,
Now vp, now downe, with sundry sort of Gates aloft goe flie.
And as some hauty place he séekes, that couets farre to sée,
So vp to Ioue, past Starres to clime, is néedefull now for thee.
There shalt thou from the towry top of Christal coloured Skye,

The north windes.

A kinde of meat that the Panyms supposed their Gods to haue fedde vpon.

The

The plot of all the world beholde, with viewe of perfect eye.
Beginning first both chiefe and high, from whom all things doe floe
As from a Spring, there is but one, They erre that thinke them moe,
But one God. For if more heds than one there were, then either not at all
They differ should, and so be one, or much, and then we shall
Accompt some one among the rest more noble, great, and hye,
From whom the other seme to spring, and rest are ruled by.
For if there many mouers be, if power and rule to all
Be like, yet if their mindes and willes contrary seme to fall,
Then open warres among them dwels, and cruell malice springs:
Then Discorde strayt disturbance in through all the motion brings.
A Similitude. As if a ship with equall blast a sort of windes should driue,
Tost here and there, with doubtfull minde the vessell sore doth striue:
And doth not know nor understand to runne the readiest way,
All ignorant which Lord to serue, is forced still to stay.
But if like minde to all, and will beginnings haue but one,
In vaine of more account is made, for one shall serue alone.
For if that one cannot suffise, but aide of others call:
If not but iointly moue they can they are vnperfect all.
Nor truely can we terme them chiefe from whence all other springs,
For perfect nedes must be preferde before thunperfect things.
The simple than the compound is of value farre more hye,
And more than numbers one, and pure than mixt, none wise deny.
But yet I thinke it here as best by reason this to proue.
The Cause is first before theffect the workeman worke aboue.
Physicall principles The perfect thing, because it doth eche part in it containe,
And nothing lacks, is stronger farre of greater force againe.
Therefore it makes, commaunds, and moues, and so by chalenge due:
The cause and Author eke of all it may be termed true.
But otherwise thunperfect thing that maimde cannot consist,
Is ouercome, and moue it must euen as the perfect list.
It doth obey and not commaund, and therefore must be named
The effect, and eke the framed worke, and not the thing that framed.
So farre behinde it euer ought the perfect thing to goe.
For if vnperfect were the spring from whence all things doe floe,
It were but vile and nothing wrought thereof should perfect be,
As alwaies of thunperfect Art vnperfect Worke we se.
Wherefore beginnings more than one no reason soth can finde.

Because

Becauſe there is not to be knowne but one of perfect kinde.
From which, the neuer fayling courſe, and vpret of all things
Doth come, as from the Vnion firſt ech other number ſpringe.
Beſides it pure and Single is, that Mixtures all hath made:
For nothing can Compounded be but Simples firſt is had.
For firſt it needefull is alone the ſimples to be tride,
And then in mixture all in one compounded to abide
Therefore no Principal there is but one, as I haue taught:
Which Simple in degree we iudge, and pureſt muſt be thought.
Whom if we thinke not for to liue, in erroꝛ great we fall:
If he liue not, how liues the reſt, ſince by him liue we all:
Doubtleſſe he liues, and wiſedome hath, oꝛ elſe in oꝛder due,
How could he frame ſuch goodly ſights except he all things knew:
Noꝛ doubt we muſt, but needes confeſſe, with mouth and eke with heart,
Him to be good: Can he be ill of whom eche good is part:
Can bitter ſtreames at any time from ſweeteſt fountaine runne:
Oꝛ can the riuers pleaſant be of bitter ſpring begunne:
For either nothing muſt be good, oꝛ good muſt he be thought:
That is the ſpring of all the reſt, by whom the woꝛld was wrought.
Him men doe call by diuers names, but we that Latin write
Doe call him God, and moꝛe we ſay, that Iupiter he hight.
Who, ſince he is the firſt that was, and maker of eche one,
Liues of himſelfe both good and wiſe, receiuing ſtate of none.
But all by him their ſtates enioy, who may loſe that they haue,
Whenſoeuer he liſt foꝛ to reſtraine the thing that firſt he gaue.
As Riuers muſt leaue of their courſe when ſpring their ſtreames deny,
And yet it followes not therefoꝛe the ſpring it ſelfe be dꝛie:
(Foꝛ of it ſelfe it ælues the ſtreame and hangs at no mans taſte:)
So God doth of himſelfe conſiſt, and therefoꝛe cannot faſte.
If altogether periſh ſhould yet faſtes not he therefoꝛe,
Foꝛ what conſiſteth of it ſelfe muſt laſt foꝛ euermoꝛe.
When onely of himſelfe he ſtayes, and needes no helper by,
When as by foꝛce he cannot quaſte and will not willingly.
He is All and Whole, the reſt but part, yet in no ſuch degree,
That of thoſe parts he pureſt ſhould himſelfe compounded be.
But by his vertue he is all, becauſe he firſt did frame
The woꝛld ſo wide, and all things elſe conteined in the ſame.
All things that liue, and boꝛne of life, all things that doe appeare,

And

All compounds are made of ſimples.

His meaning is of God, The well hed of al bountie.

An Argument drawne ab impoſſibili, from that which cannot come to paſſe to proue the purity of God.

Compariſon.

God is euerlaſting and of him ſelfe omnifufficient.

Theologicall reaſons.

And hidden sights he onely mave, and doth preserue them here.
In this wise therefore is he all, as sæde is all the træ,
Whereof springs vp the mighty bole, whose branches shadowers bæ.
Some doubt if God a body haue, and thus doe they beleeue,
That nothing voide of body is that sense cannot perceiue.
And therefore now we will attempt, the truth thereof to sæ.
Of Quantitie and Qualitie all bodies nædes must bæ.
For by these two State Sensible, the body doth receiue:
Take these away what doth remaine that senses may perceiue?

God is not in the predicaments of quality, quantity, nor substance.

All Quantities and Qualities Compounded euer bæ,
And God of nature Single is as late I tolde to thæ.
Adde more to this, that bodies all of Forme and Matter bæ.
Nor God can be of such a power, as bounds may comprehend,
When he abides for euermore, least so the world should end.
Nor body none is voide of bounds, but all are measurable.
The Compast Forme hath his precincts, and sæmeth commendable,
So hath the Square and Triangle, and all the Shapes that be.
This reason proues no body is but it may measurde be.
And thus I proue, this body here in equall parts diuide,

An argument drawne of Proportiõ.

Whereof the halfe let A possesse, and B the other side.
I aske if A as much as B can doe: or if these twaine
Be infinite: so one shall serue, and thother shall be vaine.
If both hath power determinate the whole must haue the same.
But who so sækes th'unbounded thing, of bounded parts to frame,
Shall proue vnwise, and thus insues the maker chiefe of all
No body hath. But some there be perchaunce that answere shall
God is a body Infinite, but this doe I deny:
For so should he eche place fill vp, and leaue none voide, whereby
The rest should neuer be containd: so world there should be none,
Nor we remaine, nor any thing saue he himselfe alone.
Besides, since body here in life, is of more noble state
Than senslesse Corse, we must no doubt but life of higher rate,
Than Carcasse is. But here I aske if life a Substance bæ:
If not, then substance were more vile and of more base degræ,
Than that which substance is without. And if you bring in this,
In suffring such absurditie the Schoolemen all will hisse.
But if that life a substance be, then body is but vaine,
Since of it selfe it can consist, and seuered best remaine.

And

And why should God a body take, since he at libertie
Doth best enioy his state: and hath no such necessitie?
It is a thing superfluous eke, by which the life inclosed
As prisoner like is bard the place whereto tys best disposed.
Therefore that Chiefe Almighty Prince, eternall, good, and wise,
No body hath. Now will I shewe why many doe despise
This reason, and doe thinke it vaine. The cause hereof doth spring,
That drowned in bodies grosse, and blinded sense, they know no thing
But bodies here, as through a glasse with any coulour staind
Whosoeuer lookes, eche thing shall iudge of coulour that is staind.
Yet must we know, and doubtlesse thinke, that diuers things there bee,
That either voide of bodies liue, or of such pure degree
Their bodies are, that neither eyes of ours can them beholde,
Nor sense discerne, and so more worth than ours a thousand folde:
Which thus perchaunce may proued be. All grosse and waighty things,
How much the more of earthly drosse annext to them forth brings,
So much more base and viler be, than that which seemes to flowe
Of fine and purer matter wrought, all Metals this doth showe
For looke when as by feruent heate of fyrie flames they frye,
They straightwaies melt, and baleft parts wherein most earth doth lye,
As nothing worth, falles out to drosse: the pureft and most fine,
With better found and better shape, before the eye doth shine.
So Bread is best of pureft meale, whereof the Masters eate,
Of grosser is the Seruants feede, the worst is Mastiues meate.
So water, Wine and Dyle, with like, the worthieft of them bee,
Such as most cleare and subtill seeme, and lightest in degree.
So Meate the worst and grosseft part by siege away doth fade,
The fineft part remaines, whereof Flesh, Blood, and strength is made.
What is the cause that common stones so rude and rusty lyee?
Where Marble, and the precious gemmes do glister in the eye
Nought els, but that in one of them lesse drosse of earth is found,
In thother, grosse and heauie moulde, hath sight and value drounde.
Therefore more foule and baser farre, such thinges are iudged to be,
Wherein most earth remaines, wherby they are calde of lesse degree.
As Drosse we take lesse Golde to be, or Golde of baser Myne
We cannot call so iustly Gold as that already fine.
For of all Elements the Earth the vileft hath beene thought.
And as the rubbish of the reft, cast by, when they were wrought.

Comparison.

Of bodies metaphysicall, or supernaturall.

An argument proceeding of Common and daily experience

Therefore

He meaneth God the Creator of all things.

Therefore the wisest Workeman first, did cause it lowe to lie,
That distant farre it should remaine, removed from the Skie.
And thicke in Ball he cast it round, more lesse and small to bée,
That Saints might haue more plaine prospect that list the world to sée.
For when that God had deckt the world, with Starres in trim aray,
What drosse remainde he bad the winds, to cleanse and swéepe away.
Then in with hasty course they rushe their Lords award to do,
The Northwind blowes the Southwind huffes, the West, & East set to:
With striuing blasts they swéepe the fields & round in heape they cast
Whatsoeuer they finde, constraining it, the earth is framde at last:

The earth is the Centre of the vniuersall world.

Which, banisht from the heauens hie, straight downe to Centre fell,
No place more farre nor base appeares, where nigher she might dwell,
Beside, of weaker force it is, and eke of smaller power,
Than all the rest of Elements are, and fæblest of the flower.

The earth grosest & basest of al the elements,

For if by feruent heate of Sunne it be constraind to gape,
Or pearst with Plow it cannot ioyne, nor take his former shape.
The waters if they parted be doe straight returne in one,
And voide of all diuision séemes, as if there had béene none.

The fire, aire, & water, are bodies moueable: The earth of a nature cõtrary.

So doth the Ayre, and Fier eke, if these diuided bée,
At first they ioine againe, so that no signe of hurt you sée.
And why: because they are more pure, and perfect in degrée,
And of their proper force alone they alwaies moued bée.
But now the Earth vnweldy thing, of nature euer staies,
And more, is cause that sundry things can mone no kinde of waies.
For where most earth abounds, most waight is found, such things appéare
Lesse apt to moue, the light more quicke and vnto life more néere.
For Life in euery thing is cause whereby they moue alone:
It nédes no proofe, the senlesse Corse, doth stirre as doth a stone.
Since things in life haue chiefe estate (for life excelleth all)
Doubtlesse the light and mouing things the chiefest we may call.
They erre therefore, that doe beléeue none other things to bée:
But such as senses grosse perceiue, and eyes apparant sée.

The spireable ayre a subtil substance.

For what more subtile is than Ayre, what lesse is felt or séene:
By which haue many thought it voide as Nothing to haue béene.
It is but slight: what thoe: yet hath it here a substance sure,
And body is of foure chiefe, one, than Earth or Streame more pure,
And therefore plast in hyer seate. For things approching nere
To skies, and blessed starres aboue, of chiefest state appere,

By streame is ment water.

Besides,

Beſides are not the Windes ſo pure, that no man can them ſée?
Yet notwithſtanding none there is but knowes that windes there bée.
Which when they haue a ſunder burſt the barres of Eolus ſtrong,
The monſtrous hilles by force doe ſhake, downe tome the trées along
Doe lye, the Seas from chanell dépe are toſt aboue the ſhoares,
The Clouds are cauſd, ꝑ Lightnings flach, ꝑ dreadful Thunder roares.
Since thus their force doth rage, thinkſt thou ꝑ ſubſtance they do lacke?
Becauſe thou canſt not them beholde, or in thy hands them take?
To iudge as Senſes leade is fonde: for oftentimes the eyes
In taking one thing for an other, This error plainely tryes.
As if into the cleareſt ſpring a ſtaffe moſt ſtraight be thruſt,
The eye ſhall iudge it to be crooked, though it be neuer ſo iuſt.
And if a bote rowe nére the ſhore, the ſhore ſhall ſéeme to flye,
And ſtill the bote is thought to ſtay: the Senſes therefore lye,
Which many times deceiued be, and chaunged ſundry wayes,
By Age ſometime or Sickneſſe great the force of them decayes:
Nor euery man hath them alike, ſome thinkes it faire and méete,
The thing another ſaith is fowle: and ſome doe count it ſwéete,
That others iudge of bitter taſte: the Ayre is colde ſayth hée,
Another ſayth the wether is hote, thus Senſes diuers bée,
In diuers bodies, diuers ſéemes, deceaude ſometime by chaunce,
As when the drunckard ſées two lights for one, and ſtoles to daunce.
The wine in troubling of his eyes doth much diſeaſe his ſight.
The Ayre beſides deludes the ſenſe, ſometimes it ſeemeth bright,
Now darke, now thicke, now moyſt, now dry, whereby we often geſſe
The Sunne as red as bloud to be, the Moone now bigge, now leſſe.
Hereof doth alſo come to paſſe when one aloud doth cry,
Deceiuing fooliſh eares, a voyce doth ſeeme to anſwere aye.
By this and other meanes they erre. But Reaſon is more ſure,
Who finds among a thouſand toyes, the certaine truth and pure.
This Reaſon is moſt deare to him that Wiſedome doth retaine,
Whoſe minde is of a liuely force, and ſpyte of heauenly vaine.
The blunt and doltiſh common ſort, with blinde and bleared eyes,
Doth not her ſee, hereof doth Fault, Vaine Hope, and Fanſy riſe.
This Reaſon guides the wiſeſt men, Opinion leades the lowte.
Let vs the ſteppes of Reaſon treade and toyle her waies about,
This reaſon may be calde the Sunne that moues in order iuſt,
By which alone from brutiſh kinde of beaſtes we differ muſt.

The keeper of the windes.

An Argument, Ab effectibus.

The ſenſes commonly deceiued.

No credite to be granted to the ſenſes.

The faculty of ſeeing is infected by drunkennes, in ſuch ſort, that it ſwarueth in diſcerning his obiects.

The woorthineſſe of Reaſon.

The darke and dim vncertayne Moone, Opinion may be named.
But what doth Reason byd me write, that many creatures framed
Aliue there are that we can not by senses vnderstand:
For if that God should not haue made, with hie and glorious hand,
More noble creatures than the state of fading mortall kinde:
He had not then deserued such prayse, as is to him assignde,
Unperfect eke had bene his reigne: for vnderneth the kinde
Of Man, the wilde and sauage Beastes consist of brutish minde,
To ſpe and foode, addicted all. And if he had not framed
No better things than here we sée, the world might well be named
A folde of filthie feeding flockes, and thornes and donge set out.
What should we then this God account, a mightie beardman stoute:
But he created man besides, nowe sure a goodly thing:
Was this his best: is this the power of that Almightie king:
But let vs trie if this be true, if we may credite giue:
It is not good nor reason will, that we shall this beleeue.

Man of all creatures most miserable.

For what is Man: a foolish beast, a creature full of spight,
And wretched farre aboue the rest if we will iudge vpright.

The way of Vertue and vice described truely.

Who is not of his nature nought: the way to vice is wide,
Wherein the fète of mortall men continually doth slide:
No Warning, Lawe, nor Feare can cause them for to stay.
Againe, the path of vertue is a straight and painfull way,
Wherein but fewe doe vse to walke, and them you must constraine.
Who is wise: the woman: or the childe: or all the Common traine:
The most (alas) are foolish doltes, in darkenes blinde we tread,
And fond Affection beares the sway, by which we all are lead.

A periphrasis, or circumlocution of God.

For none at all or fewe there be (whom He that guides the skye
Hath chosen to himselfe alone) this reason ruled by.
For who can nowe beholde, or how, may leasure we obtayne,
Whereby we might search out the truth that secret doth remayne:
Cares pulles vs back: the greatest part of lyfe in Sleepe doth waste
The rest doth Paine or Sickenesse let, or Pouertie doth taste,
And Slouthfulnesse sometime doth hurt, and Pleasure oft annoy,
Hereof springs Fooles and Wisedome eke by this we not enioy.

He meaneth his Sixt booke intituled Virgo.

For she with great continuall toyle, and study long is got.
And doth require a quiet minde, that troubles hinder not.
The troubles of the state of man (if I remember well)
Among my bookes the Syxt (I thinke) before doth plainly tell:

Of Miſchiefe, Griefe, and Fooliſhneſſe alas, this is the place,
And darkeſome deme of Hell wherein, all liue in wretched caſe.
But yet the groſſe and common ſorte, doe neuer waye this thing,
But in the middeſt of all their toyle, the fooliſh knaues doe ſing:
And gaping laugh, doe not perceiue their owne calamitie,
But are when paine doth plague them ſore, as iocund as a Pie,
And ſodainely doth all forget, ſo that ſome ſweeteneſſe fall:
Hereby doth come Forgetfulneſſe that rids them cleane from all.
For Nature wiſe and prouident, our ſtate did well foreſée,
In giuing vs ſo ſlender wit for our commoditie.
For if that Wiſedome were in vs, what man could beare the ſtrife?
The cares, and tedious troubling toyles of this our wretched life?
For ſadnes ioynd with carcke and care, this wiſedome in doth bring,
And nature ſéemes to foſter man, with hope of hopeleſſe thing.
Without the which, eche man himſelfe would couet to deſtroy.
So Hope and Follie medicines be, that Nature doth imploy
For our behoue by Sage aduice, leaſt we by chaunce ſhould faint,
When many miſchiefes ſwarming thicke, our witleſſe ſenſe doth taint.
And if no creature elſe excell this man in high degrée,
The chiefe Creator of the world, what ſhall we thinke to bée?
Of Miſers, Fooles, and eke of them by whom doth miſchiefe ſpring:
He ſhall be called a Lorde, a Prince, a Father, Guide, and King.
O noble powre, O princely reigne, companions fine and braue,
What wants there now (O God) to thée: what ſéekeſt thou more to haue?
Alone thou doſt not now remaine: it well became thy Grace,
To frame ſo fayre a world as this, to make ſuch creatures place.
Let heauen ſerue their onely vſe the Starres, the Moone, the Sunne,
The Ayre, the Earth, the ſurging ſeas: what elſe? it ſhall be done.
But ſtraight they ſhall conſumed be, and vaniſh cleane away
As Snowe doth fade in ſummers heate, or flowre in froſty day.
What ſtate haue they that doe conſiſt, of body weake and fraile?
What ſtate haue they that in the ſpace of ſo ſmall time doe faile?
May we beléeue the ſeas and earth alone repleniſht bée,
Which are compared to the ſkyes as nothing in degrée?
And if the mighty compaſt ſpheare, in minde thou well doeſt way,
Thou ſhalt perceiue the ſmalleſt Starre, more great: as Wiſemen ſay.
Shall then ſo ſmall and vile a place, ſo many fiſhe containe
Such ſtore of men, of beaſtes and foules, and thother voide remaine?

All things ſhall perriſh and conſume.

The leaſt Starre is bigger then the earth.

Vnder this word Wiſe men are ment in this place Aſtronomers

Shall skyes and ayre their dwellers lacke? he dotes that thinketh so,
And seemes to haue a slender wit, for there are thousandes mo,
That better state and life enioye, and farre more blessed bee,
Moreouer if we will confesse th'unfayned veritie,
This Earth is place for man and beast: beyond the clowdes, the ayre,
And sacred skies, where peace doth reigne, and day is alwayes fayre,
The Angels haue their dwellings there: whom though we cannot see
(For pure and fine their substance is) yet numberlesse they be,
Comparison. And thicke as are the sands in place where waters ebbe and flowe,
As thicke as stands the flowers and grasse, that in the meddowes grow,
For who so thinkes the Heauens hie of dwellers voide to bee,
And may vpon this earth so vyle so many creatures see:
He dotes deceiude by ignorance, and foolishnes of minde,
And seemes all drounde in earthly drosse, as beastes of basest kinde,
Nor wonder I at this a whit, that happie Ilands founde
The newe Indies. In Ocean seas they say there be, where all things good abound,
Whereas no griefe the life doth vexe, where no misfortunes rayne.
The skyes perchance the Ocean sea to name doth here retayne,
Because in colour like it seemes, and eke in mouing rounde,
Ech Starre an Ilande shal be thought, why not? haue we not founde
That diuers houses are so calld, because that farre away
Hee wrote this before the discouerie of the new Indies They seuered from their fellowes lye: who otherwise doth say
He saith not true, for if there were such Islandes in the seas
The Princes would not suffer them to passe their life in ease:
But wepon strait should conquest make, t'enlarge their kingdome hie,
If any passage were to them themselues therein to lie.
What doubteth Greece to fayne or lie, the mother olde of toyes?
For doubtlesse Heauen, Starres, and Ayre, inhabitaunts enioyes.
Who this denies doth malice much the blessed Saintes on hie,
And eke th'eternall state of God doe blaspheme foolishly.
Is it not wicked blasphemie presumptuously to say?
That Heauen lacks inhabitants, and God doth beare the sway?
But here with vs and sauage beastes, so fonde so full of shame.
Nay certaynely God could and would more noble creatures frame,
That leade their life in better place, whereby his prayse esteemde
Should be more, and larger power, and world more perfect deemde.
For making sundrie noble things, the beautie more doth shine,
Of this same world, and more appeares his Maiestie diuine.

But

But if theſe ſhapes be pure and voyde of body, comes the doubt,
Or whether they conſiſt of partes, as we doe round about.
Yes truely reaſon doth declare all creatures that doe dwell
In fire, and ayre, they bodies haue: if they had not, aſwell
The ayre and fire ſhould deſert be, and places voide ſhould growe,
For none but bodies place poſſeſſe as wiſe mens words doe showe.
But whether ſhall theſe bodies die: we muſt confeſſe it ſo
A long and ioyfull life they lead, at length with death they go.
For if that Ayre and Fyre in time, corruption ſhall deface,
Why ſhould not all ſuch creatures dye as liue in ſuch a place?
For placed things doe follow ſtill, the places nature plaine.
But ſome perchaunce deſires to know what faſhion they retaine.
We may be ſure their beauty is ſuch, that they doe farre excell
All creatures fleeting in the Seas, or all on earth that dwell:
Which neither God permits, nor we could view with carnall eye.
But they that paſſe their life in ſtarres, and in the pureſt ſkye,
Doe neuer dye: for age nor yeares cannot the ſtrength abate,
Of thoſe ſo gorgeous gliſtring Starres, or harme the heauens ſtate.
And eke we muſt beleeue that thoſe, which liue in Skies ſo bright,
Their bodies are more fayre, more fine, of greater force, and might,
Then all the reſt that liue, betweene the earth, and ſtarres aboue:
Or in the Elements dwell, where time and age can them remoue:
But what doe they? they doe reioyce with ſenſe and reaſon right,
Now vſing one, and now the other, and liue in ſuch delight,
As wit of man cannot deuiſe, nor mortall tongue can tell.
True world, and true eſtate is there, true ioyes and treaſures dwell:
We onely haue the ſhadowes here and counterfeits retaine,
Which laſting but a litle ſpace like waxe doe melt againe.
Our World is but a figure plaine, of thoſe ſo princely powrs,
And as our World the painted Map, ſo it ſurmounteth ours.
Aboue theſe heauens that we name, and creatures all beyonde,
A better world vncorporate, that ſenſes doth tranſcend,
And with the minde alone is ſeene, there are that thinke to be:
And with thaſſured truth it ſeemes not much to diſagree.
If minde excelleth farre the ſenſe, why ſhould the ſenſe beholde
A world alone with perfect things, and creatures manifolde?
And minde without his proper world a Cypher doth remaine,
And none but dreames and fancies finde, with ſhapes & ſhadows vaine.

The Inhabitants of the Ayre ſubiect to death. Read Cardan de Subtil.

Compariſon.

Thus either nothing is the minde, or els hath nature wrought
A world agréing to the same, wherein contained are thought
Unfained, chiefe, and purest things: which better farre away
May of themselues consist, than things that senses compasse may.
This same first framed world doth passe the world that senses sée,
As much as minde excelles the sense in perfecter degrée:
In which the chiefest life is God, where Saints as Starres appere,
And therefore straunger things are there, then are perceiued here:
Sith it is perfecter by much. For nothing there doth dye,
No time, nor motion, there hath rule, all fixed continually,
As voide of place and safe from harme they all doe séeme to bée,
There are the causes of each thing, and springs of all we sée.
The world the senses may perceiue from this same world doth spring
And séemeth here a figure sure, and shadow of that thing.
All things more sound and perfect there, and all things whole appeare,
We haue but portions of the same which are increased here.
By natures fault and great defect. So harts a number be,
For vertue one aboue, creates the harts that here we sée.
By her the subtile Fore is framed, by her the Lions liue,
And so of all the other beasts, that this our world doth giue.
Which séeme in number diuers sorts, but all are one in kinde,
That from these powers are first to come, are euery one assignde.
None otherwise than Carpenters, in Cities great of name,
Eche one applying well his worke, doe diuerse matters frame.
Wherefore this world doth stand of parts, the other doth consist
Of all, and liuing by themselues, of distance as they list.
But some haue thought that euery starre a world we well may call,
The earth they count a darkned starre, where as the least of all
The God doth reigne that vnderneth, the clouds hath plaste his chaire,
That fosters all the creatures here, in seas, in earth and ayre.
A Lord of shadowes, and the guide of shapes that liuely bée,
To whom is delt the charge of things, and rule of all to sée:
Which, for because they doe not last but passe with time away,
Doe scarce deserue the name of ought, but shadowes that decay.
The same is Pluto as I iudge, of whom the Poets olde,
Doe often sing, and say that he, the kingdome blacke doth holde.
For vnderneth the cloudes is night, aboue all things are cleare,

The world intelligible and the world sensible: which more excellent.

For God is the fulnes of their ioy.

Pluto the sonne of Saturne by his wife Ope, prince of Hell, as his brother Iupiter was prince of Heauen.

Where

Where light doth last for euermore: and brightnesse still appeare.
To him as to the worst of all, thalmightie Lord did giue
The vilest reigne, the rest more good, in better starres to liue.
But yet is not man sure of this, for who doth know so well,
Gods misteries: who hath beene there, and turnde agayne to tell:
No state of man is such, our minde doth faint in things so hie:
The Owle cannot behold the Sunne, with pure and perfect eye.
Eche one presuming of his wit, inuenteth matters new,
But Poets specially, to whom most confidence is due,
For they may by authoritie of any matters write,
With Bacchus rage they moued me, and with Apolloes spite.
Though nothing is that doth forbid the mad man truth to say,
Sibylla vsed to tell the trouth, in madnes as shee lay.
Let this suffice (my promise kept) to proue that numbers bee
Of creatures farre excelling vs, which no mans eyes can see:
Yet do they liue and reason vse, and as some wise men say,
Such are our soules departed once, that neuer shall decay.
So Plato, so Pythagoras, and so Plotinus thought,
And so haue many Poets erst, in pleasaunt verses wrought.
Therefore it semeth labour worth (a thing most meete to tell)
Of this for to intreat at large: For what doth more excell,
Than throughly man to know himselfe: for children vnderstand
Whereof the Body doth consist, of earth, of slime, of sand.
But hard it is so plaine to knowe, the nature of the minde:
Wherefore presuming on my Muse with all the force I finde,
Bestowing all my wits thereon, I will attempt to knowe,
The perfect nature of the same, and plaine in verses showe.
That done forsaking Libra some, Scorpius, the crooked signe
I enter will, and Destiny thy fatall force define
If destinie doe not depriue our Poet of his will.
And for because in doubtfull thinges, to bring the greater skill,
The methode and the order best, is plainly to begin,
With such as are assured most: so will I doe herein,
For if the first beginnings here, shall seeme obscure in sight:
The sequele shall vncertaine seeme, and in the worser plight.
If slender the Foundation be, in little time and space,
We shall beholde the Building fayle, that wee thereon doe place.

Comparison.

Three famous Philosophers reade Vosslat crane, who writeth of thē seuerally. E cælo descendit noscce teipsū.

The Effects more plaine and manifeſt, then Cauſes ſeeme to be,
Of mouing & the cauſe thereof. At them therefore we will begin, and all things open ſée.
With mouing nowe (for euery thing that life remayneth in,
Doth mone alone: chiefe ſigne of life) therefore we will begin.
Whether heate be cauſe of mouing or no. For of it ſelfe the body reſtes, and members rotte away,
The cauſe (perhaps) that moues, is Heat, or Bloud that beares ỹ ſway
But things aliue, are often ſtyll, when as they liſt to reſt
Though Heate and Bloud in them abound: therefore appeareth beſt,
Will, cauſe of mouing. That Will is Cauſe of mouing here: yet ſometimes they deſire
To moue, and cannot ſtirre: therefore both mouing both require,
The one commandes, the other worke: for will can nothing doe
If power doe lacke. But how comes it, that men moue to and froe?
Bicauſe (Mind teaching) will ſæth good, & mouing ſtraight doth turne
To that is ſæs, as Fyre is drawne, by that which makes it burne.
Compariſons. Like as the yron from his place, the Lodeſtone vpward drawes.
And as the Aumber lifteth vp the little ſlender ſtrawes,
The world in ſuch a wondrous ſort the almightie Lord did frame,
That many things doe well agrée as ioyned in the ſame.
And many things doe diſagrée, and kéepe continuall fight,
Wherby ſome mẽ haue ſurely thought, that ſtrife & friendſhip might
Be iuſtly calde beginnings chiefe, by which are all things wrought,
Thus Good firſt moued by which the mind to motion quickly brought
Doth moue the parts, and pricketh forth, the body here and there.
But yet we thinke ſuffiſeth not, one Good to all things here,
Nor one deſire to all alike: ſome this, ſome that eſtæmes,
And euery one retaines his toy, as beſt to nature ſæmes.
The Child we ſée deſires the things, that Aged men forſake,
The diſpoſition of the minde followes, the diſpoſition of the body. For as the bodie ſeemes to be, ſo minde and will doe take.
Wherefore we ſometime couet this, and ſometime long for that,
And that which late we did eſtéeme, we now doe ſeeme to hate:
Becauſe our chaunging body is, diſpoſed diuerſly,
And drawes the nature of the minde the way that it doth wry:
Hereof comes Thyrſt, and Hunger ſharpe, and Luſt to Ladies laps.
The bodie many things doe chaunge: as Age, or Time, or Haps,
As alſo Meate, and Drinke ſometimes, and Aire doth chaunge it quite,
And Starres doth alteration make, as learned men doe write.
The Obiect therefore not alone, nor things our eyes beholde,
But ſtate of body oftentimes (as witneſſe writers olde)

Doth

Doth cauſe vs diuers things to will, and moues vs to and froe:
Who markes ſome Pageants plaid on earth, ſhall plainely finde it ſo.
But ſome by reaſon rather led, doe walke as ſhe doth ſhewe,
And onely are by vertue drawne: but ſuch are very few.
For fleſhly fond affections, oft the minde doe ouerrunne,
None otherwiſe then miſts doe darke the cleare and ſhinning Sunne.
Loe, this the cauſe why bodie moues. The mouing force of minde
(Whom moued will doth ſtill commande) obeyes as is aſſignde:
And in the partes that quiet are (if nothing them doe let)
Is powred out, and cauſeth them now here, nowe there to ſet.
But why ſhould labour wearie them, whereof ſhould this ariſe?
As fainting feete in trauaile, and aking arme oft tries?
The cauſe hereof, is bloude reſolued by force of feruent heate.
(For to much mouing it inflames) decayes in ſumming ſweate.
None otherwiſe then Feuers fierce, the creature pale conſumes,
When bloud or other humor hote, through all the members fumes.
Doth life ſupport and body fedes, which whilſt it quickning makes,
The mouing force poſſeſſing all, the body quiuering ſhakes,
The heate and heated bloud beſide, doth dreade a liuely ſpright:
As waters warmde with beames of Sunne doe yeld a vapour light.
This ſpirit incloſde within the bowels through all the veines doth run,
And neere to her doth ſerue the life in what ſhe will haue done.
But thoſe in heauie ſleepes that lie, how ſhould they mouing make?
As ſome doe in their ſleepes ariſe, and weapon vp do take,
Some in the ſtable takes his horſe, ſome writes as many ſay,
And ſome hath earſt beene ſeene, a ſleepe vpon the Lute to play,
It muſt be knowne that of the thing the Image doth remayne
In vs, of all that we doe ſee, or Senſes can retayne.
This makes vs thinke we ſee the face that late we gazed on,
And that we ſeeme to heare the words were vttred long agon.
Theſe formes within the ſecrete celles incloſed in the braine,
A vapour moues, which to aſcende the ſtomacke doth conſtrayne,
And minde deluded ſo doth moue, the body ſtyres thereby,
If the Reſemblance be of force, that in thy head doth lye.
But tayle of Lyzard, or of Snake, that cut in two doth ſprall,
Doth will it moue? Or force of minde, that Greeks doe Fancie calle?
As they whom rage of madneſſe moues, or to much drinke arayes?
Or dreadfull dreames doe cauſe to ſhake? or happens other wayes?

Therebelli-on of the affections againſt the regiment of Ladie reaſon.

The cauſe of weari-neſſe.

Perchaunce amongſt the knottie parts of this diuided tayle,
The liuely ſpirit incloſed doth ſearch, all meanes for to preuaile,
In breaking out, and winding parts, doth wry as beſt it may,
And ſtriuing long through paſſage ſmall doth get at length away.
Or that ſame part of minde that feeles, diuided doth remayne
In tayle cut of, and cauſeth it to turne and turne agayne.
Yet I ſuppoſe that euery thing, wherein no iudgement lyes
Can feele no griefe, nor nothing elſe that we can here deuiſe.
For chiefeſt force by which we feele, from knowledge euer flowes.
Who knowes and iudgeth moſt feeles moſt, and moſt reioyſing knowes.
So Fooles and Dolts careleſſe of all, leſſe harmde, leſſe fearing ſtill,
They feele not colde, nor hate ſo much, ſcarce know they good from yll.
Not for becauſe it ſmarts, therefore the tayle diuided ſhakes,
For nought it feeles, becauſe the ſtrength frō which it knowledge takes
Is not in it, but in the head in better place did lie:
Wherefore the former cauſe I iudge, the truth to goe more nie.
Loe, thus therefore is mouing made, by which all creatures goe:
Yet in the reaſons paſt before, we put this one thing to,
That ſundry times the Preſent Good, when it might be atchiued
Doth nothing moue, nor is deſired, becauſe tis not perceiued.
Reaſon & knowledg chief cauſe of mouing. This Knowledge ſemes of mouing cauſe, or chiefeſt as we ſée:
For who deſires, or ſeekes the thing, he knowes not what to be:
For Will her ſelfe of proper force, is altogether blinde,
And cannot any thing deſire, without the light of minde.
The mind of man is the candle of his wil. By whom if we be not informde, ſhe takes the vntoward way,
And with the ſhewes of good beguilde, her vertue doth decay.
Of Mouing may this here ſuffice. Now let vs ſeeke to know
How liuing things doe waxe ſo great, what cauſeth them to growe:
And why at certayne time they ceaſe. A fiery ſpirit doth raigne,
Which quickneth euery liuing thing, in world which doth remayne.
This heate doth liuely moyſture fede, as flame of Candle bright.
(When Sun withdrawes himſelfe from vs) the Oile preſerues in light:
Naturall heate the cauſe of digeſtion. This is the ſtomack boyles the meat, whereof the fineſt ſpread
Abroad, the ſynewes, bones, and fleſh, with pyth, and bloud are bréade.
And all the body doth increaſe, as plants with ſhowers of raine,
And warmth of ſunne from comforting, doth riſe and ſpring amaine.
If that this fire be much of force and moyſture equall here,
As much as heat ſhall ſeeme to neede the increaſe ſhall great appeare.

At length it makes an end and stayes, when spent is all the heate,
Which fading, body fades: as shewes in them whose yeares are great,
For wasted they like pined Ghostes, their aged limmes doe crooke,
And stouping low with hollowed eyes vpon the earth doe looke.
For fire is gone and liuely heate, and moysture doth decay,
Without the which no life remaines: as Lampes no longer may
Giue out their light than oyle doth serue, but dies and darknes brings
Then let vs now the mouing shew of minde, and whence it spring s,
A thing both darke and hard to finde, but yet we will assay,
With all our force, to touch the truth as nere as well we may.
And first of Rage, that boldneth men, and daungers doth despise,
Increaseth strength and gyueth force, as much as shall suffise,
Which mouing all as desperate, vpon our foes we flie,
And bloudy battaile to beginne, with sword in hast we hie.
The cause thereof is bloud inflamde, and heart that sends out fire,
And bitter galle abrode dispearst, for Galle is house to Ire,
And Choler matter ministers to Rage and Fury blinde.
Hence comes the creatures lacking galle, are not of wrathfull minde,
Imbracing peace, refuse to fight: but they whose bloud doth burne,
And greater rage of heate retaine, to anger soonest turne.
So youth, and so such dronken mates whose heads hath drinke diseased,
Upon a smallest cause doe snuffe. The minde therefore displeased,
Doth bloud and choler mingle straight, then hand for wepon calles,
And skirmish comes, thus cuts are carued, and wound wide open falles.
For first the minde offended is, and next by iniurie,
Which troubled, moues the body straight. By these it seemes they lie,
That say the minde can neuer styre: for if it neuer moue,
The body still to stand and stay it alwaies doth behoue.
For diuers Mouings doe declare, a diuers Mouer plaine,
The Sunne doth often change in course, and shadowes change againe.
What is the cause that Organs giue, now one now other voyce:
But hand that shiftes from diuers keyes, which makes a diuers noyce:
The Minde Affection inward first, doth take and close conceale,
And makes some part or other serue, when she will it reuele:
Disclosing straight to it whatsoeuer, within in secrete lies,
To thend that plaine it may appeare, and open to the eies.
No otherwise than when the King vnto his faithfull friend,
Declares the secretes of his minde, and after it doth send,

What infirmities follow the defection of naturall moysture and heate in the body of man.

The meuing of the minde & whence it springeth.

Ira, Anger or wrath.

The cause of anger.

Yong men, and drunckerds quickly diseased

A proper allusion.

To

To be proclaimde in euery place, that it may plaine appeare.
Hence springeth louefor when the minde doth fansie pleasant gere,
She makes the heart a minister and so doth Loue declare.
In hart, Loue: Wrath, Feare, Lust, and Hope, with ioy, and also Care.
As in a tower with Winde doe dwell: and these all there begunne,
By meanes of other partes, through all the body forth doe runne.
But of this same in other place, more plainely shall we write,
If God therein doe fauour vs, and Muses graunt vs spryte.
Sufficeth now Affections, first of all things else to bée,
Within the minde, the causes sprong, of things without we sée,
And after they by member, bloud, or other humours might,
Are spred abrode in euery part, and so thrust out to light,
Sympatheia, condolentia, the compassion or mutuall sufferance of the minde and the body.
For séeing Minde and Body are ioynde, the mouing néedes must bée
Common to both, the harmes all one, and chaunge in like degrée:
Whatsoeuer thing the one perceiues, the other féeleth it,
They both in nature doe agrée, so strongly are they knit.
But now because we séeme to touch, the tip of Scorpions toe:
Let vs, my Muse, of senses speake, here briefly as we goe:
The fiue senses.
Fiue senses Nature gaue to such, as perfect creatures be,
But vnto some she dealt not all: which may be worthily
Unperfect namde, as Moles, and Wormes, and Scallops of the baye.
And Wilks, and Irchins eke, whom pricks, in compast rounde araye.
The principalitie of the Sight.
Among these senses all, the Sight is thought the best to bée,
Because it is the chiefest meanes wherewith the minde doth sée,
Declaring plaine the wondrous workes, that nature here doth frame,
Such flours & fruits, such herbs & beasts, such plants, & stones of name,
Such sorts of mettals faire: and shewing also plaine,
Proteus the God and gouernour of the Sea.
What Fishes Proteus fédes in seas, what Monsters there remaine.
And more than this: the stately roomes wherein the Gods doe lye,
Phœbus that is to say the Sunne.
The glistering Globes of starres aboue, and Phœbus shining hye:
Besides, the things that men doe heare, that tongue can not display.
This Sense therefore doth all excell and fairest farre away,
In which the seate and chiefest place, wherein the minde doth dwell
The eye is the glasse of the minde.
Is thought to be: for when we méete, or talke in presence tell,
Upon the others eyes we gase, as man, and minde and all
Did there consist, who so the Eyes the Glasse of minde doth call
Shall say the truth: for pleasant loue in them doth first giue light.
There Hate and fiercenesse doth appere, with milde and gentle spryte:

There

There Sadnes, Ioy and Mischiefe shows with Zeale & Wisdome great,
And Folly, Pride and Feare and Rage, with Fault and Wrathful Heat.
But whereof doth the Sight proceede: the mindes let other sée
Of learned men: I briefly shewe as I thinke best to bée.
One life there must be knowne to be, of substance eke so fine,
As sight can neuer comprehend, of force and power diuine.
Which Nature deales & God doth giue: this fæds and makes to grow,
Doth bræde, doth moue, doth heare, & taste: doth smell, sée fæle & know:
Which is the chiefe and greatest power, most nere to Saints on hye.
These powers she through the body spreds, in certaine parts to lye.
And by the Eyes doth light let in, and sundry coulers sée,
And iudgeth plaine of euery shape, and all things else that bée:
Receaueth also by the Nose the Smelles of sundry sort,
And by the Eares doth vnderstand, sound, noyse, and great report.
By Toung discernes eche kinde of tast, by Feeling knowledge brings
Of hote from colde, of harde from soft, of rough from smoothest things.
Companions fiue these are to life, and faithfull seruants sure,
That shewes her all, without the which she nothing could procure.
The eyes therefore as glasse made, and as the Christall clere,
Like as a glasse receiues the shapes that we doe loke on here,
By power whereof are things discernd, if that the eye be sound.
These sorts of things vnto the minde (for as in highest ground,
Her stately seate in head she holdes) the eye doth plainely showe,
Whose image truly shadowed there, the wise doth straightwaies know.
So, wondrously she doth perceiue a sundry sort of sounds,
When in the helthy vnharmed eares, the ayre thereof rebounds.
For ayre of slendrest substance is, and moueth by and by,
Which beaten with the noyse, doth shun, and from the stroke doth flye,
And pearcing breakes into the eares, though close be kept the glasse,
And close the dowre, so fine it is that inward it will passe.
For euen the fish when fishers hard with poales the flouds doe plash,
For feare of noise fly fast from thence, and thicke in nets doe mash.
For ayre to depth of Seas can pearce, vp mounts the waues thereby,
And tempests roares with dreadfull noise, the shipman out doth cry,
And vowes to offer sacred gifts. As oft therefore as wée
Doe finde two things together knockt, as oft as ayre we sée
Moued vehemently, but chiefly then, when through these holowed things
By narrow straights it passeth out, thence diuers voyces springs:

Whereof sight proceedeth

Seeing.

Smelling.

Hearing.

Tasting.

Feeling.

The cause of hearing.

The Aire a most subtil substance.

As

As diuers are the ſortes of them, as place doth faſhion take,
In which the ayre doth ſundrie ſounds and ſundrie voyces make.
So ſoundes the Trumpet otherwiſe by farre, then Shalme doth blow.
And well we may the Tymbrels tune from ſounde of Sawtry know,
For as by ſtroke of ſtone in ſtreame, doe many circles ryſe.
So moued, the ayre, with whirling whéle doth ſpread in largeſt guyſe.
And therefore into many eares, one voyce doth eaſely paſſe,
As where a number be, one ſight is ſéene in euery glaſſe.

Smelling & the cauſe thereof.

But now the Noſe receyueth Smell let vs ſay ſomething héere.
A ſlender fume from euery thing ariſing doth appéere,
Which broad in ayre doth ſpread it ſelfe. As Francincence we ſée,
Or Mirrhe, if that vpon the coles the pouder powred bée.

Taſte and the cauſe thereof.

By meanes of Tongue is Taſte perceiued and Rouſe of Mouth beſide
For by theſe twaine the taſte and ſmacke, of euery thing is tride,
Which pearcing ſtraight doth touch the ſenſe, thereof is taſte begunne.

Feeling & the cauſe thereof.

But Feeling: Bloud, & Spirit procures, which through the body run.
This Senſe doe creatures all poſſeſſe, and Taſte they all receyue:
But man doth better them inioy, and them more right perceiue.
Hereof to man more wiſedome doth, then to the reſt ariſe:
Some this denie, and ſay the things foreſaide, are otherwiſe,
Allowing not that formes receiued in eyes, cauſe ſight to be,
Or that the Ayre we néede, as Méne to heare, or for to ſée.
For the almightie king doth giue, ſo many powers to minde,
As in the world he framed things, that varie in their kinde.
That ſhe might all things comprehende, ſhe knowes well what to bée:
Her proper kinde, and more perceiues. Minde al things plaine doth ſée,
And all things ponders prudently, that Senſes to her brings,
And with celeſtiall tryall weies, the true and vertuous things.
To Life therefore is Minde the Sunne, the Senſes, Starres doe ſéeme,
So ſome affirme: but we make haſt and leaue theſe things to déeme
To other men, for nie we come to end of Libra héere,
Becauſe the féete of Scorpion ſigne doe plainely now appeare.

The Soule

My ſayings yet doe plainely teach, the Soule Celeſtiall
To be, which voide of body liues, and giueth life to all,
Diſcerning alſo euery thing as farre as God giues leaue,
For all things héere, of him their force determinde to receaue.
To him eternall power belongs, all things doth he create,
And makes all things that here are made, through his almightie ſtate,

For

For if the Soule perceiues and knowes, and vnderstandeth all,
We may not thinke it substance such, as we may body call:
Sith bodies moue, not Earth nor Ayre, nor Floud nor Fyry flame,
Nor any thing that these haue made, hath power as hath this same.
We need not doubt but Soule proceeds, and doth from Ioue descend,
And neuer dies, whom he permits, the world to comprehend.
What if so be the Atomies, which some wise men doe faine,
The Soule is rather thought to be, then body to maintaine,
All Bodies be of quantity, and may diuided bee,
But Soule is indiuisible and of no grosse degree,
And as a Centre doth the seme, where many lines doe mete,
Which Senses doe conuey to her, as flouds to seas doe fleete.
Wherefore I maruel much at such, as thinke a like decay,
And iudge the Soule no more to be, when body fades away.
For if so be it might be proued, yet should it not be sayde,
Nor publish to the common sort, nor euery where displayde.
For many wicked men and ill there are, which if they thought
Their Souls as nothing shall remaine, when course to graue is brought
Nor that it feeles, or suffers ought, when it goeth hence away,
And that no punishment remaines, for prancks that here they play:
A thousand mischiefes would they doe, (take feare from them among)
And fall to euery villany, confounding right with wrong.
Besides, a number now that thinke, in blessed state to be
When death hath them destroyed, and hope the face of God to see.
And euermore with him to ioy: and therefore vertuously
Doe seeke to passe their present life, with godly modesty:
If they shall see that after death, doe no rewardes remaine,
Amased all, their vertuous workes, shall cease and perish plaine.
So many stately Temples trimd, so many Altars hie,
With golde and marble garnished, and decked sumptuously:
Beside, Religion, Godly Zeale, Honour, and Worshiping
Of God, shall come to nought, if after death remaine nothing
That men hope for, if that the Soule as winde doth passe away.
Of wilde and franticke common sort, Religion must be stay,
And feare of smart. For mischieuous and full of fraude their maine,
Is alwaies seene, nor of themselues they well doe meane or plaine:
The common people vertue loath, and euermore doe hate.
Religion is the comelinesse, and glory of our state:

The foure Elements.

Atomi. Certaine indiuisible thinges whereof Epicure and all his disciples held the world and all earthly things to be created, read Lucre

Against such as impugne the immortaltie of the Soule, and what enormities follow that pestilent opinion.

Which

Which makes the Gods to fauour vs, which we winne heauen by.
No wise nor good man therefore dare, attempt here openly,
To teach the soule shall come to naught, and so corrupt the mindes,
Of rude vnskilfull common sort, that wauer like the windes.
The immortalitie of the soule proued.
Now must we proue by reason good that soule doth neuer dy,
But free from sting or dart of death, doth liue eternally:
Which euery Christian man doth hold, and greshop eater Iewe,
(Who oure foreskins abhors) beleeues: which God that all things knew
Would not haue made, if he had thought they had bene nedeleese, sure,
And nations all besides, doe thinke the soule shall ay endure.
The soule of man resembleth God, But God is immortall.
For first the thing resembling most, the mightiest Lord of all,
Of longer lasting time we graunt and perfecter must call.
For that which doth not long endure but shortly doth decay,
That it should be vnperfecter, who is that will say nay?
And therefore doe celestiall things a greater while endure,
Because they are more perfecter, and more diuine and pure:
But things that nerer are to earth and farthest of from skies,
Unperfect since they are, doe fade and soonest euer dies:
Shall then our soule since it in life, and knowledge doth appere,
Most like vnto the state diuine, be closde and shut vp here
With body for to ende: nor shall it here haue longer place
Than fading flesh: or shall it liue more great nor larger space?
Besides the soule can not decay, this reason witnesse shall:
The soule is no compound but a simple.
Because it is of single state, and voyd of matter all.
Adde this, that when the body fades, the force of minde doth grow,
As weake and aged fathers olde, doe more of counsell know
Than youthfull blouds of yonger yeares, and often lackes he wit
That doth excell in strength and force: For rare doth God permit
Ingenio pollet, cui vim natura negauit
Both strength and wit to any one. Therefore if force brought low,
By space, and course of many yeares, the minde doth stronger grow,
Of body doth it not depend, but of it selfe consist
Another thing: and after graue doth liue, and death resist.
Doth not beside when foote doth ake the minde iudge thereof plaine?
It is no doubt, But how can griefe to towre of minde attaine,
Doth it ascend from lowest parts as smoake doth vpward fly?
No: for many parts not foote alone, (if so) should ake thereby,
Nor of the foote, but of the part that nerest is to minde
The ache should grieue, this shewes that soule is not of bodies kinde:

And

And so is fræ from death, since it in distance nædes no meane.
Adde this when we would call to minde the thing forgotten cleane,
Or else deuise some worthy fetch, from minde, the senses all
It then behoues to gather vp. whereby doth often fall
That many better for to nurse, doe shut and close their eyes,
Or els forsaking company, some secrete place deuise,
Or when the night with darksome cloud the earth doth ouer spred,
And creatures all with heauy slæpes doe take their rest in bed,
They still doe watch, and silent all vpon their beds doe rest,
And light put out, in darknesse whet their minde, with body prest.
For senses doe the minde disturbe, affections it destroyes,
Amasing it with dulnesse great, and blindnes it anoyes:
None otherwise than cloudes doe hide the Sunne that clearely shines.
If therefore, when it doth remaine within his owne confines,
And flying farre from senses all, and cares that body brings,
It wiser be, then shall it know, and vnderstand all things.
In better sort, when it is fræ, and from the flesh doth flye,
More perfect of it selfe it is, and liues continually.
Beside, sith Man as Meane consists, the Saints and Beastes betwixt,
Some part with eche he common holds with Beasts his body mixt,
And with the Saints his Minde agræs: one of these parts doth dye,
Of th'other Death can haue no power, but liues continually.
Death therefore takes not all away, for why? his deadly darts,
Doe neuer harme the soule a whit, when it from body parts.
And more then this I haue to say, if nothing doe remaine
Of vs, when carkasse lyes in tumbe, God shall be called plaine
Vniust, and one that fauour shewes to such as naughtly liue:
For such for tearme of all their life, no sorowes doe them grieue,
No riches lacke nor pleasures great, but happely reioyce,
Exalted with promotions hie, and with the commons voyce.
On the other side, the vertuous men a thousand griefes molest.
Now sore diseasd, now plagud with nædе, in fine, alwayes oppрest.
Therefore the Soules liues after graue, and feeles deserued paines
And if it haue done iustly here, a Crowne of glory gaines.
By these and many other waies, I could declare no doubt,
That soule of man doth neuer dye, and body liues without.
But this inough, time bids me end: nor ignorant am I,
That Soule of some (although vnapt) is termde an Harmonie.

The mind then performeth her functi= on abso= lutely, when she is at liber= ty from the fetters and boultes of the body.

An Argu= ment drawne ab absurdo, from that which is repugnant to reason and verity.

And as of ſundry voyces moued procédes a melodie,
Of ſundry compounds medecine made which heale with ſouerantie.
So of the ioyned elements by certaine meane and way
Created of the heauens eke the Soule to be ſome ſay:
A part whereof in body dwels, and part abyde doth lye
As ſight doth ſpring of outward light and vertue of the eye.
For heauen is the chiefeſt cauſe from which all things doe ſpring,
Without whoſe ayde the earth could not, nor ſeas bréede any thing.
But this opinion is not true: for if it ſhould be ſo,
The ſoule with fleſh ſhould neuer ſtriue, nor once againſt it go,
But euermore in one agrée. As euery power doth ſhow,
That wonted are of mixed things by ſpirite diuine to grow.
As in the kinde of hearbes appeares, and in the precious ſtone.
Some thinke the ſoule doth not remaine when fleſh from it is gone,
Becauſe the heuy, ſluggiſh ſléepe, the néereſt thing that may:
Reſemble death, doth ſéeme to take, both ſenſe and minde away.
Or for becauſe they ſée the minde with ſickneſſe diuerſly
So vext, and harmde that it cannot the place it hath ſupply,
And with the body to increaſe, with which it eke decayes,
As well appeares in children yong and men of elder dayes,
Fonde is the Childe, the Man diſcrete, the Olde man doteth ſtill
For weake vnweldy withered age doth minde and body ſpill.
And more ſay they if that the ſoule of ſubſtance be diuine,
And ſeuered from theſe fleſhly limbs may leade a life more fine:
Then why ſhould it in wretched fleſh ſo ſéeke it ſelfe to place?
By whoſe defect ſo many illes and miſchiefes it deface.
But fond ſhe is therefore if that ſhe doe this willingly,
And if perforce ſhe be compeld in carcaſſe caue to ly,
Who doth conſtraine? Doth God himſelfe? then her he naught eſtéemes:
May, which in priſon vile he puts to hate he rather ſéemes.
More of it ſelfe (except it learne,) ſince it doth nothing know,
And oftentimes forgetfulneſſe the minde doth ouerthrow:
Therefore they iudge it nothing is when body here doth dye,
For learne it cannot, ſenſes dead, which it knowes all things by.
Some other ſay that ſoule there is in all the world but one,
Which giueth life to euery thing, as Sunne but one alone
There is, that makes all eyes to ſée: eternall thinke they this,
Though bodies dye, as eyes put out, the Sunne eternall is.

The opinion of ſome which thinke that there is but one ſoule in all the world, as there is but one Sunne.

Theſe

Theſe trifles fonde it is not harde, with reaſon to diſproue:
But here I longer am I feare than it doth me behoue.
There ſhall not want that ſuch demaunds ſhall anſwere once at full,
And all the doubts therein aſſoyle, and knots aſunder pull.
O man of ſharpe and pregnant wit, thy prayſe ſhall liue with mine,
Our labours (doubt not) ſhall commend the men of latter time:
Thy famous workes attempt, and ſéedes of heauen ou earth goe ſowe.
This one thing will I more put to, that euery man may knowe
The ſoule immortall for to be, and ſprung of heauenly grace,
If ſenſes and affections all he will reſtraine a ſpace.
If that deſpiſing worldly ioyes, and earthly thoughts reſignde,
With dayly labour he attempt to God to lift his minde:
Then perfect wiſedome ſhall he haue and things to come foretell
Awake, or elſe in heauy ſléepes perceiue the ſame as well.
In this ſort did the Prophets olde the things to come declare.
The ſober Minde therefore doth come more nere to heauenly fare,
The farther from the fleſh it flyes, and from the earthly care.
But like to beaſtes the greateſt ſort doe liue as ſenſe doth will,
And thinke none other good to be but fleſh to haue his fill:
Hereof it comes that many thinke the ſoule with body dies,
Becauſe they ſée not thinges diuine with weake and fleſhly eies.
But of the ſoule this ſhall ſuffiſe. Let vs returne againe
To him that made the world, whom we conclude for to remaine
Of body voide: and thouſands more that body liue without,
As thicke as in the woods the leaues doe cluſter trées about:
And if they bodies haue at all ſo purely they are finde,
That ſenſe of ours cannot perceiue but onely ſéene of minde.
But thou my Muſe be ſilent here, and when his will ſhall be
And pleaſure eke, who moues my lips, then ſhalt thou ſearch with me
The cauſe of things, that vnderneath the Circle of the Moone
We ſée to paſſe, if they by chaunce, or Fatall force be done.
And while the ſcorching Sunne the backe of Lyon flaming fryes,
And doubling oft hir creaking voyce the Greſhop chyrping cryes,
Incompaſt with the ſhadowing graſſe let vs finde out in ſhade
Of Laurel, or ſwéete Mirtle trée, where huſhing noyſe is made
Of ſtreames, that flowes from Parnaſſe ſprings a quiet reſting place,
For reſt doth well refreſhe the minde and calles againe the grace.
And ſtraight when as with quietneſſe our ſtrength is come againe,

He ſhewe-eth how the Soul is immortall, eternall, e-uerlaſting, incorrup-tible, hea-uenly, and celeſtiall.

Aganippe a Spring in Boetia consecrated to the Muses.

I will (if thou wilt fauour me, and me with grace maintaine)
Attempt to touch the stately tune: and if the almighty King
With countenance sweete doe graunt me aide my labour pitying,
And pouertie driue farre from me, and bitter cares expell:
All wholly will I liue with thée, and alwaies with thée dwell.
This onely shall be my delight, my selfe then shall I fill
With pleasant Aganippes streames, and sing on Cyrrhas hill.

Cyrrhas hill, he meaneth certaine pleasant fields, hard by a towne called Cyrrha in Phocis a peece of Grecia.

¶ The Eight Booke.

Scorpius.

THe cause why mortall state doth passe such crookt contrary waies,
Some sort in honour happily doe spend their ioyfull daies:
And other some in miserie, odyest continually,
With daply moyling vexed sore, in fame obscure doe lye
Fayre Muse declare: for vnto thée it lawfull is to know,
The councels of the Gods aboue, and secretes for to show.

On chance some men suppose the state of all things to depend.

Some men by blind disordered Chance, think all things done to be,
Nor world by reason to be rulde, because they most things sée
With vndeserued goods adornde, and most things plagued againe
Vniustly vext with noysome illes, and difference none to raine,
The iust and Vertuous men oppressed, and Rakehels lyely plaste,
And vice then vertue more estéemde, and churches all defaste,
With fiery flame of thunder cracks, and most men for to gaine
By sinfull vsage of themselues, and craft of subtill braine.
Such when they sée to come to passe, the greatest part surmise,
Either no Gods at all to be, aboue the starry skies,
Or else that they they base affaires of mortall men, despise,
And onely heauens minde, therefore they rash and blindely say,
Uncertaine chaunce in euery thing doth beare the chiefest sway.

Fortune, is thought to haue the full gouernement of the world, and the inhabitants of the same.

But Fortune some to thée doe giue the gouernance ouer all,
And Lady chiefe of euery thing on earth thée onely call,
And that the scepters here, with browes that sowrely frowne,
And with thy false vnstable whéle, turnst all things vpside downe:
To thée the olde deceiued age did build their altars hie,
And often times before thy face, their sacrifice did lie.
Some are besides that doe impute, eche thing to Destinie.

And

And iudge that force of fatall lawes, the world is ordred by,
And that with one continuall course (as pageants shew to minde)
All things doe moue, and euery man hath here his part assignde,
That he must play, till all be done: a question to be sought
Right profitable payne and hard, not to be left vntaught.
Now first therefore let vs declare, that Nothing here can be
Without a cause, and that the cause must of neeessitie,
Much differ from theffect, since that nothing it selfe doth bréed,
Nothing can of it selfe becuse, nor of it selfe proceéde.
Then infinite shall causes growe: Not so: but yet there ought
Some first to be, from which the rest of causes must be brought,
Which from the highest must descend, vnto the basest state.
This order then of causes we call Destiny, or Fate:
Which God as once predestining that all things should be so,
Determinde hath by his decrée for euermore to go.
But as eche cause doth nerest come vnto the causer first,
So all the rest it doth excell, and moues, and rules the worst.
The first beginning is a cause, and no effect the same,
The lowest state is but effect, no cause we can it name:
The meanes that are betweéne these two, may names of both retaine.
For if of causes were no knot, nor order still to raine,
If thone of thother should not hang, (as if from heauens hye
A Chayne to deepest part of Hell should hang and lincked lye,
Which is to vile to be rehearst) beginnings more then one
Shall séeme to be: and causes first must many spring thereon.
Then shall they striue amongst themselues and often fiercely fight,
So many heades for one alone doth rule require of right,
So neither world should here be one, nor beautyfull should séeme:
For order is the beauty chiefe, that we in things estéeme.
But some prchaunce will say, from one beginning first of all,
Together many causes seuered downeward often fall:
As sundry sort of glistering beames the Sunne doth from him send,
With certaine difference seuered, of which doth not depend
The one of thothers force, but eche from selfe same head doe fall:
So néedes no strife, nor let, because one way they walke not all.
This order is not very ill, or much misliketh me,
This sentence may perhaps be true: but let vs throughly sée,
All blindnes from our minde expeld: for minde of man cannot

Destinie also is beleeued of some to haue the disposing and ordering of all thinges, within the world contained.

Nothing without a cause.

The definition of Destiny.

Nothing beautifull without order: for where order is absent, confusion is present.

Attaine to light of truth so soone, which is most hardly got,
But oftentimes doth vse to erre, and hereof doth arise
Such sects and such contrary sawes, he proues: and he denies.
As Reason proper is to Gods, Opinion is to vs,
No certaintie hath mortall man the truth for to discus,
Therefore if many causes be that from the first doe flowe:
If eche of them in perfectnesse be like, I seeke to knowe.
No order there shall then appeare: For where no chiefe doth guide,
No difference there can be seene, no order can be spide.
In euery thing thou mayst perceiue a First, a Mydst, and Last,
No kinde of thing is here that is without an order cast.
But if they all doe not alike this perfectnesse auowe,
God hath some thing vnperfect made: this can not I allowe.
Wherefore one perfect good effect allowe the causes first,
The rest haue more vnperfecter, as they themselues are worst.
For commonly most store of fruite, the naughtiest tree doth bring,
But worst: as ill than good, and sowre than sweete doth ryfer spring.
For as eche cause is more of power and of estate more hye,
So more of life and reason hath this purest substance nye.
The cause againe of weaker force, and of a baser kinde,
Lesse life, and reason doth possesse, and substance lesse doth finde,
As well vpon the earth appeares, where all things doe endure
But little space, where Reason is scarce: where no estate is pure:
But all of many things consists, all things on earth that beene,
Compounded are: and myxt, so that no substance can be seene:
Nor here she is esteemde a whit, the honour doth remaine,
To such as her doe here enioy, and such as her retaine.
In darkesome caues she hidden lies, and hereby doe we finde,
That Fortunes goods are more esteemed than Vertues of the minde.
For substance Vertue may be calde, but in this world exilde
This substance liues: hir countrey fayre hir seate and mansion milde,
The heauens are: where as she hath hir faithfull friends of trust,
Goodnesse and Truth. By this meanes tho the world is framed iust,
Of causes as before is sayd preseruing euery thing,
With during bond: this chaine (but God) may none in pieces wring,
Nor force, nor space of it breake. Of causes such is sponne,
What is to come, what present is, and what hath earst beene donne,

These three things concurre in all things, and are indiuisibly lincked.

To

To all the which their force, and strength, thalmightie king aboue
With certaine bonds, and time appoints by certayne meanes to moue.
And nedfull is it to be knowen, how many causes ronne
Together oft, when any thing by force of them is donne.
Nor rashly is this meeting made, and causes mixed so,
But by appointed destinies all things do passe, and goe.
Thalmightie workeman of the worlde hath all things vnder cast
Assured lawes, and measure delt to all the thinges he past.
Therefore it is not true that some affirme, and dare defende,
That nothing certayne can be founde, that Chance doth all things send:
And God regards not mortall state. But they themselues deceaue,
And are beguiled much, to whom this sentence here doth cleaue.
For truely Chance is nothing else but Vaine Opinion blinde,
Nor differing much from shapes, and sightes that in our sleepes we find,
Whatsoeuer Aristotle sayth, or any of them all,
I passe not for: since from the truth they many times doe fall.
Oft prudent, graue, and famous men, in errors chance to slide,
And many wittes with them deceyue when they themselues goe wide:
Examples onely serue, so much must errors folowed be.
Let no man iudge me ignorant, for reason ruleth me,
She faythfull guide of wisemen is: let him that seekes to finde,
The truth, loue her, and follow her with all his might, and minde,
And that there is no chance at all this reason strong and stayde,
Makes me beleeue: for if that all (as earst before is sayde)
By causes fixt in certayne guise, and certayne time doe moue,
As God commands, for perfectnesse and for the worldes behoue,
Least hurtfull error shoulde destroy so faire a worke as it:
What kinde of place shall chaunce possesse, or seate finde out to sit:
In doubtfulnesse, and altering state surmounting farre away
Both Proteus, and Vertumnus too, in changing their aray,
As Volde, so nature Chance denies, vncertaine nought doth lie
Within this worlde, but certaine all: as nature, God, and skie,
And elements, and what of them so euer framde we see,
Or hath in time before bene wrought, or euermore shall bee.
But if that ought vncertayne were, then should the minde diuine,
Not althings here knowe certaynely, but from the truth decline:
Which were to great absurditie. For he doth all things spy
That ech thing makes, nor ought from him can hid in secrete lye.

The Philophers opinion refuted.

Proteus a king of Aegypt, who turned him selfe into sundry shapes.

Though some doe say that if so be that heauenly minde shoulde knowe
The base estate of mortall kinde, it should lesse worthie grow.
But they are much deceiud, for none is ill because that he
Doth ill things know: nor vile, that knowes the things that vilest be.
Nor any man is chaunged white that white can well define,
Nor worser is the Sunne as oft as it on knaues doe shine,
An application of a cõparison, made betwene the Sunne and the minde of man.
Nor if with beames it hap to blase, in place be durtied much,
It foule doth seeme, nor light defilde that filthie things doth touch.
So if the Minde perceiue the thing that vilest may be thought,
It is not worse ill things to know but ill to do is nought.
Thus God of nothing ignorant, all things that are doth knowe,
What hath beene done in alder times, and what shall after growe,
Which if they be not surely fixt, confesse we must them naues
Not to be knowen: for knowledge still of things assurde proceedes,
The Prophets also when they speake of things that happen shall,
They certayne dayes doe plainely point, and proper names of all:
Which would not be, but that all things are fixed certayne so,
That are to come, or present be, or passed long ago.
Yet many things doe seeme by Chaunce amongst vs for to light,
As when a tyle by tempest tone from house a man doth smite,
Or when a man in deluing deepe doth store of treasure finde:
Such things by chaunce to hap, doth sinke in common peoples minde.
But this my minde doth not allow: for though vnlooked for
Such things doe hap, shall we therein admit a chaunce therefore?
Our knowledge, nor our ignorance, to alter things hath might,
For fyre hath not his flaming heat, nor Snow therefore is white,
Nor Sunne doth yeld his glistering beames because we know the thing
For of the matters that consist our knowledge here doth spring,
Therefore we know it thus to be because the thing is so,
And minde may often seeme to erre: the thing can not so doe.
Now of the thing I speake, and like if chaunce therein doe lie,
For whether we doe knowe thereof, or no, regard not I.
The chaunce therefore in vs doth lie, not in the things that be,
In what things we thinke chaunce to be.
Such things we thinke to fall by chaunce whereof no cause we see,
As knowne alone vnto the Gods: all things are certaine tho.
For with one sort of mouing round the heauens alwayes goe,
Like seede, like fruite, and elements, in ancient order reigne,
And keepe their kinde. And wonted course the yeare doth still reteyne.

For

For after Spring, the Summer hot himselfe hath straightwayes plaste,
And after him with Apples thicke, and Grapes doth Harueſt haſt,
Next after that his nipping frostes the Winter bringeth in,
And with his Isye northern blastes all things to droupe begin.
No herbe doth euer change his forze, all creatures doe retaine
Their olde accustomed shape, and in their wonted guise remayne.
Ne must we thinke that monsters here of chaunce or errors growe,
When cause of them assertainde is ill tidings to forshowe,
And therfore first did take their name: wherefore they are wonders hight
Which nature willingly doth make: who often doth delight
To breede some fonde ylfauoured things. As painter oft doth ioy
(Though he haue cunning great beside) to paint some ieſting toy:
As picture crokt, or saddle backt with nose of largeſt sise,
And blabber lipt, a worthie sight and fit for clownish eyes.
Since all things thus in order good, and measure like doe fall,
Unstable Chaunce within the world shall beare no swinge at all:
Whom chiefeſt Prouidence of God, and Wisedome great doth drawe,
That he may easily vnderstande, with what a wondrous lawe
The world hath euerlasting course, is framed here, and graced:
Howe euery creature hath his lymmes, and members aptly placed,
Well seruing to their vses all agreeing fayre the same,
How God or Nature neuer thing in vayne did make or frame,
Who ponders this shall thinke not Chance, but Reason beares ỹ sway,
And all things done as God commands, will deeme, and plainly say.
But whether Fortune guideth all, as many doe perſwade,
A thing both meete, and worthie is in knowledge to be had.
Let vs bende all our wits to this, but first we must well know,
What kinde of thing this Fortune is, and whence her grace doth growe
In ancient time they worshipt her, and Goddesse her did call
And thought she bare no little sway, in heauen, in earth, and all:
And altars vnto her they built, and offered sacrifice:
But I thinke her not God to be, nor any Saint in skies,
Is either male, or female sure, in kinde they not delight,
No byrth they haue, nor dying day, as some of old doe write,
Who thinke the Gods like vs to be. O fond, and foolish minds,
O heads for to be healed with iuice of greateſt purging kindes.
Iudge you the Gods, of our estate, that with the Ladies fayre,
Embracing many times they lie, their kinde for to repayre:

Of fortune and her effectes.

The heathenish opinion refuted.

Let rather vs therefore account a certayne God to be,
Whose nature differs farre from Gods, a Ghost of low degrée,
And therefore guydes the kingdomes vile, of earth and waters round,
Whereas so many heinous facts, such griefes and plagues are founde,
Satan Prince of darkneſſe. Whereas no kinde of thing is safe, where no estate is free,
Where crafts and wiles doe swarme so thicke, where such deceyuing be,
The Prince of all the world, this God is named of Christ and Paule:
Whom Pluto, and Syr Dites blacke, the Poets vse to calle:
Who fauours fooles, and wicked men, and vertuous men molest.
This house, this seate, this court doth séeme, for such a tyrant best,
Whom commonly we Fortune call: for each ill thing doth raygne
Beneath the Moone as darksome Night, & Stormes, & Tempest maine,
With Cold, and Heate, and Tettie age, Dame needie of beggers hall,
And Labour, Griefe, and Wretchednesse, and Death that endeth all.
Aboue the Moone continuall Light, with Peace, and Ioy remayne,
No Time, nor Error, Death, nor Age, nor any thing is Vayne.
O blest, and double blest agayne, that in so pleasant place,
So fayre, so beautifull, to liue of God obtayneth grace.
Some thinke the world be to be fulfilde with other Gods beside,
Whereof the most doe lead their life in ayre places wide,
Whom Greekes call spirits: and more to them the chiefest rule they giue
Of creatures all, that on the earth or on the sea doe liue,
Affirming that both good and ill as most their minds doth please,
They send: as honours, ioyes, and wealth, and contraries to these.
Wherefore it verie needfull is to please them often times,
Which may be done by seruing them, by charmes, or by diuines,
As many thinke: and likewise say that they will straight appeare
To vs, (if they be rightly calde) and helpe vs praying here:
And that no better thing can be here in this life to man,
Than for to haue their companie, and sée them now and than:
Which I beléeue but few obtayne, but iust men that dispise
The fond and fading wanton ioyes, and foode of fleshly eyes:
That quietly doe liue, and cares doe banish feares away,
And heauenly things alone doe minde, and neuer séeke to stray
From that, which right and vertuous is. Although that some doe say,
Ill spirites amongst these good there be, constrayned to obay
To naughtie men, by Coniuring, whereby much ill is done:
I can not stay, nor now is place, The Signe whereas the Sunne

Doth

Doth pælde his yearely compaſt courſe where Scaled Brethren ſhine,
Shall tell the reſt: where as I will the ſtate of Gods define,
If God himſelfe doe me permit, who doth me verſes giue:
Let vs therefore paſſe ouer this. I ſcarcely can beleeue,
That any God can euill be. Wiſedome bids neuer Sinne:
But contrary, by Folly doth Fault, Stray, and Crime come in.
No man is euill willingly, as farre as I beleaue,
For euery will doth couet good, if iudgement not deceaue.
But Diuel wiſedome hath, (if that this name to him agrée.)
But whether Fortune gouerne all, or howſoeuer it be,
Or Diuels guide the ſtate of men: yet without Deſtinie
Doth nothing paſſe. But all things rulde by minde of God on hie,
Without whoſe power nothing is done. But of this ſaying here
A doubt doth riſe, and knot ſo hard and ſure doth eke appere,
Such one as Hercules, or elſe the Macedonian King
Would ſcarce vndoe: which doubt and ſtay to many mindes doth bring.
If Deſtinie commaundeth all, if all things ſo muſt moue,
Not Will to vs remaineth frée, nor to the Goddes aboue.
Free will is taken cleane away, and Vertue no reward:
Nor Vice doth puniſhment deſerue: which is not to be heard.
No place is now of Gods to ſpeake, but of ſuch things as bée
In our eſtate, is ſubiect here, which eyes of men may ſée,
I ſay therefore that in the things that vnder fortune be,
No kinde of thing can here be found, exempt from Deſtinie:
As Riches, Pleaſures, loyfull minde, with Rule and Honours hie,
Come from aboue: not will of ours, is that we get them by.
For who would not ſuch things enioy: but will auailes not tho,
It rather hurts if deſtinies againſt a man doe go.
How many ſtriue to riſe aloft, againſt their deſtinie:
But faſter more and more they fall, and downe they deeper lie.
On thother ſide, they vnto whom the ſtarres more gracious be,
Vnlooked for doe often line, in chiefe proſperitie:
Whoſe nettes while they themſelues doe ſleepe, Rhamnuſia full doth fill
With fiſh, and bringeth vnto them all things that they can will.
Loe, ſome of great and noble houſe, we ſée to come to light,
And to enioy from childehoode firſt, all things with ioyfull ſpright,
And to attaine to honour hie, though they vnworthy bée,

He meaneth his laſt booke called Piſces: where he diſcourſeth vpon this matter.

And blinded of their eyes to rule, that scarcely well can see,
And liue in all licentiousnesse. And some of kinred base
For to be borne, with griefe and teares themselues for to deface,
With labour long and vaine to toyle, and yet cannot expell
The prick of hunger that they feele, but still in beggery dwell.
Who will deny these illes to come, through cruell destinies might:
A number, fayre and actiue are, and of courageous spright:
And many fowle, and sickly still, of courage faint we see:
Whereof comes this: of our deserts: or our infirmities?
Or shall we say, our will doth all: by Fates assuredly
Eche thing doth chaunce to mortall men: the rule hath Destenie
Of our affaires, and our estate, the houre and kinde of death
It onely guides: a Halter him, him Sworde depriues of breath,
He drownd in Flouds, he kild with Colde, him strangleth Fiery smoke,
Some other Hunger doth destroy, and some doe Surfers choke,
By Griefe or Sickneſſe many die, some Chaunce away doth send,
And many Age bereues of life. A certaine day of end
To all men is, and euery age. No longer can we go
Than thread of life permits, that runnes the spightfull spindle fro,
So kild a ryth the Praiser of Achylles lusty lore:
So Aeschylus, while as he walkt abrode on Sicyl shore,
With stroke of Tortoise toke his death. Anacreon so did kill
A raisons stone. Alas what wayes, what meanes hath death to spill?
When farthest of thou thinkest him, then nerest standeth he:
Nothing than death more certaine can, nor more vncertaine be.
Yet some that know the force of Starres, and secrets of the skye,
Soothsaying Poets that can tell, how thinges to come doe lye:
(I know not with what spirit inspired) are often woont to tell,
The kinde, and day, of death to come: for of the things, aswell
To come, is Nature sure, as of the Present things and Past,
Sure in the first and second cause, that from the first to th'last
With largest linke extended are. But Goods or illes of minde.
Doe they proceede from Destinie, or from the Fatall kinde?
Learning and Wit seeme thence to flow: may any learning get,
Except he wisedome doe obtaine, and nature force permit?
If Fortune let or Sycknesse staye? An Oratour some one,
An other a Philosopher: some alwaies looke vpon
The Sacred secretes of the Gods, and seeke the Starry skye:

He meaneth Homer of whom Cicero (in his oration pro Archia poeta) hath the selfe same words in effect, which Palingenius, hath penned in this place Aeschylus, a Poet of Athens. Anacreon a Poet of Teus in Ionia he wrote poesies of loue and wantonnes.

And

And some there are that drinke the streames in wretched pouerty,
That from Castalian well doe flow, whom pleaseth pleasant fame
As nérest kinne to famine sharpe: from whence comes all these same:
From Destinie the chiefe of all, eche Arte from hence doth flow:
Thence Offices deriued all that mortall men doe know.
In sundry seruants Nature ioyes, that diuers things thence may
Procæde, to decke the world, and lets not all to passe one way.
But them commaundeth seuerall course and seuerall paines to take
With sundry sort of workes the world more beautyfull to make.

Castalia, a Spring in the rootes of the hill Parnassus, consecrated to the Muses.

But whether our conditions here are delt by destiny,
Or whether of our will they spring it séemeth good to try:
Nor labour small it doth appere the truth herein to finde,
Of our Free will what portion doth, remaine within our minde:
In wretched case we liue if vs bereft is liberty,
If that the chiefe and greatest force of fatall destiny
Constraines vs ill to be, and that by force we in be brought
To wickednes, and if to striue therewith auaileth nought.
Wherefore it séemeth labour worth, our wits to this to bend,
And for to sift the truth as much, as God shall knowledge send.

Liberum Arbitrium The Pelagian heresie.

First it behoueth vs to tell what this Free will should be,
An ample power receiued of God, and largest liberty
Deliuered man, that as he list, the right, or wayes vniust
He folow should: not (vertue pure left) thereby sinne he must:
But contrary the vices shund to apply the vertuous waies:
For Euill deedes doe harme the Soule, and good deserueth praise,

Free will and the definition thereof.

Besides, it further must be sought, if this Free will doth raine
In all a like, or if it doth in euery time remaine:

Question.

No sure it séemeth not to be, in children, nor in such
As Vehement anguish of the Minde or Body gréeueth much,
Or they whose eyes the heauy slépes haue shut and closed sure:
For Sleepe is counted plaine of death, the liuely portrature.
Wherefore if thou shalt search the truth, with well aduised minde,
Thou shalt a smallest sort among so many thousand finde,
That with Free will doe guide themselues and libertie doe vse.
The fault of Age I ouer passe, and Childrens yeares excuse,
And vnto those that sléping lye I licence also giue,
Or them whom Feuers rage doth rost, or sickenesse sharpe doth grieue.
Of which a number great there be, but greater farre away,

Answere.

Sleepe, the Image of Death: and (as Socrates called it) the cousine Germane. Because feuers and Agues are hotte.

And

And worser eke, whose filthy minde doth vices foule aray,
And fonde Affections makes to faint, withdrawing it with strife,
From Reason farre, and from the path of Right, and Vertuous life,
May these be counted for to haue frée will and liberty:
A doubtfull thing it surely is, and many it deny.
Wherefore thou well must vnderstand that he alone is frée,
Whom reason rules, and that with paine will neuer conquerd bée,
Nor when the stormy tempests rage, to rocks is euer thrall,
But stoutly sticking to the sterne doth with the hauen fall.
So truely earst haue certaine sayd: But Wise men none we finde,
Whom Reason ruling can correct the Affections of the minde.
The other sort can not doe so: why? hath not God them delt
Free will? which euer may be found where Reason may be felt:
For these are alwaies coupled still. So beasts of nature wilde,
Sith Reason they are thought to lacke, are iudgde from Will exilde.
But all men Reason doe receiue, and therefore haue Free will:
For Reason is the guide of minde, that choseth good from ill,
Discerning eke the Naughty facts from such as honest be,
And called is the Sight, and Eye, wherewith the minde doth sée.
Such eye perhaps as Polyphem the Poets gaue to thée,
Wherewith the limmes of thy beloued in seas thou oft didst sée.
But naught (alas) and all to naught (who such to shun hath might:)
Vlisses with a fiery post hath it bereft of sight,
And face, the face that first was fayre, of beauty spoyled quite.
Or such an eye as Linceus had, that saw in darkest night.
This eye therefore to euery man Promētheus wisedome delt,
But fewe it vse, a very fewe that grace of Ioue haue felt.
Hereof the spring of errours doth, and wickednesse arise.
For if the steps of reason, all should treade in nerest wise
Then peace on earth should alwaies dwell, and Mars his bloudy hand
Such slaughters nor such cryes should cause & townes & walles should stand
And weapons framed first in hell by fiendish furies wrought,
Should till the field, with good exchange to share and culture brought.
Then Bées, and Cattell swarming thicke and riches of the fielde,
Unto the happy husbandman, a great increase should yélde.
The golden world should then returne, and eke one place containe
Both Man, and God, who would vouchsafe before our eyes to raine.
The cause why fewe doe Reason vse, and wayes forbidden know,

And

And voyde of Free will liue like beastes: I will assay to show.
A certaine Part diuine in vs that Minde and Reason hight
There is, which Nature in the head hath plast aloft in sight,
And seruants vnto it appoints the senses, that there bee,
By meanes whereof the skies and Earth and all things it may see.
Another saving force there is within the breast inclosde,
By meanes whereof we moue, and growe with helpe of heate disposde:
(Thus hath it pleased God) this straines, molests, & grieues the minde,
And to this part a number great of seruants is assignde,
As Fond delight, Wrath, and Feare, with great Desire to gaine,
Ambition hauty harmefull thing, with fumes that vex the braine.
With these his lusty souldyers he giues battaile to the minde.
These mates attempted loue to vex, of fiercest Giants kinde,
As Giges strong, Iapetus, and Tipheus monstruous spite,
Enceladus ill worker, and Briareus dreadfull wight.
With worldly thoughts hir heapt they vex, the Part diuine aboue,
Except that grace from Heauen hie like Lightning them remoue:
As when the raynes are once let lose, the Chariot headlong driues,
And swiftly runnes, to stay the course in vaine the Carter striues,
The first Beginnings must be stopt, while sparke but kindled lies,
When Fyre hath caught the lofty parts, and flames approch the skies
Especially when Boreas blastes from Northerne pole doth fall,
And rageth fierce, in vaine, alas, for water then they call.
As when from top of hauty rocke, some waighty stone downe trowles
What force can it of course restraine: all things with it it rowles,
Asunder crackes the mighty Trees, that on the mountaine springs,
Which at the first might well be staied with force of smallest things.
Euen so the Affections of the minde, if that with all their sway,
The minde oppresst they doe inuade, them scarce can Reason stay,
And helme and all forsaken quite, with streame dame Reason driues
In raging windes, and yeldes to foe a captiue kept in gyues.
Therefore while vices they be yong, let them oppressed bee,
And voyd the cause ere they waxe strong, then Minde and Will is free:
Then conquerour thou shalt be crownd with Palme of Idumay
But if the assault be now begonne, and siege the foe doth lay,
And shakes with battrey great the walles: except (beleeue me well,)
Some God with better Grace defend, Reason doth byd farewell,
And cannot hide so sore abyunt. May we not plainely see

What

What harmes ỳ Mind doth there ſuſtaine where Bacchus bleſſings be:
What madneſſe ofe doth ſpring, when wine to much in ſtomack raines:
Tell where Free wil kæpes reſidence, when drink doth dez the braynes:
The Sober and the faſting man of Free will is poſſeſt,
And doth whatſoeuer Reaſon bids: Agayne the Dronken gueſt,
The thing that he ne would, ne knowes, he alwayes doth the ſame,
Which dæds ſtill ſober doth repent and ſozrowes eke with ſhame.
So with Affections Mind is dronke: and in none otherwiſe,
Than wine that topſy turnes the brayne, when it doth vpward riſe,
It troubled is and darkte in myſtes. Thus he (and none beſides)
Hath Freedom, and his minde at wil, whom Reaſon onely guides:
Who all Affections ouercomes, and wholy doth reſtrayne,
He that from youth doth Vertue vſe, may well to this attayne:
Such force hath vſe, nothing moze ſtrong. The other ſozt are waide
In manner like to bzutiſh beaſts, as true as the Poet ſaide,
Ech man his owne delight doth draw. Free will in many oppreſt
And hindered is, wherefoze who liſt Free will foz to poſſeſſe,
Let him reſiſt (whyle yong they be) the Affections of the minde,
And them to Reaſon ſubiect make, and bzydle vſe in kinde:
Foz fleſh agaynſt the ſpirit rebels, and with continuall warres,
Doth it moleſt: The ſoule moſt pure, doth couet ſtill the Starres:
But lumpiſh fleſh doth ſhunne the ſkies, and earthly things deſires,
Foz earth it onely is, and into earth at length expires.
Thus two ſo farre contrary things, hath God compact in one.
Admit thou art wiſe, and onely rulde by reaſons foze alone,
And Free will perfectly enioyeſt, ſhall Deſtinie then beare ſway?
Yea moze to Fates thou ſubiect art, and moze ſhall it obey,
Foz Deſtinie is the Will of God wherewith the pzudent wight
Agrees, and doth as it commandes. The fond and naughtie ſpzite,
On the other part, abhozes his lawes, and ſhunnes the Lozds decrees.
But thou wilt ſay: then is he frę, not rulde by deſtinies.
No: but two wozſer Lozdes he ſerues, and ſuch as vileſt bę,
As Wickednes and Fooliſhneſſe, his ſiſter in degrę.
Thou this the Will of God doth cauſe: but that which doth Permit,
And not the Will that doth Commande (foz of two ſozts is it)
Whereby appeares that all things are ſubiect to Deſtinie,
Whether they be of good eſtate, oz of a vile degrę:
Foz miſchiefe Deſtinie permits, and good by foze doth ſende,

Freewill obtained & gotten by ſuch in whom the nature and force of Cuſtome in vertue, laboureth.

Continual combate betweene the fleſh & the ſpirit.

Gods will of two ſort Permiſſiue and Mandatiue: to ſpeak more ſenſibly.

Will in ſuffərance, & Wil in cõmandemẽt

And

And God him selfe commaunds, from whom, doth Desteny descend.
With reasons like perswaded, some to this effect doe say:
O Mortall men liue ioyfully while that you haue a day,
And dolefull cares from hart expell, ne trouble once your thought,
With things that present here you se, or after shall be wrought:
By Fixed law shall all things fall, and passe by order sure.
Wherefore should griefe or foolish feare to sadnesse you procure?
Eache man hath here his lot assignde, which written secretely,
Within his breast he alwayes beares, yet nothing knowes thereby,
But proofe thereof doth come to light vpon the fatall day:
When as experience doth reueale, that erst in secrete lay.
What nedeth sobs or wayling teares? for backe can neuer run
Celestiall sawes, nor nothing change that God hath wrought or done,
For Order best, and perfect course: if it should altered be,
It should be worse (which may not chaunce) or better in degree
But nothing of more perfect state than perfect can be found.
A doubt both great and merueilous doth spring vpon this ground,
For if all things (as late I sayd) are vnder Desteny.
Why frowneth God on some, and lookes on others graciously?
Why is not Fortune like to all: why se some happier dayes
Than other doe: and Nature why seemes she to some alwayes
A Stepdame sharpe, and vnto some againe a mother dere?
This knot it seemeth good that we should breake asunder here.
By Fault and by Desert of vs, a number thinke that this
Doth chaunce, and by Decree of God such as haue done amisse
For to be plagued, and vertuous men good Fortune to receiue.
But this by no meanes can be true, nor I doe it beleeue.
For what haue brutish Beastes deserued, what fault in Trees can be?
Yet fortune vnto euery beast doth shew diuersitie:
The theefe doth some conuey, some dye vpon the Butchers knife,
Some Wolues, or sicknesse, frost or flood, some age depriues of life,
Some leade their life more pleasantly, and some with greater paine.
And vnto euery kinde of tree his fortune doth remaine,
The East winde cracks asunder this, and rootes doth vpward turne,
Some sort are cut for diuers things, and some in fiers burne,
And Lightning spoyles an other sort. To euery fish, and beast,
A certaine fortune is assignde by Destenies behest:
Yet neither tree, nor beast can sinne. And often times beside

The communication of Atheists, and such as ascribe the issue of all things to the force of Destiny.

Misfortunes great the good man doth, and vertuous man abide:
On the other part to naughty men, doth Fortune fauour showe,
And graunts them eke in worldly wealth and honours hie to flowe.
Thus Destny lookes not on desarts: therefore some other way,
Or cause, we must attempt to finde. Perhaps some man will say
The will of God is cause of all and seekes none other where:
This doth not yet suffise, we must goe sift the truth more nere:
For God since he is wise, and best, will not the thing permit
That reason lacks, but chiefest things commaunds, as seemes most fit.
Wherefore we must say otherwise: eche cause of causes all
As from the first it farther is, so more vnlike doth fall.
Sith God therefore is alwayes pure and euer one shall bee,
The last of causes that from him is farthest in degree
Shall double be, and diuers seeme, and worke shall alway frame:
In sundry sorts and altering state: and this is euen the same
That rules the earth, and euery thing that earth doth here containe.
Therefore nothing on earth is seene that certaine is or plaine.
Sith Fortune hir vntrod fall wheele doth turne in sundry sort:
And mortall men with diuers chaunce to guide, hath chiefest sport.
But yet why smiles she so on some, and frownes on other sort:
Why giues she some a life with cares: and some a princely port:
The cause of this is hard to know: as if we should require,
To know the cause of raging heate we feele in flaming fire:
Or wherefore wormewood bitter is, why snowe doth shew so white,
Wherefore some hearbs haue force to hurt, and others healing might.
And why some trees beare sundry braunch why in such shape they grow,
Or why some beasts haue subtile sense and some are dull and slowe,
Wherefore the strawes doth amber drawe, why Loadstone lifteth dyre
The yron peece, why it can not doe so the Diamond dye.
Such things hath God in secrete shut, and vnto mortall braine.
Appointed bounds, the which to passe Pans wit doth striue in vaine.
As if the potter doe deuide in sundry parts his clay,
And it departed thus abrode to sundry purpose lay,
Why rather he of this than that a pot or dish doth bake,
Or bason broade, of this a Crocke, of that a pitcher make:
Doth reason moue him thus to doe: or reason none at all
But onely will: as he thinkes best so frames he great and small:
Tis hard to know the workemans minde. Euen so, who seekes to know

An opinion refelled as insufficient in this point of doctrine

Why

Why Fortune some exalteth hie, and bringeth others lowe:
A thing to hie he reacheth at, for God hath giuen powre
Of earth to her, and of the world hath made hir gouernour,
That what he list she may performe, the force of destinie
Excepted still, for euerie thing is gouerned thereby.
Why should not she doe what she list? what lawe should her restraine?
Ought seruants lawes for to appoint their Lords for to constraine?
We all her seruants truely are while we enioy this light,
And must in euery thing obey the pleasure of the spright,
Yet of our Soule she hath no powre whose roote in heauen standes, The Soule is not subiect to the dominion of fortune.
This onely, God exempted hath from out this Tyrants handes.
All other things in earth or seas, as she shall best deuise,
God suffers freely to be done, both good and ill likewise.
But some will say: God then is cause of euery euill act, Obiection
And so vniust may well be cald, for he that doth the fact.
And he that suffers it to passe, doe both one fault commit,
And doth like punishment to haue the lawe adiudgeth fit.
Wherefore if God such ylles on earth, doth suffer for to raine,
And when he will may them forbid, yet doth not them restraine:
He shall be thought the cause of ill, and mischiefe to embrace.
This part I also answere shall, if God doe graunt me grace.
First therefore with attentiue minde it must be noted wel, Answered
That Causes some be Base, and Small, and some agayne excell
In worthinesse before the rest: and in a battaile mayne
Lieutenants are: and Captaynes stout, the rest of common trayne:
These causes chiefe aboue the rest in wondrous sort assignes
Thalmightie Lord, that guides aboue the Starres, the starry signes,
Who liues in euerlasting light aboue the heauens hie, The omnipotencie of God in all things and his generall ordinance.
That at his becke doth cause to turne the motions of the skye:
To euery cause assigning force, and whereto they shall tende,
With certaine bondes inclooseth them, the which may none transcend.
And since he wisely all things made, of force it followeth must,
That euery thing continually, keepe course and order iust.
For things that once are rightly framed, and fault doe none receaue,
Ought not in tract of any times, their wonted course to leaue,
The order thus of euery thing, can neuer alterd be,
Because thalmightie Lord hath made all things in iust degree.
If then the spright that guides the earth be naught, or worke amisse,

It is because the baseſt cause and farthest of, is this:
From causer first, and light remoued a large and ample space,
And therefore vnto darkneſſe blinde, the nerer hath his place,
And onely shadowe shewes of truth: which God doth so permit,
Because the state of all the world and order asketh it.
For as the day Determinde is by darkneſſe of the night,
And things contrary ended are by force of others might:
So sort and course of causes good as reason doth require,
In vile and wicked cause must end and finally expire:
Which wicked kingdomes gouerne shall, and mischiefs vile shal guide,
Hence Discorde euermore procéds with Brawles, and minde to chide
Strong Battails, Fraies, & falle deceit with Fires, & Slaughters great,
Thefts, Wiles, with Nede & Robberies, & Plagues with Raging heate,
Great Earthquakes, Stormes, & Tempeſtes great, of Sickeneſſes such
So great a sort of Perils vile and Daungers euermore: store,
And finally what harmes to hap in any place we knowe,
From this so wretched cause and Prince of all the earth doth flowe.
Full truely earst (alas) did say the famous Hermes wise,
This world a heape of harms doth seeme, where euery mischiefe lies,
Bicause the diuell that on earth, the chiefeſt stroke doth smite,
Is mischieuous, and euermore in cruelte doth delight.
For as the first of causes is the spring of all good things,
So is the last the fountayne chiefe from whence all mischiefe springs.

Wherefore if Lecherers on earth, beare all the rule and sway,
If Asse sit in seat as Kings, in pompe and proude aray,
If charge of sheepe committed is, to wolues of rauening kinde,
If Harlots in the Churches dwel, and men of monstrous minde,
If that the holy rites of Christ, the hande vnpure doth file
If Heauen and purging place Sir Iohn doth sell with greedy guile,
Sir Iohn selleth Heauen Hell and Purgatory for monie.
More, if vnpunished such cryme are still before our eyes.
The fault not in thalmightie Lord, but in this Diuell lies:
Whom Fortune commonly we name, and Pluto oft we call,
But vnto him an apter name Sarcotheus fit doth fall:
Sarcotheus, the god of the flesh
For vnto him the power of flesh, and guiding is assignde,
Him serues all such as loue themselues, to much with fleshly minde,
Of him the bodies are, therefore in sinne they alwayes driue,
And to the soules as enimies contrarie still doe striue.
For of the heauens comes the soule, and from the starry Skies,

But

But earthly are the bodies vile and heauens doe despise.
This same Sorcotheus thoe that guides, the lowest parts of all,
Such holy men as doe despise the ioyes terrestriall,
To vertue bent, and Godly life, he hates and still pursues:
And vexeth, grieues, and them molests: as commonly doth vse
The naughty Prince, and cruell King, alwaies for to oppresse
The wisest men, and such as doe excell in vertuousnesse.
For vertue of the wicked men is euermore enuyed.
All things their enemies hate and feare, and shunne from them aside,
Therefore the Diuell many harmes, prouideth for the mée̅ke,
And them whose mindes doe mount aloft, and hearts doe heauen sée̅ke,
Ne would he haue his malice sée̅ne: for if he should be knowne,
All men would him detest, as head from whom all illes haue flowne,
And bloudy butcher of our kinde, him all should iustly hate,
And cursing call him cruell beast, deceyuer of our state.
Therefore he craftely lies hidde, and from the wise man flyes,
Least he be knowne, ne feares he Moles but leapes from Linceus eyes,
So thée̅ues doe vse, and wicked men alwayes the light to flye,
And in the darkest time reioyce, that none their mischiefe spye.
Hereof it comes, as often as men fée̅le aduersitie,
All ignorant with blindnesse, and of minde oppressed be,
(For ignorance is causer chiefe, of errours all that fall)
Thinking with anger and complaint, the guide of goodnesse all
Doth vex them, so they straigitway curse, his hie and holy name.
The wicked Diuel dauneeth then, and grinneth at the same,
And ioyes to sée̅ himselfe vnknowne, and mischiefe close to lye,
And that he thus hath power to hurt and no man could it spye.
And vnto thalmighty God he is, and enimye,
By whom from heauen tombled downe in chaines he here doth lye.
Inclosde Betweene the earth and Moone, and there he holds his raine,
Wherefore O wretched mortall men, at length apply your braine,
To know the cause of all your griefes, from whence such illes do flow
And heauy harmefull things doe hap, your butcher learne to know:
For this Sarcotheus this is he, that plagues you in such sorte,
That of your harmes & grieuous griefes, doth make his chiefest sporte:
None otherwise thā Mars his Brood (great reins in thraldom brought)
With death of wretched men or beasts a pleasant pastime sought.
The noble men the Gentlemen, the Commons all sit still,

The difference of the body and the Ioule according to their Essence and Nature.

In diuers roomes assigned them, as Othons lawes doth will:
Then enters in before them all the cutters for to fight,
Or else some other yelds his limmes to beasts thereon to byte:
The Lion, or the Tigre stout, or else some fiercer kinde,
Should at this play present himselfe to please the peoples minde:
With death & mangles much to wound from whence ỹ blood doth flow,
Oft vnto some of others smart a great delight doth growe.
Wherefore they doe most wickedly, that rayling thus doe brall,
And dare blaspheme thalmighty Lord, the cause of goodnesse all:
From whom as from himselfe, no ill can any time procæde,
Except contingently, as Sunne doth darkenesse euer bræde
As oft as vnder earth it slides, and absent fire we sée
Increaseth colde: yet cloud in Sunne, nor colde in Fyre can bée.
Wherefore I maruel much that some whose Learning is not small,
Doe say that he offended is, or wrathfull him doe call,
And that he plagueth vs so oft, as we doe him offend,
That milde, and Lord of mercies is, that goodnesse all doth send:
And that from him doth Warres begin, with Plague and Famine sore.
If that our deedes could him offend: What thing vnhappy more
Than he, in all the world were found: for euery day and houre
We crimes commit, and blasphemies out of our mouthes we poure:
Then surely should he neuer ioy, nor rest in quietnesse,
Nor God should happy be, if that as oft as we transgresse
He should be wroth, and moued with deedes, of such as sinfull bee:
But God can not be hext or harmd if we the truth will sée.
For of such might and perfectnesse, of God the nature is,
And distant euen so farre is it, from our iniquities,
That we from him doe differ more, and farder are by much,
Than is from vs the Asse, the Flye, the Flea, or worse than such.
How then can we such wretches vile, offend a Lord so great?
Or by what meanes may we him harme, and force him thus to freate
Is not this God of passions void, and free from griefe or paine:
And thereby liues nobleest state, and alwaies doth remaine:
Doth it become a Prince to fume when fooles doe fondly prate:
Or rather them for so contemne: seeings it a Giants state,
With little children for to fight: since he knowes all things well
And doth the things to come foresee, I thee beseech to tell,
Ought he such things for to create, as should his pleasure spoyl,

Whereby he should be after grieued? or rather ought he not,
That helpes the world, to helpe himselfe: or tell if thus diseased
He willes it so, if he will so he is na whit displeased,
But rather ioyes. If he would not, why doth he it permit?
Or is he not omnipotent he is, we all graunt it.
Then ought not he to suffer it: but yet he doth we se,
Whereby no kinde of griefe he feles, as reason teacheth me:
But leades his life in quietnesse. Here thou perchaunce wilt say
If our sinnes doe him not displease, with all the force we may
Let vs runne headlong into vice, and neuer sinne forbeare.
Not so: but to these words of mine giue thou attentiue eare,
And vnto thee of truth straightwaies the gates I shall disclose.
When any man doth sinne, then forth away he flinging goes
From this same spring of good, & leaues both Right, & Light, & Peace:
Whereby the sinner euermore his harmes doth still increase.
Such is the state of Contraries, that how much thou doest flye
From one, vnto the other straig he thou doest approch more nye.
So he that sinning flyes from God, runnes to Sarcotheus next:
Whose yoke when he hath once put on, with griefes he sore is vext:
And as the tyrants doth commaund, is plagues in euery wise.
Thus no man sinnes, but punishment for him prepared lies,
Yet God is neuer cause of ill, as I haue said before,
As of himselfe and properly. But listen to my lore:
The sinner, and transgressing soule, doth with his owne consent,
Vnto the hangman giue himselfe: to haue his punishment.
But hereof springs two crabbed doubes: for if that sinne be cause
Of all our mischiefe and our ills, and our vnhappy lawes,
Why often doth the wicked man his life in pleasure traitie,
And dyeth well: the vertuous man doth many griefes sustaine,
And endes at length in misery. Besides, before is taught,
That by no fault nor our deserts things good doe chaunce, or naught,
But rather serues it from the power of certaine spright to flowe,
Who guides the Seas, and all the earth, and ayre possesseth lowe.
How speake I thus in contraries: my words doe disagree,
But (Reader) well thou shalt discerne the trouth and veritie,
And darkenesse out of minde thou shalt beholde farre of to flye
If these my words thou doll vouchsafe, to heare attentiuely.
Know therefore double good to be, one as the common will,

The other: as the wise men iudge. So of two sortes is ill,
The opinion of the Common sort is worser euermore:
For grosse, and doltish is their brayne, of iudgement lacking store:
Wherefore the Goods of Body here and such as Fortune gaue,
These onely they doe wonder at, and these they seeke to haue:
But now the Goods that in the minde, are founde for to remayne,
They eyther know not what they meane, or else they count them vayne,
The Wise man on the other side the onely Goods of minde
Doth seeke to haue, and doth despise the rest an other kinde.
Thus followed we before the minde of rude and common men,
And as such people vse to speake so was my talke as then:
But from the rude and common sort, my minde doth differ now:
As wise men iudge of Good and Yll at this tnat I allow,
And in such sort I say: no Good vnto the wicked man
May chaunce, and to the Vertuous for end Euill happen can:
Which plainely will I nowe declare and clerely shall appere.

First this it needefull is to know, what Vice or Crime is here,
Is of the minde a sickenesse sore: nor men are onely sicke
In body here, but minde aye feeles her wound and greuous pricke,
No lesse in force, than body doth. Thus euery euill wight
Is sicke, because his will is sicke, and iudgement is not right:
Wherby the wretch that harmfull things, more worth than good esteemes
And sweter ay the filthiest facts to him, than honest seemes:
Which if his minde and will were found could neuer wicked be,
But iust and vertuous should be found: in this they disagree.
And as the body all is ill, when any of these twayne
Diseased is with malayse, the Heart, or else the Braine:
So so, alas, the whole estate of Soule is euer ill,
When as these two with vice are harmde the Minde and eke the Will,
As pleasant meat to stomack sick doth seeme vnpleasant ay,
And profits nothing vnto him that sicknesse doth assay:
So (sicke the Soule) no good thing can, the wicked man come by,
Nor nothing profits him at all: which trie I thus will try.

Some men in lawes expert we see, but full of subtiltie,
And couetous, vniust, and one that wayes not honestie,
What profits him his learning here, what good gaynes he therefore,
Alas he wretches doth beguile, and spoyles his Clients poore,
And many other doth he hurt, Learning vnto the naught.

Is like a swoꝛde vnto the man that mad hath it vp caught.
Foꝛ all things doth the wicked man abuse, and make vnpure,
To Others harme, shame to himselfe, and hatred doth pꝛocure,
And in his fæte the thoꝛnes he set, and anguish often goes:
Oꝛ else he feareth them, with hurt whom he hath made his foes.
Shall then his learning good be calde which doth so many blame?
And hurt like stinging snake, ne spares the owner of the same?
And so of other faculties that ill men occupie:
Estæmed then to be as good like reason doth denie,
But nowe the Wicked man is rich, with Gold, and Iuels stoꝛe,
Are not theſe riches goode not so, tell me the cause wheꝛefoꝛe.
Lo here I tell, becaule he doth abuse them filthily,
He kæpeth hoꝛes, and surfeteth, and Bawdes therewith doth by,
With money grædie boyes coꝛrupts, and with great gifts allayes
The Chastitie of Maydens pooꝛe, that happen in his wayes:
And so that he may bꝛing to passe what Lust doth him perswade,
Regardes no whyt what Lawes of men oꝛ Gods pꝛecepts do trade:
Who if he once be Couetous, what crime dare he not do?
This Woulfe with bloody mouth doth rage ech fold to come vnto,
And runneth headlong into vice, his mischiefe to contriue,
And euery where he followeth hard, as byle desire doth dꝛiue.
Nothing may woꝛse be suffered than Fooles in welthie state,
Than Rich men to be Couetous, and Ill men fortunate.
Thus eyther like to beastes he doth, with fleshly pleasures goe,
Unto himselfe an enemie, and to his purse a foe:
Oꝛ else another Tantalus his goods to much doth spare,
And heapes vp all, ne knowes foꝛ whom theſe heapes he doth pꝛepare
And as the Swine to his owne vse, himselfe he doth not fæde,
But many moe, who fruites of toyle do snatch away with spæde,
Whereby appeares no Goods to be the riches of the ill,
But if he stout and sturdy be and stomacke haue at will
What doth he then? hee straight will hall and with his mightie power
Now one, now others shall he harme, and mischiefe euery howꝛe:
Most commonly a warfare goes, oꝛ else becomes a thiefe,
That Tyger like by others bloud he may receyue relieſe:
Both warres and wepons fierce he loues, foꝛ mischiefe, not foꝛ pꝛayse:
Whereby he to his countrie gettes, both losse and shame alwayes,
Stout personage voide of vertues minde, put many men to payne,

Lasts litle time, and seldome doth to aged yeares attaine.
But what nedes many words herein, sith these examples may
Suffice the trouth thereof to shew, and clerely to display.
Now mete it is with good aduise, to search if ought can be
That harmes the Iust and Holy man, as many iudge we se:
Sure hard it is, yet boldly will I thereto trudge apace,
Presuming of Apolloes helpe, and of my Muses grace.
First euery Good man nedes must be, of Soule and Minde both sound:
Though Sicknes in his Body rage or Age in Limmes be found:
Least will, and iudgement right in him doe lacke or not agree,
For voyd of Iudgement, Right, and Will, no Vertuous man may be:
These two are the foundations, whereon doth Vertue sit.
Such men whatsoeuer they possesse doe iustly order it:
And therefore is their learning good, their substance and their strength,
And finally whatsoeuer they possesse, and haue at length.
For in the greatest sort of things, the vse of them we se,
Is it that chiefly causeth them both good and ill to be.
And if so be th'immortall Gods, of men haue any care,
They chiefly ought such to defend as iust and vertuous are:
Which if they should not doe, they seeme all voyde of reason clere,
Unworthy eke of odour sweete, of Church or seruice here.
Wherefore I doe not se what thing can harme the vertuous man,
Ne yet what ill in body, or in minde he suffer can:
Sith God him kepes and nourisheth, and with his mighty arme
Doth for him fight, and sets him safe from euery kinde of harme.
For who helps not, or who doth not defend his friend at nede:
Whensoeuer he can, if that he doe beare him good will indede:
But yet somtimes the Good man seemes to liue in misery,
To suffer Neede, and Sicknesses, and Great aduersity:
When as indede he is not good, but playes the hypocrite:
Whereof a number shalt thou finde, that vnder simple plight,
Doe secrete hide their poysoned hearts, and wolvish nature plaine,
And foolish men doe oft beguile, while they doe vertue faine:
And therefore God who knowes the hearts, and secrets of the minde,
Preserues him not, nor loueth him. But we with iudgement blinde,
And doltish head, deceiued with signe and shadow of the right,
Thinke then the iust man suffers hurt, and liues in wofull plight.
Alas how often false and fond, are found the iudgements blinde.

Of

Of men, and eke how ignorant of truth is mortall minde.
All please themselues and euery man in his conceit semes wise:
By this we cause the Gods to laugh, hence errours most doe rise.
But here admit the Iust man feeles both Griefe and sicknesses,
And leaues his life in Pouerty, and aye in Great distresse,
Exiled from his Countrey farre, or pent in Prison vile,
Or vext with other Casualties, doth he take harme this whyle:
Nor for in suffring of such things, more clearely shine he shall:
All to the best to Godly men as God commaunds doth fall.
And as Physitians vse to giue the bytterest medcines oft
Unto the sicke, to bring them health, and rayse them vp aloft:
So oftentimes God tryes the iust, to stirre them vp thereby,
That so he may them more compell their vertue to apply.
As pleasure makes men fooles and naught, so Paine doth call to minde,
And chaseth vice, a Bitte to sinne, a spurre to vertues kinde.
Seest thou not golde in fiery flame more precious to be made:
And ground more fertile for to be by edge of churlish spade:
And standing waters to corrupt: On yron cast thine eye,
Is fayrer made by occuppings, and rusts if it doe lye.
Thus diuers things there are that vext, receaue a clearer state,
As chiefly vertue: that when as her blackest mischiefes mate
Appeares most bright, as in the darke the fire more fayrer shewes.
Wherefore no kinde of griefe at all, the good man euer knowes:
Or if he suffers ought his patience gets him greater gaine,
And medecine though it bitter be, doth cause release of paine:
And least some man should thinke, that I doe trifles faine in minde:
The thing that holesome others feele, is poyson to some kinde.
So vnto some, wines hurtfull are, and flesh a harmefull meat,
So wormewood vnto many health doth giue, and pleasure great.
So Heate, doth Snow, and Wax, and Ise consume and Melt away:
Which Heat doth harder make againe the Earth or Potters clay.
So many such in sundry states, doe worke in diuers kinde.
How oft the same wordes some delight, that vex anothers minde:
All things to all sorts are not like: the wines that best we deeme,
If they in musty caske be kept, both tart and naught doe seeme.
Vnto the sound are all things sound. But such as sickenesse haue,
Them holesome meates doe sometime harme, & almost bring to graue.
So (to my matter to returne) the ills of body than,

Or stings of Fortune hurtfull be vnto the euill man:
But good and also necessary, for such as vertuous bée,
By which although they hurtfull séeme, they gaine more hye degrée.
These words for this time shall suffise, for now this booke to end,
My Muse commaunds: and Chiron doth vpon my pen attend,
Who coueteth of state of man to write, and fashions rife,
And open to disclose abrode the bestry here of life.
Now therefore néedefull tis for me my Muses tunes to cease,
And silent in the sacred woods to rest my selfe in peace,
And on the roote of learnings lodge, on hye to hang my harpe:
Till that these times be ouerpast, and doubtfull seasons sharpe,
Times much to be bewayde: wherein the discord that doth broyle
Among the states, all Italy with warres doth séeke to spoyle.
Whereby doth Rome lament hir case, hir houshold layd on ground,
Ticinum, Narnia, Melphis eke, this fall haue felt and found,
And Naples that with Mermaydes tumbe so famous lately ioyed,
Beholding now her orchards fayre, with French mens hands destroyd:
Alas doth heauy mourne by streames, of Sebethus so cléere.
What should I tell the wondrous flames that in the skyes appéere,
More bright than day: and Locusts grim like clouds the Sun to hide,
And tender corne with grédy iawes, to spoyle on euery side:
How many cities wofull plague, and piteous famine sore,
Hath quite depriued of Citizens: how many places more,
Are almost spoyled and perished, with floodes which rage and rore:
Alas how iustly now doth God plague vs in sundry case:
What mischiefe doe we not commit: what iustice is in place:
What loue or seruice here of God: Religion now is made,
An Occupation for the purse: a Merchandise and trade.
The sacred rites are aye defiled with hands of bawdy mates:
Yet looke thereon and let it passe, the Kings and Princely states.
And honour due to Christ aboue they not estéeme nor way:
Thus ouer vs poore misers here, such Blockes doe beare the sway.
Therefore I will goe hence a while, and in Parnassus hill,
Untill my Muse doth call me forth, lye close and secrete still.

The

¶ The Ninth Booke.

Sagittarius.

IT waxeth light now Muse inough, within Castalian lake,
We rested haue, the wrest therefore and Harpe in hand goe take:
Set strings in tune, and with thy grace accustomed to thy kinde,
Sing Goddesse auncient melody: good verses fill thy minde,
That erst Apollo wonted was in Bay tree words to tell:
While he by riuer stoode that runnes from out Permessus Well.
Vs calles behold another toyle wherein some praise doth lye,
Let vs from hauty place and top, of Parnasse hilles so hye,
Beholde the sundry mindes of men, and eke their liuing marke.
Now past the middest of surging seas had runne my sayling barke,
And now the toppes of lofty trees with frosty rindes werre white:
When as a certaine God vnknowne by me stoode vp in sight,
And shining with his beames diuine expeld the blackish night.
A Certaine rocke I than beheld, whose top did reache so hye,
That passing cloudes aboue it might, discouer plaine the skye:
Harde seemed it first to enter vp, for ragged stones there was
Plaste round about, which made that way both straight, and ill to passe,
The bottome all beset with briers: the midst more milde againe,
And nerer as it comes to skies, the path appeares more plaine,
And easier to be trauailed, Theorea eke it hight.
Hereto me straightwaies did conduct, my Ghost and guiding spright
To top whereof when as we came, I might behold and see,
Eche place with wondrous sights fulfild, and furnished to bee,
Which if my toung would here declare, the Sunne should sooner slide
To lowest parts, and night the earth with misty cloke should hide.
While as I stay, and gase vpon the large and ioyfull sightes:
Lo falling from the skies aloft a voyce these words recites:
Stellatus bowe thy knees, and here thy humble prayers make
Unto the Almighty King, without whose grace thou canst not take,
The pleasant pleasures of this mount. Therefore in humble wise
Kneele thou to God, for fauour all doth fall to earth from skies:
For nothing is whereof to man, can greater profite nowe,
Than heauenly helpe with holy Prayers to get, and God to knowe.
When this I heard, vpon the earth my face, and hand vpright,

I

I bowed my knées, and powred out theſe words in harty plight.
O Father great of Saints, chiefe powre that in the world may bée,
Than whom may neuer thing be found, nor thought of more degrée.
Remoued farre from body here, yet framing faſhions all,
Both ſuch as neuer fade, and ſuch as times at length lets fall:
The firſt, and of beginning voyde, the fountaine whence doth ſpring
All kinde of good, of nature eke the author, guide and king:
That all things here moſt comprehend, comprehended thou of none,
The hye Almighty Maieſtie, and chiefeſt good alone,
Life, Wiſedome, Order, Praiſe, & Ende, Minde, Truth, Way, Light, and Grace
No where thy ſelfe inhabiting, and Dwelling in eche place,
Unmoueable, and mouing giueſt to all and euery thing,
From whom, in whom, and eke by whom, all kinde of things doe ſpring:
In one eſtate remaining ſtill, and chaunging in no time,
The chiefeſt cauſe that rowling aye the Globe where ſtarres doe ſhine,
Doeſt guide by fixed law thappointed force of deſtenie:
Of Lordes the greateſt Lord of all, and King of Kings moſt hie,
Before whoſe face a thouſand hoaſts of Angels gliſtering bright,
Doe miniſter with ioyfull himnes, in preſence of thy ſight,
Amidſt the ample fieldes of light, aboue the world ſo hie
Where apteſt place and ſeate there is, for things of certaintie.
I worſhip thée, I honor thée, and proſtrate here on face
I lift mine eyes, deſiring thée with milde and chérefull grace,
Upon me ſinfull man to looke, and heare my earneſt crie,
Poure downe into my earthly breſt thy beames of light from hie,
Driue darkeneſſe from my minde, oppreſt alas, in dolefull wiſe,
While in conſuming cark aſſe here, and fading fleſh it lies.
Graunt me the perfect path to finde, leaſt harmefull errors ſting
With fancie fond, and iudgement blinde, in ſinne me headlong fling.
For without thée, the wit of man, and force of kinde mortall,
While it intends to mount aloft receiues a greater fall:
As Icarus whoſe wings him failde, when he flew hieſt of all,
Graunt therefore O moſt mightie King, to me thy creature lowe,
Thy will to learne, and thée to pleaſe, and then that I may knowe
Mine owne eſtate, from whence I came, and whereto I was made,
And whether I at length ſhall paſſe when that from hence I fade:
What here in life I ſhould perfourme, and what I ſhould not doe:
That when dame Lacheſis my threed of life hath ſnapt in two,

God is vnuariable with him is no alteration or chaunge.

And that the farthest day is come, that long with priuy stealth,
Procurde my graue death bring my rest, and part of sauing health.
These words thus said, another voyce againe did pearce my eares,
Thalmightie Lord thou pleased hast thy prayer full well he heares:
Plucke vp Stellatus now thy heart, To thee for to remaine
Here on this Mountie graunted is, and sacred fruites to gaine.
This said forthwith the voyce did cease, nor word it uttered more:
Then in my minde a greater force I felt, then earst afore,
And sharper sight: then looked I forth, all things discerning well,
And for my eyes, they might presume olde Linceus to excell.
With that I felt a subtile winde, to lift me vp on hye,
Which softly causde me to ascend to top of starry skye:
Much like the birde that beares the darts that Vulcans forge did frame
That when we time, the thunder thumps doe fling with flash of flame.
And now approcht I neere the Wone, whose gates I had in sight,
Whereof, part glistered all with Golde, and part with siluer white.
I enter in beholding all, when straighe with me doth meete
Timalphes young of vertues great, and eke of fauour sweete,
(Whom of Avrea Ioue begat in auncient times of olde)
He knew me straighr, for oft he had his mothers hestes me tolde,
And when eche other greeted was he much things asked of me:
And after brought me to a towne of hugest quantitie,
The lofty walles of Diamond strong, were raised hie and framde,
The bulwarks buile of Carbuncle, that all as fiery flamde.
O Lorde what gorgeous houses there, and goodly sights I saw,
As Temples fayre, and Theaters, and streetes, and seates of law:
All framed of Siluer, Gold and Stone, and more of goodly kinde
I there behelde, but cannot now beare all away in minde:
And though I could remember all, yet God doth not allow,
That common peoples heads should know the state of all, and how.
I wondred at the number great, that through the Citie so
All clad in white by thoulands thicke amid the streates doe go:
Their heades beset with garlands fayre, in hand the Lillies white,
They ioyfull beare Menarchus guide of Cynthiaes kingdome bright:
Remembring oft with Hymnes they sing, and sweete agreeing layes,
Menarchus name they oft reheatse, Menarch with Psalme they prayse:
Menarchus name did Echo lowd resounding oft send out,
He vanquished in happy fielde th' Arcadian Giants stout:

As

As then Timalphes tolde to me with words that were not vaine,
Once was (quoth he) Arcadia voyde of hilles, and all lay plaine.
There dreadfull Giants kingdome held, as Menalus the hie,
And Pholoe, and Lyceus great, that ioyed in woods to lie:
And Erymanth whose shoulders bare the backs of sauage swine,
Cyllenes eke that boyld with spite, against the powers diuine:
Who first before the rest presuming all of force and might,
Durst giue ill language to the Moone, with words of canckred spite,
That they before her long were borne, and of more noble race,
And so that they deserue the names of Gods, and higher place.
Besides in rage a towre they built, amid the skies to looke:
O Nemroth larger far than thine, and with an yron hooke,
Attempted thrice from place to plucke this Goddesse where she standes,
Blood red for feare to sée her selfe so néere to wretches hands:
Menarchus gaue them thrice repulse with valiant force and might,
And thrice the iuice out prest from grasse of olde Saturnus sprite:
Among thē cast the poyson runs, straight wayes through all their bones
With chilling cold, consumed with paine they leaue their liues at once:
And ougly soules they cleane forsake, which hell below receaues,
Where as with paines they plagued are that neuer after leaues.
But now their bodies quite destroyde, by force of venome late,
Their carkasse turnde to lofty hilles, kéepes name with changed state.
Wherby this déede end triumph great in mind the Moone men beare,
And celebrate with solempne pompe this feast from yeare to yeare,
And to their king they worship make with great and solempne cheare.
Thus passing forth, we found a towre that all of Golde did shine,
All wrought, and set with precious stones of sundry colours fine:
Here quoth my guide, no mortall man may euer set his féete:
We stayde therefore, and by the space of large and ample stréete,
On euery side we might beholde approching soules at hand,
And there before the seate and place of iudgement for to stand:
Which placed was against the towre, and wrought right cunningly,
Thrée sonnes of Ioue and Doxa got, sit there in seates full hye,
To iudge the soules, regarding well of all their sinnes the store,
And vertuous déedes that euery man hath done in earth before,
1. Telescopus. 2. Dorophorus. 3. Philorthus, friend alway
To iustice: these, deserts and faults in perfect balance way.
And by their iudgements very few to heauen did ascend:

But

But thousands of the same againe to earth did downe descend,
And many also in the Moone, they did commaund to stay.
Astonished long with gasing sight at length I gan to say:
Declare to me good guide quoth I, if Hell beneath doth lye,
In deepest dungeon of the earth, and to the Centre nye,
And soules thereto conueid they say, the Corse clapt vnder hearce
Old Aeacus, and Minos there, and Radimanthus fearce
Doe euer iudge, and giue rewards, or else deserued paine,
How chanceth it I here beholde the like thing done againe?
Mans minde (quoth he) in prison darke, of carcasse shut doth lye:
And forst by fault and ignorance, is led by wayes awrye.
By this is man to dreames and toyes of nature prone and bent,
And from the truth he wanders farre, if grace doe not preuent.
Noe marueil thoe, if many things, your Poets false haue soung:
Because to tread the steps of truth, lies not in euery toung.
But thou, haue alwaies well in minde, these misteries I tell:
All things are good and neuer fade aboue the Moone that dwell,
Nor griefe can vexe those sacred states, whose solace doeth excell,
But all that Nature framed beneath the Moone is naught and ill,
And lawe seuere of death doeth feele, and force of time to spill
These places doth the Middle sphere of Moone in twaine deuide,
Plast equally betwixt the world, doeth bounds to heauen bide
Thus when that life is fled, all soules are brought vnto this place,
And here pleade giltie or vngiltie before the iudges face:
By whose award, to certaine roomes, according their deedes
They streight are sent, receiuing there, for their deserts their meedes.
And euery one, the heauyer they with heapes of vice are made,
The deeper they descend the pit, of darke infernall shade.
Againe, the better that they be, and further of from crime,
So much they higher mounting vp, more nye the heauens clime.
But they whose illes doe counterpease, the vertues of their minde,
For to remaine about the Moone, are many yeares assignde:
Till either falling fresh to vice, when many yeares are spent,
They turne to earth, or purged well, are into heauen sent.
Loe thus he saide. But then againe what is the cause quoth I:
That Soules so few the starres approch and gaine the heauens hie:
Why runne they headlong so to vice, and (Wisers) vertue flie,
Why more esteeme they darke then light, and rather sinne applie

Than vertue pure: whereof to them doth so great madnes rise:
What will so fond doth them beguile, what fanfie bleats their eyes:
Then answered thus Aretes Sonne: both I doe it desire,
And mete it is, that I disclose the things thou dost require,
And many other things beside, which thou thy selfe shalt say,
Are worthy to be learned here and to be borne away,
Since here without the power of God I know thou canst not come,
Who list such things to thée to shewe: before the gates of whom,
No man alive may once approch, except by him assignd:
Then now giue eare, and what I say, beare well away in minde.
But nédefull first it is for vs a litle hence to walke.
We went, and in a lofty tower we both sit downe to talke,
From whence both Seas & land full plaine we might behold and sée.
Then thus from sacred brest, this voyce he bttred out to me.
As of themselues the soules can not be ill, nor bent to sinne,
Since that their kinde doth come from skies & spring frõ God begin:
Nor of their owne and proper will, their natures can be nought,
Since God them made who neuer thing of euill state hath wrought.
But many other causes be, that into dungeon vile
Of hell doe downeward thrust these soules, and them with vice defile.
And chiefe of them the Body is, wherein the soule is bound,
As in a prison strong, whose bonds doth iudgement quite confound:
No otherwise then fire is hidde within an earthen pot,
And misty cloudes doe darke the light of flaming Phœbus hot.
Then all things doth the soule forget, and Lethes streames doth taste,
And like appeares to papers blackt, wherein no word is plaste
Thus captiue closed in fading flesh, a thousand mischiefes ill,
A thousand monsters her assault, and alwaies séeke to spill,
Like as the Goldfinch while in cage, her dolefull destinie
With sundry sorts of pleasant tune doth séeke to pacifie:
To whom all close and couertly the crafty Cat comes nére,
And griues, molesting sore the wretch on euery side to feare.
The Cat a bane to simple byrds, of Wyce the finder out,
She fearing sore the spoylers pawe, doth flutter round about
The Cage, and saues her selfe by flight: when present doth appeare
An other foe with fury like the séely wretch to feare,
Who thrusting in her tallands sharpe, doth take her cleane away
And fédes thereon with wonted noyse as on accustomd pray.

So

So here and there, with diuers foes the vnhappy soule is tost,
And flying farre the ginnes of some is in the others lost:
While closd in carcasse here it liues, it knowes not what to doe,
What danger here for to beware, or what to cleaue vnto.
And with the showe of good deceiud, much like the drunken wight
It stackring stands. Whereby, if that by some that teach aright,
Or by their aide that warning giue, it be not led or brought,
From darkenes blinde vnto the light, it runneth still to nought,
And better things doth ay refuse. Of soule the chiefest staine
Contagion first, and chiefest ill, that through the flesh doth raine,
Is Ignorance of truth and good, from whence out springeth than,
Falsse iudgement as the greatest plague, that happens vnto man.
Whereof two Monsters are begot, folly, and wickednesse,
From these two, euery ill procédes, that man can here expresse.
For all men sinne, either because the goods here counterfeat,
They most estéme as folly leaues: or els that mischiefe great
Doth pricke them forth to wicked déedes. Wherefore we iustly may
Count him a foole, or wicked man, that doth from reason stray.

The causes why men doe sinne and offend.

But in that part of soule that lusts, there sittes dame follies grace,
And there she pitched hath her tents, and chose her dwelling place:
In thother part all bent to wrath, there mischiefe hath his holde,
With force and craft, and poyson strong, most dreadfull to be tolde,
These twa (for trueth) are mighty Kings, and armies great behinde
They leade, and both destroy the state of sillie mortall kinde.
They both are ignorant of trueth: and framed falsse iudgement by,
(As earst was tolde) the Soules that in the carcasse buried lye,
Unmindfull of their owne estate, and voyde of light withall,
Into thrée lakes of Hell, and death, they leade, and downe let fall.
Of which the first Limosum hight, therein doth pleasure raine:
Spinosum is the other calde, where vile desire to gaine,
And couetousnes doth rule: the third Fumosum hath to name,
Where pryde beares sway, that thirsteth still, for honours hie and fame.
In these thrée lakes the greatest part doe perish euery day:
Of all the soules within the world this is the chiefe decay.
For such as slide into these poles, them euermore destroyes
The Lust of flesh, and grédy minde, of fonde and fading ioyes.
Ne of themselues they knowledge haue nor of the Heauens bright,
Nor other lyfe they thinke to be, than this in présent sight.

O filthie, fonde, and doltish minds from heauen turned quight
Not minding hie or worthie things but still in brutish plight,
Respecting onely here the earth. Besides are causes mo,
Whereby the soules infected are, and often plagued so.
For where the clouds are thronged thicke and showres of rayne proceed,
And winds with dreadfull meeting sound, do flash of lightnings bleede
There is the place of Ouglie sprites, by whom doe Plagues arise,
With Battayls fierce & Raging stormes, through seas, & lands ỳ flies.
By craft and by the Tempting force of them, and their deceit,
The simple sort of men doe fall to euery mischiefe great:
Hereby both Right and Honestie, they quite cast from their minde.
But now because these temptours here, and fiends of deuilish kinde.
Few can obtayne with eyes to see, therefore but fewe beleeue,
That any such things doe remayne, nor credite will they giue:
Nay rather, many doe account it but an vile fame,
And as at dreames of folkes diseased, so laugh they at the same.
But thou driue from thy minde away, thy foolish heresy.
And giue good credite to my wordes, of greatest certayntie.
And for because thou shalt perceyue, I teach not trifles vayne,
I will procure that thou shalt see, all things before thee plaine.
But first it needfull is with prayers Dame Rainebowe for to try,
Who wonted was to beare the heastes of Iuno through the skie:
That she with wind disperse the clouds, and make the skies looke fayre,
Least that thy sight be hindred, by dimnesse of the ayre.
Then humbly in this wise I prayde: Thaumantis offspring hie,
Of sundry colour to beholde a beautie to the skye,
That stretchest forth in mistie cloudes, thy great and mightie bowe,
And Phœbus shining bright his beames in thee doest beare and showe,
And flouds vp suckt vnto the cloudes, doth bring and carry farre,
O Rainebowe wondrous sight to men, and Iunoes Messinger:
And truely got of Thaumas olde, the daughter passing faire,
Grant I thee praye, all darknesse fled, a cleare and Christall ayre.
Shut vp in caues of Eolus, the Southwindes, cause of rayne,
And send abroad the Northerne blastes, to make fayre dayes againe.
Immediatly vpon these words, from out the Northerne side
Did Boreas blow, and with his blast cleard all both rounde and wide.
Then sprinkling in myne eyes a iuyce my guide, behold quoth he,
Nowe shall the secrets of the world, reueled be to thee.

Now open wide your springs, and plaine your caues abrode display.
You Sisters of Parnassus hill, beset about with bay,
And vnto me (for nede it is) a hundred tongues in verse
Send out, that I these Aierie Kings, and people may reherse,
Deceiuers great of men, and guides of vice, which all that liue
Did still molest: and by their craft mans soule to hell doe giue.
Here first whereas in chariot red Aurora fayre doth rise,
And bright from out the Ocean seas, appeares to mortall eies,
And chaseth hence the hellish night, with blushing beauty faire,
A mighty King I might discerne, plaste hie in lofty chaire,
His haire with fiery garland deckt, puft vp in fiendish wise,
With browes full broad, and threatning looke, and fiery flaming eyes.
Two monstrous hornes and large he had, and nostrils wide in sight
All blacke him selfe, for bodies blacke to euery euill spright
And vgly shape, hath nature dealt, yet white his teeth did showe,
And white his grenning tuskes stode out, large wings on him did grow
Framde like the wings of Flindermice, his feete of largest sise,
In fashion as the wilde Duck beares, or Gowse that creaking cries,
His taile such one as Lions haue. All naked sate he there
But bodies couered round about with lothsome shagged haire,
A number great about him stode, a wondrous sort of men.
A greater company I thinke than Xerxes trained, when
By force of armes (vnhappy man) the Greekes he did inuade:
And scarce in safety could returne with all the flight they made.
Eche one of them in hand a Hooke did holde, and Bellowes, beare,
With Bellowes for to fill their heads, with winde, whom Fortune here
Had either lent great store of Golde: or whom they saw full well,
In Learning, Beauty, state or Strength, their fellowes to excell.
With Hooke such as with wanton winde were puft sufficiently,
Amyd the smoky lakes to cast, with Snakes and Toades to lye.
And other monsters there that dwelt. This grim and grisly King,
Typhurgus had to name: as saide my guide that tolde eche thing.
Typhurgus, the King of pride described.
Then where ꝑ Sun doth downward fall, amid the western streames:
From whence among ꝑ Spaniards low he throwes his latest beames
I cast mine eyes, and like the first, another King in sight
I had, that sate in seate aloft, his name Aplestus hight:
A number great of spirites he ruled, such as amid the west
Are bred, and such as in those parts doe dwell and haue their rest.

Eche one of them a Serpent holdes, a fleſh hooke alſo hath.
Then ſpake Timalphes in this ſoyt: ſeeſt thou quoth he, to wyath
How euery man their Serpents moue: and pinching oft doth touch,
That sharper may they set their teeth, and poyſon moze by much
Diſtill in hearts of earthly men: foz they on whom doth hitte,
The foyce of thoſe ſuch poyſoned teeth, doe foythwith loſe their witte:
And heauenly things doe cleane deſpiſe: and with ſuch thirſt they broyle
That liquoz none can them ſuffiſe, with dzinke in vaine they coyle.
And while thus Euermore in vaine they drinke, and ſtill are drie,
Unmindefull of their death, their lot, themſelues and heauens hie:
Then ſtraight at hand theſe diuels come with hookes as here you ſee,
And catcheth them, and ſtrikes the throtes, that yet full thirſtie bee,
To fling in flouds of thozney lake: where as with wondzous paines,
They puniſht are with monſters vile, that ſecrete there remaines:
But ſpecially with bloudſuckers, that thicke about them lies:
And byting ſtill, both day and night, them plagues in piteous wiſe.
At length they yelde againe the bloud, that whilſt they here did liue
They ſuckt from men, noz eaſe of ſmart no ſpace of yeares can giue.
This King both makes and plagues ſuch men as couetous he made.
This ſaid, I turnde mine eyes to ſtarres that glide in colded glade,
Whereas our Pole doth plaine beholde, and view the double beare.
And where Bootes dziues his waine, in euer rowling ſpheare.
And there an other king I ſee, and thouſand ſpirites ill, (till.
That dwell about theſe Northern parts, whoſe hands great hooks doe
Then ſaide my guide: this King that reignes, in parts of Boreas colde,
Of Lecherie, and Gluttonie, doth Crowne and Scepter holde.
Philocreus eke to name he hath, in fraude full like the reſt:
O Lozd with how great harmes doth he, powze moztall men moleſt.
Foz on theſe hookes that here thou ſeeſt, the baytes that taſt full well
He tyeth faſt where poyſon lurkes, of filthy flouds of hell.
And with theſe baytes he doth commaund, the doltiſh ſoules to take,
And catch in puddles to be caſt, of muddy miery lake.
Who ſtraight tranſfozmed into ſhape, of vggly beaſtes, appeares
Both Swine and Aſſes, Bulles & Foxe, & Wolues, & lothſome Beares:
And other Monſters voyde of minde. Noz this doth yet ſuffiſe,
With Harnets, Waſps & Betles blinde, that round about them flies,
Continually they vexed are, and caſt out roaring cries.
Lo thus Philocreus men are plagued, in piteous painefull wiſe

Philocreus the King of incontinencie.

That

That couet onelie carnall ioyes, and vertue here despise:
Thus saith my guyde. But I mine eyes about the Southern Pole
Doe cast, from whence the cloudes are cauſde in euery place to role.
With ſtedfast ſight I note, what ſort of ſpyrites I there can ſée,
And flockes of fiendes with wings full blacke, that ſwiftly flying bée.
Amongſt them all A mightie king, there ſtoode with Crowne of pride
With Lowring browes, and Dogged looke, and in his Mouth full wide
A monſtrous tongue he hilling ſhooke, and like the lothſome Snake,
He caſtes abroade from out his throte, a filthie poyſon blacke.
Such as the Adder while he burnes, with loue of Lampry long.
Much fearing for to harme his ioy, with deadly venome ſtrong
Caſtes by among the ragged rocks, and hides it ſecretly,
And ſpringing ſtraight with luſtie leape, into the ſeas doth flie
And calling oft with hilling ſound, doth ſéeke his louers beare,
Who runs to méete her mate in haſt, whoſe voyce ſhe well doth beare
And both with much imbracing ioyne: But when their pleaſant play
Is fully paſt, and finiſhed, the Snake, with ioy away
Doth ſwim to land, and on the rocke whereas his poyſon lay,
He ſearcheth for his owne defence: which if he finde away,
Or ſpilt, or troden vnder foote, ſuch griefe he then ſuſtaynes,
That mourning, weary of his life, he daſheth oft his braynes
Againſt the ſharpe and ragged ſtones, till that his breath at laſt,
With all his wretched paynes and greefes, by death be ouer paſt.
Such was this King, and ſuch did ſéeme his ſubiectes for to bée: Qualis rex talis grex. Like king like people
Oft times the Prince a patterne is vnto the commontie.
With Fawchon great in right hand helde eche one of them he goeth.
All blacke, both face, and teeth and lippes all full of filthie froth.
This King was Lorde of enuie great, Timalphes told me there,
And that Miaſtor was his name, by whoſe award ſeuere,
His ſeruants fill the hearts of men, with froth of cankred ſpite.
Then runs the plague through euery veyne, and euery where doth light
But moſt of all doth vexe the eyes, that they ne ſuffer may,
To ſée their fellowes liue in wealth, but there at pine away.
At laſt they thruſt them through with darts, and ſoules full ſicke expell,
Whereon with triple throat doth claw, the fiendiſh hound of hell:
And chawed, to poyſon ſtrong doth turne, and of their bodyes ſpring
Fowle Scorpions, which Although they fawne with taile do deadly ſting.
But now behold the middle parts, that in the ayre doth lie,

And there Sarcotheus ſée, aboue the reſt a King moſt hie,
And of them all moſt miſchiefous. The other kings that bée
Doe feare and alſo worſhip him, the power and rule hath hee
Of all the Deuils in the world, from whom the miſchiefes all
Doe flow as from a poynt: and as the Beames from Phœbus fall.
I then behelde this vggly fiend, plaſt vnder cloth of ſtate,
That in the hande of Scepter helde, of miſchiefe pride and hate.
From him doth ſpring full bloudy combes, and ſeauen hornes in hight,
The number like of loftie towers in ſhewe reſembling right.
His eares, his noſtrilles and his eyes all fiery filthie glowe.
And from his dampiſh throte he doth the ſmokie flambes out throwe,
Alas, how farre the number great of his companions ſpread,
What armies armed all with darts, and gunnes, this fiende doth lead:
As if he would the heauens burſt, and ſaincts from thence expell.

Lucifer ſometime a glorious Angell in heauē: but now a horrible fiend in Hell.

Then quoth my guide: this diuell once in beautie did excell,
And moſt with God in fauour ſtode: but minde diſpoſed ill,
And pride to proſperous ſtate, alied, this miſer quite did ſpill.
For like to God he nēdes would be, and honours equall haue,
And thus from thence was baniſhed the proude preſumptuous ſlaue.
Whom Michael as he was aſſigned, in griſley cloude hath tide,
And there appointed him his place: where he ſhould ſtill abide.
But often, of his olde eſtate, and ioyes of paſſed time,
Remembring well in vayne he ſtriues, and thinkes the ſkies to climbe.
Hereof doth come the thunder crackes, and fearefull flames of light,
And gaſtly ſights of fire doe flaſhe, from clouds as darke as night,
The beaſtes for feare amaſed ſtande, and hearts of men doe quake.
But vext in vaine, and to no ende his traueyles doth he take,
For neuer can he come to ſkies. And he that guide of light
Was once, and called Lucifer, loues nowe to walke by night,
And darkneſſe beſt of all eſtemes, and leades with him his ſprights,

The raging of the Deuill by his inſturmēts

And bugges and goblins grimme of hell and ſuch deformed ſights:
Sometime by day when as he ioynes a troupe of armed knaues,
And ſtrawes with bloudy corſes fieldes, or drowneth ſhip in waues,
Or when ſuch miſchiefe great he workes: Then comes he forth by light
But cloſe, and ſends abroad his men in ſecrete priuie plight,
Which mones the harts of wicked men, and them with furie fils,
And ſecretly with ſilent voyce, perſwades their minds to ills.
But then quoth I: I thee beſeech my guide let vs now leaue

Theſe

These monstrous Diuels to beholde, and state of man perceaue:
For from this mount we easely may both land and seas discry,
Nor profite small I thée assure in this prospect doth lye.
Then gased we both vpon the earth: and first I wondred most,
To sée such diuers colours strange in men of sundry coaste.
For those that nérest leade their life vnto the middle line,
Are blacke, with blaberlips, and haire both curlde and crisped fine,
And naked cleane, or couered else with skinne of Kidges full ill.
But such as dwell about the North, where Golde is quaking still,
In whitnesse séeme to passe the snowe, and scarce they can expell
With garments long and many clothes the colde that there doth dwell,
Betwéene these people all that be, with blacke and white are dyed,
But more and lesse as farre and nére they from the Sunne abide.
While thus I fondly wondred at the things that there I sée,
Why doest thou (quoth my guide) regard the things that vainest bée:
Why viewest thou thus the colours vaine in flesh of mortall man:
Farre better shall it be for thée their maners well to scan,
And diuers fashions of their minde, and workes of them to sée,
Whereby thou shalt beholde the life of man, I shewing thée.
And what confusion is therein. First, layne thou here a hande,
Whose thombe directly vpward rise and fingers open stande:
And on the thombe place thou the men of Best disposed minde,
That worldly things doe them dispise, and things of heauenly kinde
Doe onely sécke, and most estéeme dame Wisedomes sacred grace,
Delighting nature to beholde, and hie Celestiall place,
Unharmefull, gentle, louing best the vertuous thing and right,
Whom neither riches can corrupt, nor fleshly fonde delight,
Nor glasse of pompous state allure: men of a heauenly kinde,
And Gods incarnate here on earth, but rare and scant to finde.
For all such things that perfect are, are scarce and selde to sée,
O that the mightie Lorde would cause thée such a one to bee.
Next standes to this the forefinger, whereto thou shalt assigne
Discreetest men, the seconde sort, and good we them define,
Yet leane they something to the world, as fit to beare the sway
In cities and in common wealthes, and banners to display,
And faith and iustice eke they loue, and vertuous sécke to bée:
Yet from the pleasures of the world they are not fully frée.
To whom if God at any time the rule and empire giue,

Then comes the Golden times agayne, and Vertue here to liue,
And iuſtice to the earth returnes, and Peace doth beare the ſway.
And vice with punishment ſeuere is forced for to ſtay.

Machiuals or worldlings.

The middle finger followes then, of eſtimation ſmall,
Whereon thou muſt appoint a place vnto thoſe minions all,
Whoſe mindes are ready to conceyue, and wittes for to inuent,
Whoſe tongues doe flowe with eloquence, to vtter their intent:
But wicked, and vniuſt they are and full of villanies,
And bending alwayes to the earth, doe not beholde the ſkies,
A ſubtile ſort, that Foxes heartes within their guileſull breſt
Doe alwayes beare, and ſimple ſoules with fraude doe ſtill moleſt.
And when as moſt they vertue hate, yet liſt they for to ſeeme,
Both good and godly men, and ſuch, as vertue moſt eſteeme,
And otherwiſe than they doe meane their tongue doth talke alwayes:
And all they doe is done for gayne, or elſe for hope of prayſe,
Nor life but this that none eſteeme nor looke for to enioy.
And theſe are they that euermore doe wiſe men moſt annoy:
And armde with fraude, and fauour ſtaid (which eyther they obtayne,
With ſlauiſh ſeruice done to them, or elſe with giſts doe gayne)
The Godly purpoſes they let, and truth with craft they hide:
And if their cunning there doe fayle then force in time is tride,
Then vſe they ſwords, or flames of fire, or ſtrength of poyſon trie:
And if they cannot cloſely hurt, then worke they openly.
With theſe ſuch ioly ſeruitours in euery time, and place,
The Deuill doth his kingdome keepe, and eke his owne good grace.
This ſtaffe he chiefly leaneth on, with this great helpe and ſtay,
He conqueſt makes vpon the earth, and brings them to obey.
More craftie knaues then wiſemen liue, and ſtronger aye they be,
That win the Palme and triumph ſtill, with ſpoyle of honeſtie.
Which when they ſcepter hold in hande, or rule in Cities beare,
Then comes the yron worlde againe, and Mars approcheth neare,
Then fury conquers lawes and right, then lawfull it is founde
For vyce to liue vnpuniſhed, then vertue lies a ground.
No men more miſchieuous then theſe among the morrall ſtate
Doe liue, nor none there are that more the Gods aboue do hate.

Fooles.

Now next in place the fooles doe ſit, who preſently muſt ſtand
Vpon the finger fourth in place, of this thy fayned hand.
Of fooles the greateſt number is: who doth not playnely knowe
Dame nature ioyes in making Fooles, as ſhe doth oft to ſowe

Both

Both Nettles, Docks, and filthy weedes. Dull wit and doultish braine
These idiots haue, they seeke not for the ioyes of soule to gaine:
And onely of their life, and paunch, like beasts their God they make.
These doultish Fooles by thousand wyles the crafty sort doe take,
And many false and wicked things to doe, they them persuade,
And with their language as they list, doe traine them to their trade.
For Fooles doe quickly credit giue, as children also will,
But soonest to vice: opinions worst in them appeareth still.
To whom is also worser minde: hereof it doth arise
That Fooles beleeue these crafty knaues before the Godly wise:
For counsell naught these Foxes giue, and teach from truth to slide,
And vnderneath a painted cote, their filthy vice they hide.
But though by many meanes they doe these fore said doultes beguile,
Of superstition yet there is a plaine and easie wile,
Well knowen to all the worlds of olde: the which this subtile kinde
Doth chiefly vse. For to the Church of God themselues they binde,
And holy rites they minister. Then cause they fore to feare
The blockish hearts of Idiotes, and them they threaten there,
Except with gifts they please the Saints: except they doe appease
With golde the wrath of God for sinne, and purchase their release:
Which straight these Prelates shall receiue, wherewith they fat & feede
Their Harlots and their Courtisans, and mules to serue at neede.
For who doth not the life of Priestes both note and well beholde:
And how they doe poore folkes deceaue: yet scape they vncontrolde:
Such is the sufferance now of Kings, that onely doe apply
Their mindes to pastime, belly cheare, and filthy lechery.
These things the Gods doe aye permit, that little fame to wey
What hands doe deale their sacraments, what hearts doe them obey,
What honours here on earth they haue or else what blasphemie.
But now to Fooles I come againe, whom when in seate on hie
Hath Fortune plast for her delight, O Lord what number great
Of follies shalt thou then beholde: to long it were to treat.
Then Vertue made A iesting stocke, and plast aloft is vice,
Then daunces fond, and banketings and playes are had in price:
Then flock of Parasites and whores, in euery place are seene:
Then filthy fond delight alone doth guide the soyle as Queene.
For as the Prince is commonly so doe the subiects liue,
And to the like behauiours aye themselues they alwaies giue.

Misdemeanour in the Ministerie Whereof it commeth, namely of the Forbearance and sufferance remaining in the higher powers.

Not

Not onely pleasure vnto fooles of kinred we doe finde,
But anger oftentimes doth match her selfe with foolish minde:
The vnreasonable perturbations which remaine in the mindes of fooles.
For fooles are easie moued to wrath, and desperate enterprise,
As oft as fury flames within and choler vp doth rise:
Then wicked loue of weapon springs, and bloudy broyles thereby,
That many corses giue to death full colde in graue to lye:
A naughty kinde of men are these and much to be auoyded.
The last the licle finger is, wherewith the eares are scratched,
And therefore cald the earefinger where mad men placed sit:
Mad men. That lacke the vse of reason right, and that haue lost their wit:
Whose fury if it neuer cease, more fit for them to dye
It were, and from so great disease by meanes of death to flye.
Of good men thus two onely kindes there are, and neuer more:
The rest are alwaies naught and ill, auoide them well therefore,
Or if thou canst not them auoide, beware yet at the least
Thou mouest them not: the common sort, a fierce and cruell beast,
Do alwaies rage, and hurtfull be. When thus Timalph had taught,
May not (quoth I) these Fooles and wolues, to good estate be brought,
May vice by no meanes be expeld: or if there be a way,
Disclose to me. Then on this sort, Timalphes gan to say.
As nature in mans body doth diseases diuers breede,
So many sicknesses to the minde, from her doe like proceede:
And trauaile like to both hath dealt, loe, how she man doth loue:
Yet many succours hath she set for mortall mans behoue,
Which if she had not done, to sore and cruel had she beene:
Therefore the same that helpt hath harmd, and as to harme she is seene,
So had she skill to heale againe: that iustly you may dout,
A naturall Mother hir to call, or els a stepdame stout.
But now let vs the bodies griefes, and medcines for the same
Passe ouer quite, in many bookes declarde of auncient fame:
And of the minde as much as neede shall presently require,
Let vs here speake to teach more plaine the thing thou didst desire.
And first, as nature so disposing it the rude and country fielde,
Vile nettles, weedes and brembles sharpe continually doth yelde,
Except it often times be tild, and eke with labour sore,
The hurtfull weedes with Plough and rakes be causd to grow no more
Nor this enough, it needefull is good seedes therein to cast,
And dayly for to husband it till daunger all be past.

Euen

Euen so the minde whilst it is bounde within the body here,
Is ouergrowne with Bryers sharpe, and wilde it doth appeare:
Except it ayded be with helpe of one that tilleth well,
And aptly vertues therein plantes, and vices doth expell.
But what is husbandry of minde: perhaps thou seekest to knowe:
Tis Wisedome: wisedome that I meane, that maners good doth show
That makes men vertuous for to be, and playne doth teach the way
To mortall men of liuing right, and leauing for to stray,
Perswading them to lead their liues in perfect Godly state,
And righteousnesse to exercise, and sinnes to shunne and hate.
This onely is the wisedome true, and not that other kinde,
Whereto Philistians and vaine clarkes doe still apply their minde:
Attempting causes hidde of things to bring abrode to light,
And for to search the secret celles of Nature, day and night:
Materiam primam, and Vacuum, and thousand monsters more,
With blustring countnance belching out, that they might seme therfore
Well learnd and wise, and stuffed ful their purse with coine may straine.
O goodly wisedome, whose learned youth doe either gape for gayne,
Or swell with vaine ambition: but none amongst them thoe,
More vertuous doth from thence one iot or better maner'd goe.
No teacher of the minde is this, nor Wisedome her we call:
But rather Knowledge hath to name, if that she doe not fall,
From doubtfull pathes of men deceiude, Who this hath learned than
No wit but knowledge gaynes by it: and of a Conning man
Perchance he beares the name, but not of Wise and Prudent wight.
These two do differ farre in state, and workes in diuers plight,
From Wisdome springs the fruit of life, frō Knowledge the floure doth
The one doth profit, ayde, and helpe, the other beautifies: (ryse,
The one respects the inward things, the other outward shine,
The one makes vertuous men and good, the other learned, and fine.
Thus wisedome onely decks the minde, which maners God doth show,
As I haue saide: destroyeth vyce, and vertue there doth sowe,
And waters it with heauenly showers. O light of mankinde here.
O perfect way of sauing helth, defence, and comfort clere,
Both entry, doze, and guyde of life, O peace, and saiue of minde,
O blessed worthie sanctuary, O wisedome sweetest kinde,
That Nectar doth excell in taste: to whom art thou now dere?
Who followes thee: what place hast thou on earth, what honours there?

Wisedome the husbandrie of the minde.

What is not true wisedome.

The difference between wisdome and knowledge declared by manifest & euident circumstances

In

In Temples was thou wont to raigne, in schooles, and porches low,
In Counsels, and in courtes of kings, now no man doth thee know:
But Poets dreames and trifles fonde, for thee in place doe raigne,
What learnes the scholer nowe in schooles, what knowledge doth bee (gaine
But fancies vaine, and baudy tales: behold in seat full bye
The Master sits with booke before that open wide doth lye,
And spitting oft he well doth viewe, his great assembled crowde,
And when he sees them bent to heare, with lofte voyce and loude,
He then expounds some dreadfull ghost of dolefull tragedy,
Or else some harlots trickes declares in wanton comedie,
Or doting loues of auncient time, or else to light doth bring
Some monstrous, or some cruel fact, or lamentable thing
O brayne deseruing to be purged, doest thou these wayes instruct
The tender minds and ignorant bring vp with such a fruit:
Euill education the cause of corrupt behauiour
Is this the salt whereof the age so yong is made to say:
Is not a shame with trifles such to passe the tyme away:
By this so many naughty knaues, and villaynes doe appeare:
By this the groue of vices thick, vpspringing euery where:
When as no vertuous bringing vp, of children can be found.
O you that youth doe not correct, but rather them confound,
Learne first your selues to liue vpright, and then to others show,
A vertuous trade, least lyke to beastes you lyue, and nothing knowe.
But thou Stellatus harken well, to thee I will expresse
Timalphes speaketh to Palingenius and instructeth him in diuinitie.
Which way thou shalt apply thy minde to perfect vertuousnesse.
First, oft in mind remember well, one God alone to be,
Eternall, best, omnipotent, and of most hie degree.
Who heauen, and the golden starres that shine throughout the sky,
The rest of things that may be seene, or not be seene with eye
Of nothing, with his becke alone before al times hath made,
And framde, them, keepes, and gouernes here, with euerlasting trade.
Him worship, honour, feare and prayse, and often to him pray.
Both nights, and dayes when sunne doth rise and sunne doth fall away,
And when from both in equall space his Globe doth distant glow:
For vertue chiefe and wisedome chiefe, it is the thing to know
Of saincts aboue, and father of men to loue with heart entire,
To prayse him alwayes and to dread, and humbly him desire.
Without the same all vertues else, thinke nothing worth to be,
For almost this and nothing else sufficient is for thee.

Therefore

Therefore haue alwaies God in heart, and often in thy minde,
And Call to him, nothing than this more vertuous canst thou finde:
This is to all the vertues els, the open doze and plaine,
For without grace, and aide of God, no man can them obtaine,
Nor able be to flie from vice, and wicked life refraine.
Besides the saincts aboue that dwell, and hostes of messengers,
And seruants of the chiefest Lord, and holy ministers,
Fulfilling the commaundment of his maiestie diuine,
That alwaies stand before his face in skies full cleare that shine:
With holy minde remember oft in humble sort to pray,
That they may helpe thee in thy neede, and daungers driue away,
And thee vnto the Lord commend: for truely angels can:
And often vse to profite much the earnest praying man.
Nor, be not thou (beware I reed) amongst such sort a mate,
That thinke that Nature neuer made a thing of higher state
Than man: mad men, that when they see so plaine before their eye,
Both seas and land of creatures full, doe thinke that in the skie,
And in the Starres no dwellers be, and iudge the ample space
Of blessed heauen for to be a voide and desert place.
O crabde, and crokt vntoward soules, O minde in darkenes dround.
Mans sense cannot all things perceiue, for many things are found
That oftentimes deceiues the eyes, which yet the minde doth see:
Therefore what reason moues in minde must rather followed bee,
Which teacheth that there is a God, and dwellers in the skye:
Wherefore the Starres are either Gods, or Temples where they lye.
These ground works laid, with al thy heart, embrace thou righteousnes,
And let no iniurie of thine, be any mans distresse,
By wordes or deedes no man can hurt, nor deale thou so with men,
As thou wouldst not be delt withall, but alwaies doe to them
As thou wouldst they should doe to thee: thus nature doth decree,
Which if thou straightly dost not keepe giue credite vnto mee:
Thou neuer canst be fauoured, of that maiestie diuine,
Nor after death vnhappy man thou shalt the heauens clime.
An others honor, fame, or state, harme not in any case,
When vile desire doth moue, or wrath or enuie comes in place:
But rather helpe such as thou knowest, to be of vertuous minde,
With all thy force, and pleasure doe to men of wicked kinde
Sometimes, that so they hurt thee not, or seldomer thee harme:

An admonition to diuine inuocation.

This doctrine would be read, but not followed: for it is deragatorie to gods glorie and maiestie.

And

And let not Bribes, nor Loue, nor Hate, thy minde from iuſtice charme,
For theſe are thoſe eſpeciall things that dazell ſore the ſight
Of minde, and driue men euermore from doing well and right:
But ſtill haue God in memorie, and death to come in minde,
Then flie the inticements of the fleſh, and byts of sharpeſt kinde
On pleaſure put: for nothing doth to man more miſchiefe bring
Than ill delight, to vertue ſure, a moſt contrary thing:
The contrary inclinations of vertue and voluptuouſneſſe. For Vertue labours euermore the heauens hie to clime,
But Pleaſure enemie to the ſkies doth downeward ſtill decline,
And groueling gaſeth on the earth, as beaſts doe commonly,
Deſtroying ſtrength of body ſtill, and force of minde: whereby
It breedes a dull and ſlouthfull ſenſe, and sharpe diſeaſes makes.
This is that Circes, that Syren and hooke of Stygian lakes,
With this ſame ſnare a number great of ſoules, the Diuell takes,
And ſuffers them not after death their country ſkies to ſee,
But wily wappeth them in miſts of Hell his mates to bee.
Theſe bayts therefore, this poyſon ſweete of filthy fiendiſh foe,
With all thy might auoyde them well, and warely from them goe:
Leaſt that when greater yeares doe come, in vaine thou doeſt repent
Thy ſelfe, thy ſubſtance, fame, and wit, ſo loſt and fondly ſpent.
Then ſhalt thou ſay as many doe: O goodly times in minde,
How vilely haue I you abuſed: where now ſhould I you finde:
Vnhappy man, if God would graunt againe my former time,
He alludeth to the letter Y. called Pithagoras letter. And once againe the Samian branche, Y. I might aſſay to clime.
That part thereof then would I take that on the right hand lies,
Though that the way be ſtreight and hard to top thereof to riſe.
No kinde of thing doth vertue paſſe, which alwaies doth remaine,
Which honor giues, and hie eſtate, and glory great doth gaine,
Preſerues the life, and doth augment the goods that here you haue,
And doth remaine, when death hath caſt the fading corſe in graue.
But me vnhappy wretch, alas, did pleaſure ſweete deceaue,
And fled away, doth me in briers and many miſchiefes leaue.
For whileſt that I in youthfull yeares the ſtewes doe oft frequent,
And while to feeding, ſleepe, and play, my doltiſh minde was bent,
Nought would I learne, and hating bookes, did ſtudy much deſpiſe,
And learning ſcorne: but now, alas, I ſee before mine eyes,
My ſelfe vnlearnde, of ill report, in beggerly aray,
My ſtrength decayde, my minde appalde, my ſenſes worne away:

All

All this time haue I liued, as he that lyes a slæpe in dreames,
Doth thinke himselfe awake to be deceiued by such meanes.
Like words to these doth vtter oft the slouthfull sluggish man,
When age, the neighbour next to death, doth count to late as than
his life led ill in youthfull yeares, as leudly it began.
The greatest sort doe shut the doze when Stæde is stollen away:
And wise they are when as to late their wittes they doe assay.
And for Phisitians fast they sæke, when hope of health is gone.
O wretches whilst you here haue space, loke well this time vpon:
For fast away the houre flies, and fled cannot returne,
No teares can helpe the corse in graue, nor sobbes for him to mourne:
That medcine onely is of force which is in time applide,
Therefore must vertue be embrast when youth is first in pride:
And then it nædefull is to treade the perfect path of life,
And vertuous workes to take in hand, then reason must be rife,
And minde with counsell must be rulde while yet but young it is:
Least that with fond delight deceiude, it headlong runne amisse.
Who so is wise let him in time with wisedome well prouide,
For after wittes are euermore to folly next allide:
And out of time it bringeth griefe, bewayling all in vaine,
A hurt or losse that neuer can be brought or got againe.
Beside, the wicked thirst of wealth, and vile desire of golde,
Must thou eschew: for where a place this couetousnes doth holde,
There raine almost eche other vice: as shamefull Periuries,
Vngodlines, Theft, and deceyt, with open Robberies,
Guiles, Treasons, and Conspiracies, with Frayes and Murders vile.
What nædes it for to shew them all: nothing beside more vile,
Nor worse than is the couetous man, that drownd in earth below,
Doth like the Mole no kinde of thing desire, loue or know
Saue onely riches of the earth, for which he doth not feare
Eche ill to worke, nor other God he doth acknowledge here.
But purse and pence his chiefe delight: nor sees the vnhappy beast,
How short the life of man is here, how fraile, how soone deceast,
And how that from his bending bowe, Death euermore doth cast
His deadly shafts, that pearceth hearts of mortall men so fast,
And neither spares the young nor learnde, nor yet the welthy wight:
But euery man without respect with bloudy blowe doth smite.
And often times tis nerest then, when furthest of he showes,

Couetousnesse the fountaine of all villanie and Mother of all damnable enormities,

And sodaine tumults then doth cause, when no man of him knowes.
But thou regard not riches here, nor goods that subiect be
To blinded Chaunce, nor let no care of such things trouble thée:
For proper vnto no man are the things, which as she likes
Doth fortune giue, and takes away when she vnconstant strikes:
Or passing doth with life away to diuers men descend.
Nay, other Riches shalt thou séke that neuer shall haue end,
On which no chaunce nor kinde of death, shall euer powre obtaine:
These riches labour thou to get, both dayes and nights with paine,
For that thou shalt be truely rich, and truely blest by that.
The others that the common sort like fooles doe wonder at,
And wish to haue, if thou enioyest, as Money, House and Land,
Them vse and occupy at will, who doth against it stand:
But iustly yet, and modestly, and when thou maist or can,
Haue Pity on the Powerty, despise no needy man.
By this meanes shalt thou win thée praise and health which shal remaine,
And for this earthly baggage here the Skies aboue shalt gaine.
No man is he, but sure a wolfe, that doth not mercie showe,
That is not moued to sée the state, of others ouerthrowe.
But if of poore estate thou art, then beare it patiently,
And in good part sustaine the lotte, of this thy powerty:
Patience in worldly woes a heauenly vertue,
For greater ouerthrowes hath he, and greater griefe and care,
Whom Fortune most enriched hath, and giuen the greater share:
And so much ouerlaid he is, with waight of substance great,
That by no meanes he can beholde the hie celestiall seat.
For light, and voyde of earthly dregges it him behoues to bée
That will the place of heauens high, with minde ascende and sée.
For more a man sékes earthly state, more falles he from the Skye,
And from the euerlasting light he farther of doth flye:
And eke in place where as a man, his treasure vp doth hide,
There lies his heart, and there his minde doth euermore abide.
Thus Powertie helpes many men vnburdning them thereby,
That so with swifter wings they may vnto the heauens flye.
In like sort Pride thou must auoide, the spring of strife, and hate,
That with dissention many times, destroyes a common state.
With this disease in auncient time, was Rome nere ouerthrowne,
Oppresst with rage of fury fierce, that ciuill warres had blowne.

Flye

Flye thou this fiend of hell, if thou desirest for to be
A friend of Gods, and after death the heauens clére to sée.
No proude man loues the Gods aboue, nor is beloued of them:
For God estémes the humble sort and lowly minded men.
And well he likes the gentle mindes where no ambition lyes. God resists the proude and giues grace to the hũble.
Thrustes downe the proude, and suffers not to dwell with him in skies.
Wherefore you proud disdainful swarme what doth your pride you gain:
What helpes your great renoumed names and Princely titles vayne:
Which death in shortest time doth spoile, and in the streame hath drownd
Of Lethes flouds, where sinking lowe that neuer can be founde.
You séeke to please the common sort, and of them praisde to be,
Tell, what discretion hath that state, the truth of things to sée.
They count you here as Gods to be, and what doth follow then:
When Asses here in déedes you are with outward signe of men.
Th' vnskilfull sort you doe deceiue, but not the Gods aboue:
But rather them to laughter oft, and oft to wrath you moue.
For all your prettie prankes they marke, and priuie déedes they sée,
But you O blinded Asses thinks no Gods at all to bée,
Nor yet beléeue the Corse in graue, the soule shall rise to dome,
And therefore séeke these present ioyes and scorne the life to come.
A number great of Beastes aliue in shape of men doe stray,
Hence springeth vp your errour great and cause of your decay,
That with your grosse capacitie, none other thing you sée,
But bodies grosse, nor true things know, but such as shadowes bée.
The greatest sort delight in smoke, and full with smoke they flowe:
O fooles what lighter thing than smoke, what thing doth vainer showe: Meaning vanitie & transitorie delights.
Or what may more be laughed at than honour to pursue
All vndeserued: and to despise the cause of honour true.
We sée ill men, vnlearnd and fonde, in place aloft to stay,
And guide such as doe them excell, whom they should rather obey.
For spitefull fortune still doth sport, in mortall mans estate,
And out of order all confounds, as she doth like, or hate:
Oftimes exalting to the starres the slouthfull seruile kinde,
And such whome giues and shackells should in Gaile like villaines bind,
But if she were of iudgement sound, the world she would commit
In gouernment (as it behoues) to men indued with wit.
Then althings should goe well (no doubt) and lawes should florish then,
Then holy things should fall in charge of iust and holy men.

And God would then contented be to shew himselfe in sight.
But harebrayne Fortune alwayes doth in counterfaites delight:
Yet this thalmightie Lord permits. Who could it well correct.
And why should not we suffer it: For vnto what effect
Is it, the trouth with reason strong to mayntayne, and defende,
Preuayling not, but get thereby displeasure in the end:
For wisedome is contemnd, and harmd, with which no force doth raine.
Whom no authoritie supports, nor honour doth maintayne.
Therefore tis better not to speake: despise thou in thy minde
The foolish common peoples prayse, and gifts of Fortune blinde,
Apply thy selfe to Please the Lord, with dæds of vertuous kinde,
And after death true honour thou, and true renoume shalt finde:
That for the iust and godly men, prepared is in skies,
Whereas the milde and lowly hearts, doe ioy in ioyfull wise:
But proude men wofully do wayle, in smothring fiery smokes.
Nowe last of all restrayne thy wrath, for anger Rage prouokes,
And Rage doth cause Vnsemely words, of naughty words doth spring
Both brals & frays, of frays comes woũds, & woũds do slaughter bring.
Anger doth so confound the mind, that dronke when bloud doth fry
It knowes not what to do, and voide of iudgement runnes awry:
Straight Griefe and shame ensues that dædes done vnaduisedly.
Shunne this, guide minde, and winne thy selfe with bearing manfully.
A goodly vertue Patience is, which who so is without
Must nædes of force lacke Honestie, with cruel minde and stout
Still vsing for to brall and fight. Fraies fittest are for beastes,
And quiet peace is farre more mæte to dwell in mortall brestes.
The wise, and vertuous man, sækes peace all other things before,
And suffers things of smaller weight, for feare of mischiefe more,
And well takes hæde, least that the cole, that yet but kindling lies,
With fiery force of flashing flame, aloft at length arise.
Who naught can beare, let him absent himselfe from company,
And leade his life alone in woodes, or else on mountaynes hye.
And he that dwelles in company, let him learne much to beare,
And to restrayne with bridle sharpe the wrath that him doth steare,
Dissembling closely with himselfe his anger that doth spring,
And neuer breake the bondes of peace, for euery trysling thing,
Forbidding still the faultes of those that him offended haue,
That he may so forgiuenesse get, as he to others gaue.

That

Thus much of trayning of the minde I thought it good to touch,
Which doth suffise: to these I could haue added more by much,
But he that doth obserue these fewe shall neuer want the rest,
But easily all them obtaine, that are not here expresst:
They all contayned priuily, and closde in these doe ly.
But yet it nedefull is the while the wise mens bookes t'apply,
And eauses for to search of things, and to adorne the minde
With diuers artes. For voyde thereof it is both dull, and blinde.
And thus, as hath béene said before, those fooles, and foxes, well
May vertuous be, and frame themselues in seate of blysse to dwell.
These things while as my guide declarde, in presence Mercury,
The poste of Gods & Atlas Sonne, sent downe from Ioue stoode by:
And willde Timalphes all in hast, the heauens to ascend,
For all the saints (quoth he) are willde, on Ioue for to attend,
And Momus there appointed hath of waighty affaires to treate.
If certaine Monks that placed are vpon the haughty seate,
That harde beside the city stands, where passing by the walles,
To Venice golfe the fishie streames of Ariminus falles,
Of liuing shall depriued be: Or else those parts forsake,
That countrey women vse to cut when they their Capons make:
Since that they are to coulrish wayt, and beare their heads to hy,
Despising men, and filthy factes commit licentiously:
Example taking of their Prior: Fye, fye, to great a shame.
And can the Church abide to see such Poxklings as these same?
That onely liue to serue their paunch, their lust, and slæpy sense?
Which heard, in hast Aretes sonne departing straight from thence,
Did me commit to Mercury: who going downe to Hell,
The speciall message of his Lord vnto the fiende to tell:
We fast embracing in his armes did through the cloudes conuay
To ground, what time as Clement Pope in campe with Cæsar lay,
Within the walles of Bononie, and Florence City fayre,
With mighty force did long besiege. Thus cutting swift the ayre
With wings, at length came Mercury, to rockes that ragged lye,
Of Saint Martinus hauty hilles, that séeme to touch the Skye:
From thence in small descent he set me in the fielde so gay
Verruculus, and then to Hell in haste he takes his way.

Monkes compared to Swyne for their filthines of poluted behauiour, and vnbrideled lecherie.

¶ The Tenth Booke.

Capricornus.

ALl haile to thée good Mercury, from Stygian lake so soone
Art thou returnde? declare what things in Plutoes court are done:
Great brawles, and raging, mad vprores, what is the cause and whye?
I will thée tell, although in hast I must to heauen flye.
So great a sort of Turkes and Iewes, and Christians there remaine,
That place therein sufficeth not, the number to containe:
No empty roome there is, but all full thwact as they may bée,
The Porches full, and full the hall, and full the Courts I sée,
The Temples, Houses and the Streates, the Wals, and Market row
And all the Citie, Fields, and hilles, and woody Valleyes low,
So full that crowding thicke they thrust, and shoue with liuelish might:
With fist and heele, and tuske, and teeth, in cruell sort they fight,
For of no weapon haue they skill, nor spirites can euer die:
Scarce could I passe the place vnto whereas the fiend doth lie;
But through the midst of swarming soules, with force I make my way
And with this rod to get me roome amongst them fast I lay:
At length the priuy chamber, of the blacke and vggly spirit
I come vnto, whom there I finde, in sad and dolefull plight.
And when to him I had declarde my fathers full decrée,
Commaunding him that Antichrist, should straight vnlosed bée
From out the pit, and sent abroade to euery place and land:
That working wonders strange and false, and teaching that at hand
The dreadfull day of iudgement is, and end of all the rest,
May all things out of order bring, both Gods, and man and beast,
As fixed state of destinie commaundeth to be had.
God Pluto they tell me (quoth I) why sitst thou here so sad?
So sad quoth he: doest thou not thinke, to great a wrong I bide,
When you possesse so great a space of heauen large and wide?
When as but fewe you are, and when scarce thée (when all is done,)
Or litle more in greatest space and tract of time doe come:
And I to be inclosde within a kingdome here so small?
Where out of number mortall men continually doe fall?
The Iewes and all the Turkish brode, not all the Christian bend

(I graunt) but sure the greatest part, do here, doe here descende,
And hither to my parkes they runne: why come they more to me?
Or why doe not my Brother there that Skies doth ouer sée
These Friers, Priests, and Monkes at least take vp to heauen hie,
And them in blessed place with him preserue continually:
Is't not a shame, these men that in the Church so swéetely sing,
And day by day in sacred towers the restles belles doe ring,
That spende such store of Frankincense, and many whores relieue,
That pardon others, and can not their owne misdoédes forgiue,
That play the part of parish Clarke, the Corse to bring to graue,
And beautifye the Church of God, with tumbes and pictures braue.
Is it not shame these men to sende to hell, with paynes therefore,
As thirstie Apulia neuer bred of Flyes a greater store?
Nor once the chiefest Bishops he doth dread, or more forbeare,
But rather willes that they do féele extreamest torments heare:
Thus in the dépest pit of hell inclosde they lie in chaines,
And plagued are aboue the rest with grieuous kinde of paynes.
Wherefore Cyllenius when thou comst the Starres aboue vnto,
I pray thée shewe my brother there, that all things I wil do,
With willing minde as he commands: But yet in any wise,
Let them respect my poore estate, and kingdome not despise,
And either take some soules from hence, or else make hel more wide:
This sayde, I will (quoth I) and then from hence in haste I hide.
And nowe to Heauen I returne no longer can I stay:
Forget not me thy clyent poore go blessed Sainct away.

Thou Muse remember well, to shewe to me thy verses fine,
For paper lo at hand and penne, and leasure good and time:
Beginne and teach me in what sort a wise man should be wrought.
First vnderneath a happie starre he must to light be brought,
That other shall be wise or blest. For greater matter makes.
Vnder what signe or what aspect, a man his byrthday takes:
As they affirme that know the names, and force, and motions bie
Of starres, and cast nativities, and tell the destinie.
O Lorde how great and wonderous, doth heauens force appeare,
Without whose helpe the earth nor seas, could euer creature beare,
The skies the Ocean represents the father here of all,
And Starres the sister Nymphes by name, full aptly may we call,
From whence procédes all good on earth, therefore can no man liue

He meaneth Iupiter, for Iupiter and Pluto being the sonnes of Saturne, were both brethren, and had their seuerall dominions.

A pleasant discourse touching the popish clergie.

As wise and blest, whom starres in byth an ill aspect doe gine.
Beside of great effect doth séme, their parents state, and kinde,
Of whome the infant noursed is, and who doth guide the minde.
For as the childe in tender yeares himselfe at first doth trayne.
Such custome shall in grauer age within his heart remayne:
Long time that nature doth endure, and long in minde doth lie,
That in our childish age at first, our senses did apply.
Therefore the master nédes must be both wise and learned well,
That guides the child, and also must to vertue him compell.
And like the horseman good, now here, nowe there must winde and wrest
The vntamed head, and now with bitte and nowe with spurre molest:
Nor onely him with words persuade, but with examples teach:
For what if life be contrarie auaileth it to preach.
And first bee diligent to kéepe him from the vicious Kinde,
Ill companie doth oft corrupt a good and vertuous minde:
This poyson many hath destroyed. Wouldst thou be glad to tell
The nature iust of any man: then marke his fellowes well,
For like to like doe euer goe, and alwayes shalt thou finde
That conuersant are such as be of one disposed minde.
Wherefore let both the Schoolemaster, and Parents well beware,
Least him whom they doe thus instruct, the naughtie youth do snare,
And them with filthie crimes infect: (alas) full soone we all
Inclined are vnto the worse, and soone to vice we fall.
Besides, this childe that here we fayne, a wise man for to make,
Let him in Greeke and Latine bookes, his dayly trauaile take
And giue good will and diligence in learning to procéde,
Refusing all vnhoneste bookes let him good authors reade:
For seldome is the vnlearned good. For ignorance doth blinde,
And darkes with errours commonly the rude vnskilfull minde.
But yet from to much study and toyle let him his minde refrayne.
Least he proue mad in searching thus, this wisedome to attaine:
Or fall into some great disease, and so himselfe destroy.
To much of euery thing doth harme, and long doth not enioy,
His spirites sometime to recreate, and to refresh his minde,
Let him absent himselfe and play: for rest in euery kinde
Doth quickneste bring, and play in time doth former force repaire.
But though eche kinde of learning is, both néedfull good and fayre.
Yet chiefe among the rest are those, and highest place obtayne,

That

That teacheth well the Starres to know, and nature opens plaine,
Let these our wise man well apply, with all his force and might,
In grauer age, and in these artes let him spende his delight:
And therewithall (as hath bene saide) the nourture of the minde
Well put in vre, both iust and good shall be, and so shal winde
About his head two Laurell twistes. How goodly a thing is it
A man both learnde and God to be, to Know, and to haue wit:
A learned sole is to be feard. Like as the furious brayne
With sword in hande: so is the learnd in whome doth vice remayne.
But yet suffiseth not alone the minde for to regarde,
And with good manners and good arts, to haue it thus prepared:
When as the state of body here we must not lightly way,
For if the body be diseasde, it neuer can obey
The heastes of mind, that doth command both worthy things and great:
Wherefore we must our selues apply to fede on holesome meate,
That may ingender purest bloud: for hurtfull humor springs
Of euill meates most commonly, and such vnholesome things.
All drunkennes must eschewed be, and surfets must be fled,
For these the stomacke ouercharge, and much annoy the head,
And round with fumes beset the braine: by this doth alwayes come
The dull appalled sense and spryte, and slepes of afternoone.
To exercise the body well in due conuenient time,
Is great commoditie to health, and makes the force more fine:
By too much slouth doth strength decay, and by to long a rest,
The sinewes faint, and all the limmes by this are quite oppresst
Beside must cold extréme be shunde, and heate that ragging broyles,
And all corrupt and filthie aires, and fennish moyst soyles:
Especially in Summer time, when Dogge with fierie téene
Doth cleane the fieldes, & Grashoppers sing vnder branches greene.
In Fine, our selues we must apply with all our force and might
To bodies health, that so it may obey the minde aright,
Which scarcely can be brought about, if pouertie deny:
Néedes must we money haue by chaunce, or gift of some that dye,
Or else by trade of occupying, in any facultie,
For euermore the needy man doth suffer miserie.
Nor without riches, possible a happy life to leade.
Alas how often vertue poore doth mourne with heauy head,
How much despisde she still doth lye, if money be away,

Who may be called a rich and wealthie man.

Him truely and in proper kinde A rich man call we may,
That flowes with wit and eloquence, with wisedome and with Art,
And whersoeuer he becomes, can gaine an honest part,
To diuers places farre from home, his substance with him takes,
And portion for him selfe to liue. And though he iorney makes
And neuer wanteth needfull thinges a ioyfull life to leade,
Nor feares the theues, nor doth the sword, or cruell robbers dread,
And quickly doth him selfe repaire though he be spoyled quite:
For Vertue true giue neuer place to Fortunes frowning spite.

The force of vertue against fortune.

For euery dwelling in the world doth nature soyle appeare
Unto the vertuous man, and well he liueth euery where.
But he that vertue lackes, although he great possessions holde,
And purses stuffed full with coyne and coffers full of gold,
Yet can he not goe where he list, nor trauell euery place,
To see the country strange abrode, and men of sundry grace,
And euery where to liue: for house and ground, and Castles strong,
He can not beare about with him, in all his iourneys long,
Least that perchance with theues he mete, or perish on the shore,
And then for gods sake aske his meate at euery other doore.
At home therefore he alwayes dwels, and in his countrey liues,
Where as his ground a great increase of Corne and wine him giues,
And as a banisht man he feares beyond the bonds to goe,
That slouthfulnes of minde, and chance to him assigned so:
Whereby the goodly sights abroad he can not view nor marke,
While still at home he hidden lies, as pent in dongeon darke.
Therefore the olde Philosophers by fine inuention found,
A certayne stone, that where they went or trauepled any ground,
Prouided them of needfull things, and neuer would decay.
By aide whereof, full many landes and countries farre away,
They might beholde, and alwayes learne of many sundry arts.
And thus of old the Gods aboue, besought with humble hearts,
The sacrifice on altar slayne before he was the trade
To Mercurie, the Sunne and Moone, Lo thus their prayers made.
O Titan, beautie of the world, O fayrest God in sight,
O thou Latona driuing hence the shadowes of the night,
O swiftly flying restles Impe of Ioue and Maia borne,
That able art to change thy selfe, to shapes of sundry formes
Be present here and bow your eares to our complaints and cry,
Behold a few, whose minds and wits are in degree full hie,

That

That wisedome most of all esteéme, while cause of euery thing,
And secrete state of nature hid, to light we sæke to bring,
And méete with minde the mighty skye: as næde doth ouertread,
And many great mishaps we sæle, of hunger almost dead:
While as the doltish common sort, doe all things rake and snatch,
And all the money heaping vp, into their coffers catch,
Nor any of them doth pitie vs, and if we aske a mite,
Then pointing at vs straight they iest, and make of vs but light:
Whereby we are constrainde to delue, or else attendance giue,
On toyling beasts, or carry doung: scarce know we how to liue.
And Idiotes are we made to serue. Wherefore you Gods aboue,
Haue pity yet at length of vs, if good mens state you moue:
And shew an easie way by which, we may liue honestly,
And for to search the secrete dennes, where truth doth hidden lye.
These prayers heard, the Gods anon, thus calde came forth in place,
And first did Phœbus answere make: O noble worthy race,
Of halfe Gods, Skies deseruing well and fauour eke from hye,
Now hearken well, and in your mindes let these my sayings lye
Take here this young Arcadian blood, and swift vntrusty swaine,
And plunged dæpe in Stygian streames, let him forthwith be slaine:
In bosome thrust of Hyales him let the Gods receaue,
Whom Lemnian countrey worshippeth, and hie aloft him heaue:
Then bury him in warmed wombe, and corrupt him vndoe,
Whose dropping ioints, a spirite shall pearce that falles our bodies fro,
And wondrously shall call againe, decreasde and quenched quite
Him from the darke new clad in cloke of Golde, and shining bright
With Siluer shew, then him againe amid the fier cast:
An other straight shall spring thereof, as Phœnix thaunging fast,
And perfect leaue the bodies all that it shall sæle or touch,
The bonds and lawes of nature here, surmounting aye by much,
Shall chaunge the kindes and driue away, this needy pouerty.
Here Phœbus ceast, and Mercury, and Diana did agree
To all that he declared had, forthwith away they flye,
Ascending to the lofty place and compast heauens hye.
Then men of hauty sense they blinde, and answere all to darke,
Long pondring in their dolefull mindes, doe muse thereon and marke,
And scarce in longest race of time with prooues of kindrie kinde,
And not with litle charges did this art at first out finde,

Then

Then which no art more worthy is, the Heauenly Stone to frame,
Which wicked people neuer knowe, nor can obtaine the same.
And this whosoeuer doth enioy may dwell in any land,
The vertue of the Philosophers stone
Both fræ from feare of fortunes whæle, and force of robbers hand:
But vnto fewe the Gods vouchsafe so great a gift to giue.
Some will demaunde if it be mæte for wise men here that liue,
To linke themselues in wedlocke bonde, and so the time to spend,
In procreation here of youth. Though some doe this commend,
Yet this in mine opinion is, for holy men not mæte.
For care of wife doth often let, and loue of children swæte,
The wittes diuine of wysest men, that doe their mindes apply,
About such hye and hauty things, as secretes of the Skie.
Let him that onely sækes the world, reioyce in wyfe and childe,
And often to himselfe procure, the God of Marriage milde:
But let the wise man alwaies ioy in chaste and single plight,
And euermore liue vndefilde, in body and in spirit.
For he that doth with slender fare and small himselfe content,
And doth abstaine from carnall vse, and prayer still frequent,
And lifting minde aboue the starres, beholdes the chiefe degræ,
Shall oft inioy the spæche of God, and oftentimes himsæ
In happy state, shall tell before the things that after spring.
A sacred Gemme is Chastitie, to God most thankefull thing,
Unto the chast he oft appeares, and secrets oft doth tell:
Againe, the filthy Lechery and pastimes mæte for Hell,
He hates and shunnes and alwaies doth such wanton mates detest.
But no man can a Virgin be but he whom God hath blest,
And doth assist: This gracious gift doth from the Skye descend,
Of higher state than man can get, or man can comprehend:
No perfect wise man can be had except in this degræ.
It sæmeth good also to knowe if it conuenient be,
For wise men dreadfull weapons fierce of raging Mars to trie,
And for to bath their hands in bloud, of mortall enemie,
And to themselues by fighte to get, an euerlasting name:
For many iudge no greater vertue, glory, prayse or fame
Can be, than gotten is by warres. O wretched beastes, O blinde,
Why thinke you warres more worth than peace, or of a better kinde?
For nothing is more vile than this, nor nothing can be found,
That farther from mans reason sæmes, to differ or to sounde:

For

For if that Lawes and reason should in euery place beare sway,
Then peace should rayne in proper force and warres should quite away:
In time of battaile Lawes doe cease, and ouerthrowne do lie,
Then fury raynes, and vyce doth rage, abroad at libertie,
Then wicked men hold vp the head, and shake their weapons than,
And scotfrée then they kill and strike, and take from euery man,
And fearing no decrée of Iudge, defile ech thing they finde.
More mæte is Peace for mortall man, and warres for Brutish kinde.
To tosse the blades mad men doe loue, and he desires to fight,
That pore and lazy labours hates, and hath a great delight
To liue a lustie vicious state, though purse doe not agrée:
And therefore selles his life for gayne, and runnes in ieoperdy,
Then Conquerour he triumph may with that that others got,
And carry thence the spoyle and pray vnto his native plot.
But he that substance hath at home, and can sufficiently,
Himselfe and his defend and keepe with any facultie,
Doth peace aboue the rest esteéme, and from the sword abstaine:
Except he be a frantike minde, and fonde disposed brayne.
But thou wilt say great kings & Dukes in déedes of Armes delight
And trayne them selues to follow Mars, with al their force & might:
What then, are not great kinges & Dukes oft times in dotage brought:
And slow with vice, by whose fond minds great Cities come to nought:
And though they great reuenewes haue, and kingdomes many one,
Yet more they alwayes séeke to haue, and more they heape thereon.
The Couetous man though he possesse, as much of Golden Myne
As Tagus hath, yet pore he is, and liues in næde and pyne.
And thus therefore with this mad minde, are Dukes & Princes great,
Compeld to ioyne the bloudy camps, with rage and Martiall heate,
In larging their Dominions much, with heapes of Misers slayne.
But though that warres be nought, and vile to be abhorred playne,
Yet bring they some commoditie. For false and craftie men,
Expert in fraude and vsury, doe heape vp all things then
When peace doth reigne: but when ỳ wars do rage, the souldiers strong
Then euill gotten goods doth spoyle that he hath raked long:
The iustly doth the rage of wolues on Foxes vengeance take,
And due rewardes the mightie sort, vnto the subtile make.
And like for like they shewe. Thus time doth all things alter so.
Besides, the king with thousand crafts, and thousand poulling moe.

In

In time of peace their subiects flǽle, and coyne in coffers pure,
Whereby both Gold and siluer all, the Checker would deuoure,
If battayle should not bring abrode that hidden lay in peace,
Distributing to many men one priuate mans increase.
Now last of all, in number not a few there is a kinde
Both voyde of learning, wealth, and Art, of lasey slouthfull minde,
To mischiefe giuen, prone to vice, and stout, and full of crime:
Such men, or rather shadowes vayne, at one appointed time
Doth God a warfare sende, with death of cruell kinde to die:
And thus he purgeth mortall state, whereby liue merily
Long time the rest that doe remayne, this mischiefe ouerthrowne:
Till that agayne such wicked wǽdes a newe be sprong and growne,
That must be rooted out with warres, and cut with weapon grimme.
Then Iupiter beginnes agayne his pots vncleane to skimme,
And sending forth the furies vile, doth swǽpe the filth away,
This is the order of the world that neuer shall decay:
This course of destinies themselues decrǽde long time agone,
By them the world was made populous. When as Prometheus stale the fire the hautie Heauens from,
And when Deucalion with his wife Dame Perrha, made to spring,
So many thousand persons with the stones that they did fling.
Wherefore a wise man it becomes to follow reasons grace,
And chiefly Peace to loue, and peace with all his minde t' embrace:
Except perchance sometime constraynde, he for his countrey fight,
And for defence of him and his, then is the quarrell right:
Then fights he voyde of any blame, for lawes of euery state,
Doe suffer force with force to daunt, and guile with guyle to mate,
As due deserts to recompence, conuenient is and mǽte.
Now farther must we search if that it be for wisemen fǽte,
To exercise some facultie, wherewith all times he may
Relieue himselfe, if that misshappes doe bring him to decay.
If frowarde Fortune any time sende nædy pouertie,
Depriuing him of all his goods and substance violently,
Least that he begge and suffer oft, both cold and hunger to:
There are for trueth some kinde of thing, that wise men well may doe,
Whereby himselfe he succour may if pouertie constrayne.
Let him a good Philitian be: this gets sufficient gayne,
And dryues away diseases quite. Olde Phœbus vide the same,
And Phœbus sonne by this they both deserude a famous name.

And

And this Sir Chyrons pupil learnd, though of the stocke he was
Of auncient Aeacus and Thetis spring. By this did Pæon passe.
Machaon, and Hippocrates by this gat honour great.
What should I call to memorie, all such as by this feat,
Got long agoe both pence and prayse, and fame when they were dead.
A good expert Physitian, shall neuer begge his bread.
Adde more to this, it full besides, of priuy knowledge flowes,
And both of floure, hearb, and stone, doth secretes plaine disclose:
And whatsoeuer earth doth here, within her bowels hide,
Doth well perceiue, and natures force, to open doth prouide:
Eche part within the body of man, it doth consider well,
And turnes againe a number that, were almost gone to hell.
What thing than this more requisite, for wise men can we finde:
That not alone the wise men may, with counsell heale the minde,
But also get the body health, and so both parts redresse:
Thus may a wise man all preserue, in perfect quietnesse.
But now when as dame Lachesis, the latest yeare doth spinne,
And hoarie whitenes doth defile both head and bearded chinne,
Then meete it is for him to rest, and then himselfe to stay,
And longer not to roue about, in countreys farre away:
But finde some certaine dwelling place, and search for his auaile,
Such things as needefull are for life, least foode in age doe faile:
And in the meane while to depart, and shunne the common sort,
Contenting him with fellowes fewe, and with a slender port:
And solitarie oftentimes to God both night and day,
The minde well purged of naughty thoughts, in feruent spirite to pray:
And wholy to addict him selfe the heauenly state to finde,
And all the cares that flesh doth giue, to banish from his minde.
Then shall the Gods appeare, though he in valley lowe doe lie,
Or on the hilles, or shadowed woods, or in the mountaines hie,
In cottage small doe place himselfe. It is not safe nor well
With many for to liue, or in the townes of fooles to dwell,
And in the company of theeues, of slaues, and couetous,
And cutthrote brawling swearing mates, or men ambitious.
But let the wiseman flie the crowde of rude and common sort,
For of the common people is enuied the wise mans port,
Because of their contrarie deedes. Contraries euermore
Doe on the other striue against and let, and hinder sore:

Hereof

Hereof haue many wisemen dyed, because they would not spare,
When any naughty thing they saw, the truth for to declare,
And to rebuke the mindes of Fooles: which sith it could not beare,
Nor suffer such abuse of Fooles, they slaine and punisht were.
Wherefore, least that the wiseman sée such store of sinfull sight,
And least he fall in daunger, by defending truth and right,
Let him withdraw himselfe forthwith, from common companie:
And secret liue with two or thrée that good and learned be.
Though seldome shall he be without the gods that guides the skie,
For Gods doe often pleasure take in wise mens companie:
Oft doth the wise man heare them speake, and sæth them oft with eies,
They fill his heart with comfort great, in wondrous sort and wise:
The wise man blessed is on earth, and blest aboue the skies.

The felicitie of foolish and vaine worldlings

Goe then O blinded mortall men, goe heape vp money than,
And fill your caskets full of Golde, by all the meanes you can,
Beset with Rinqes your fingers thicke, and let the Jewels round,
In gorgeous lincks of golde, about your graceless necks be wound,
Now ruffle in your silkes abroad, and brag it through the stræte,
Goe, goe I say, you blinded fooles, both Crowues and Scepter swæte,
And all that Fortune rash can giue, to you with all your power,
Goe sæke: yet all these goodly things shall vanish in an howre,
All these things are but dreames and toyes, and haue but litle stay,
Which quickly Chance doth from you take, or Death doth snatch away
Which soone doe vanish hence like smoke, and neuer turne againe:
Goe, goe O wretches sæke to get these mistes, and shadowes vaine.
But when the dying day shall come, and latest houre shall fall,
Then, then, when all your follies past, in vaine to minde you call,
You shall perceiue that you did dote, and stept from truth awry,
And mourne to late, Alas in time your errour learne to spy.
O mischiefous vntoward soules, O hearts of cankred kinde,
Why gaze you still vpon the earth like beasts of brutish minde:
Why cast you not your eies aloft, vnto the starry skies:
There, there, the truest world doth stand, there Life most perfect lyes
For such as feare and worship God: neither chaunce hath place,
Nor churlish death can there the state with deadly dart deface:
There is the surest treasure found, there lies the chiefe delight
That God almightie hath prepared, for them that serue him right:
Which neuer curse of fretting time hath power to ouerthrowe,

To

To this apply your mindes, while states permit, and life belowe
Beholde you not of fading life, the slender holde and staye:
Doe not you see how all Things here in shortest time Decaye:
And like to smoke in subtile ayre doth vanish quite awaye:
Where finde you now the stately Kings, in pompe of proud aray,
That heretofore haue béne: or where, doe you estéme to bée
The Prelates chiefe that thought themselues Gods fellowes in degrée:
Their rotten bones intumbed close, in filthy caues doe dwell,
And for their soules perhaps they doe kéepe Christmasse now in hell:
Farre banisht from the happy place whereto the good are brought,
And there they suffer Paine, For pride, and mischiefe that they wrought. Paine the pension for pride.
O Lord how gladly would they now, (if in their power it lay)
Inclose themselues in flesh againe, and take their olde aray,
That not estéming riches here, and kingdomes leauing cleane,
They might liue Godly here on earth, in poore estate, and meane,
And by their righteous life make him, their frend That Guide t heSkie
But after death possesse a place aboue the heauens hie.
But he that shewes his Wit to late, his wisedome shewes in vaine.
Let every man séeke God to please, and worldly wealth disdaine,
And trauaile, for the heauenly state: of him example take,
Which of this worldly fading ioyes, a small accompt doth make,
But onely hopes in time to come the perfect ioyes to seale,
Which well he knowes for God to him such things doth oft reueale.
And such a wiseman late there liued, since I remember may,
That with a fewe vpon the top, of hye Soracte lay,
Full leane he was, and bearded well, his house was small and neate,
All clad he was in russet robes, a man of learning great,
And comely countnance to beholde. He had his dwelling place
In wildernesse, where round about the woods did him embrace:
Whose heauenly minde, when as he list of things to come could tell,
And answers gaue, such as for truth did Delphos not excell,
I moued and prouoked thus, with fame that of him ran,
By painefull iourneys long vnto this sacred hill I came,
And found the olde man sitting there, in warme and Sunny caue,
Who (after that I had receiued the like Good euen I gaue)
He willde me there to take my rest so downe by him I sit:
And therewithall I aske him thus. What is the cause of it
(Quoth I) that here you chose to liue vpon this mountaine steepe?

Where almoſt euery thing doth lacke, that life of man ſhould kæpe.
Then anſwering me this holy man on this ſoꝛt there began:
My great delight was heretofoꝛe to liue in cities, whan
(Both yong, and ignoꝛant) I thought nought elſe to be requirde
But riches here, and ſuch delight as life of man deſirde.
Following the exaunple and the fault of rude and common ſoꝛt:
Then ioyde I foꝛ to leade my life with great and much reſoꝛt,
And with the reſt foꝛ company I fell into the floud
Of vaine delights, with colour falſe deceiude of trueth and good.
But when that greater age began with fading yeares to ſhowe,
And wiſedome moꝛe in tract of time, within my head doth growe,
I then began to note and marke the parts that men doe play,
And ſundꝛy ſoꝛt of liues they leade (As God gaue grace) to way.
Then many filthy things I ſawe, there done, and full of ſhame,
And nothing elſe of iuſtice left but vaine and pole name.
Th'vnguilty to be puniſhed, the guilty ſcaping frꝛe,
The Vertue hid in vice, and Vice in vertue hid to bæ,
The poꝛe in euery place oppꝛeſt, and fauour moꝛe to get
Than iuſt deſerts, the law a bꝛibing craft, foꝛ golde a fiſhing nete
Ech kinde of handy craft coꝛrupt by guile of woꝛkemens will,
The thæfe to fæ the Inkeper his gueſts thereby to kill.
Beſides I many might beholde inricht by theft and guile,
Though naughty beaſtes, moꝛe mæter farre to weare a rope a while,
Yet pꝛayſde to be and woꝛſhipped, and feared very much:
The vnwoꝛthy plaſte in regall ſeate, and honours delt to ſuch
As haue but onely ſhape of men. Beſide, religion fled
By Couetouſneſſe, and Prieſts bent all to fowle and harlots bed:
God graūt it be not foud in Iſraell: I meane in England, And vnder cloke of holineſſe, ſæke pꝛiuily to gaine,
And picke the common peoples purſe by meanes of wily traine:
While as they open heauen wide, and barre the hellish way,
And while they boaſt that they can ſoules where as they liſt conuay,
And with their Poꝛtaſſe foꝛe the Saincts to doe as they are bent.
By this occaſion left I all, and frõ the townes I went.
Accounting it moꝛe ſafe foꝛ me to liue in deſert place,
And in this hill to runne the reſt, of all my raunging race.
This hill whereas the altar ſtands, of Sylueſter the Saint,
Where as the Shrine, and Monuments of him his pꝛayſes paint:
Which place though it ſeme rough and rude not mete to dwell vpon,

Yet

Yet fit it is for Saints, and such, as liue in peace alone,
And wholly doe apply their mindes, the Lord to feare and loue,
And alwaies séeke to ioyne themselues, with Saints in Skies aboue:
But hard perchaunce it séemes to thé, and straunge it doth appere,
That I can liue in desart such, and stony places here,
Where seldome any man doth come, where wanting séemes to be,
Most things that should sustaine the life, of man at liberty.
Yet is it not so hard in déede, nor strange it séemeth than,
If that the holy Ghost inspire, the heart of any man,
Descending downe from heauens hye: of God the sacred spright,
That purifies the heart from sinne, and rapseth soules to light
That ouerwhelmd in flesh doe lye: as Mercury sublimde,
By force of fier is, and takes a colour white full finde.
This holy spryte adournes the minde, and heart doth vpward moue,
This cuttes away the worldly cares, and brédeth heauenly loue:
Wherewith the minde inflamed once, all things doth easie séeme,
Though neuer so sore: for he that loues, doth labour light estéeme,
Especially if any hope, there be reward to holde:
For hope, and loue, are two strong pricks, that makes vs alway bolde,
And not to care for any toyle. Wherefore continually,
Our dayly prayers must we make, to him that guides the skye,
That so this holy spryte vouchsafe, into our hearts to fall,
That he may plant a Godly hope, and Godly loue withall:
Wherewith the minde inspirde may mount, aboue the starry skye,
Despising much the world, and ioyes, that vaine doe please the eye,
And striue to ioyne it selfe to God, with all the force and might.
No marueil than it is at all, if ayded of this spryte
I here can dwell, and leade a lyfe full hard so patiently,
Vpon this stiepe and desert rocke, and stony mountaine hy.
Yet neuer lackt I meate, nor clothes vpon this lofty spyre,
As much as nature doth content, not wanton fond desire.
A litle thing doth nature serue, a small thing doth content,
Such one as loues no ouerplus, a man to vertue bent,
That rather séekes celestiall life, than fleshly fading dayes.
For life (least thou be ignorant) is double, in her wayes:
One, wherewithall the body lines, still followed and pursude
Is this of all the rout of fooles, and common people rude,
The people fond that nothing know of any worthinesse,

The holy Ghost Sanctifieth the Soules of men.

The vertue of hope and Loue.

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The thæfe to fæ the Inkeper his gueſts therby to kill.
Beſides I many might beholde inricht by theft and guile,
Though naughty beaſtes, moꝛe mæter farre to weare a rope a while,
Yet pꝛaiſde to be and woꝛſhipped, and feared very much:
The vnwoꝛthy plaſte in regall ſeate, and honours delt to ſuch
As haue but onely ſhape of men. Beſide, religion fled
By Couetouſneſſe, and Prieſts bent all to fowle and harlots bew:
God graũt it be not foud in Iſraell: I meane in England, And vnder cloke of holineſſe, ſæke pꝛiuily to gaine,
And picke the common peoples purſe by meanes of wily traine:
While as they open heauen wide, and barre the helliſh way,
And while they boaſt that they can ſoules where as they liſt conuay,
And with their Portaſſe foꝛce the Saincts to doe as they are bent.
By this occaſion left I all, and from the townes I went.
Accounting it moꝛe ſafe foꝛ me to liue in deſert place,
And in this hill to runne the reſt, of all my raunging race.
This hill whereas the altar ſtands, of Syluester the Saint,
Where as the Shꝛine, and Monuments of him his pꝛayſes paint:
Which place though it ſæme rough and rude not mæte to dwell vpon,

Yet

Yet fit it is for Saints, and such, as liue in peace alone,
And wholly doe apply their mindes, the Lord to feare and loue,
And alwaies séeke to ioyne themselues, with Saints in Skies aboue:
But hard perchaunce it séemes to thé, and straunge it doth appere,
That I can liue in desart such, and stony places here,
Where seldome any man doth come, where wanting séemes to be,
Most things that should sustaine the life, of man at liberty.
Yet is it not so hard in déede, nor strange it séemeth than,
If that the holy Ghost inspire, the heart of any man,
Descending downe from heauens hye: of God the sacred spright,
That purifies the heart from sinne, and rapseth soules to light
That ouerwhelmd in flesh doe lye: as Mercury sublimde,
By force of fier is, and takes a colour white full finde.
This holy spirite adournes the minde, and heart doth vpward moue,
This cuttes away the worldly cares, and brédeth heauenly loue:
Wherewith the minde inflamed once, all things doth easie séeme,
Though neuer so sore: for he that loues, doth labour light estéeme,
Especially if any hope, there be reward to holde:
For hope, and loue, are two strong pricks, that makes vs alway bolde,
And not to care for any toyle. Wherefore continually,
Our dayly prayers must we make, to him that guides the skye,
That so this holy spirite vouchsafe, into our hearts to fall,
That he may plant a Godly hope, and Godly loue withall:
Wherewith the minde inspirde may mount, aboue the starry skye,
Despising much the world, and ioyes, that vaine doe please the eye,
And striue to ioyne it selfe to God, with all the force and might.
No maruell than it is at all, if ayded of this spirite
I here can dwell, and leade a life full hard so patiently,
Upon this stiepe and desert rocke, and stony mountaine hy.
Yet neuer lackt I meate, nor clothes vpon this lofty spyre,
As much as nature doth content, not wanton fond desire.
A litle thing doth nature serue, a small thing doth content,
Such one as loues no ouerplus, a man to vertue bent,
That rather séekes celestiall life, than fleshly fading dayes.
For life (least thou be ignorant) is double, in her wayes:
One, wherewithall the body lines, still followed and pursude
Is this of all the rout of fooles, and common people rude,
The people fond that nothing know of any worthinesse,

The holy Ghost Sanctifieth the Soules of men.

The vertue of hope and Loue.

But slouthfull beastes doe make their God of filthy loude excesse.
This life is proper vnto beasts, of wilde and sauage kinde:
The other vnto God aboue, and men of godly minde,
That for their great and worthy deedes doe well deserue the name
Of perfect men, and Holy Saints, of euerlasting fame.
But such hye minded vertuous Impes the earth doth seldome bringe,
The earth a Mother to the naught, and Stepdame to the good.
But now because I see thee bent to giue attentiue eare,
Some things of this celestiall life I will declare thee here,
Which ought well vnderstoode, to please the minde of any wighte.
First, man consists not onely of flesh, but also of the spright:
This giueth life to them that liue, by this we feele and moue,
This giues vs mind, ꝑ worthiest thing by which men wondrous proue.
A doubt moued concerning the soule.
But Many doubt if that the soule doe liue, the body dead,
Or whether it doe finish to, when as the life is fled:
The resolution.
Assuredly the worser sort, that to the flesh doe cleaue,
And bent to vice, despising God, doe wish and eke beleaue
The soule to haue a dying day: because (alas) they feare
The cruell torments for the sinnes, that they committed here:
And therefore will allow no hell, nor Diuels for to be,
And so they doe persuade themselues to scape with mischiefe frée.
An other better sort of men, that sinfull life doe hate,
Prouoked with the Godly loue of vertuous Godly state,
Doe thinke the soule doth alwaies liue, and not to dye with Graue,
Because they hope a Glorious Crowne for their Good works to haue,
And make accompt of perfect blisse when death hath shot his dart,
And of a better promised life, for to enioy their part.
Of these two sorts who iudgeth best: who is it but the iuste
For euermore in doubtfull things, the opinion must we truste,
That pleaseth best the better sort, and that which follow must
Such men as vertuous be, and such as haue the holy Ghost.
More safe it is to cleaue vnto the vertuous and the iust,
Than fansies of the wicked men to credite or to trust.
Ne must we note their number great that any thing haue saide,
But in what sort they leade their life, must well of vs be waide.
Wherefore it better is with feawe, of vertuous sort to say,
That soules doe liue continually, and haue no dying day,
Than with a number of the lewde, against it to reply,

Contending

Contending that there are no spyrites, and that the saule doth die.
But more, because thou shalt beleeue, I will declare to thee
By reason good the state of Soule immortall for to bee.
For if that God in better things, doth cunning still exprelle,
As wisedome telles, and as the good and vertuous must confesse:
Then doubtlesse must we iudge he gaue the Soules no time to
Since better farre it is for them to liue continually,
Than with the flesh, to be extinct, and taste a full decay:
Which thus I proue. If death doe take from vs the soule away,
If that we haue no other life, but in this body here,
Then God may be accounted ill, and shall vniust appere,
For thousands every day we see, that flourish prosperously,
In Riches, Substance, and Renoune, in Reignes and Empires hie,
Yet Idle Lubbers, Vnlearnd, and naught that sinne at liberty,
And runne the race of all their life, in great prosperity.
On the other side we may behold, the iust oppress to be,
With Spitefull chaunce, a wretched life and Pitious Pouerty.
Thus either God vnrighteous is, that doth these things permit,
Or after death hath every man as he deserueth fit:
Or els he doth disdaine the deeds, of mortall men to know.
Besides, what gracious minde in God, what goodnesse doth he show:
If this be all that he doth giue a life so short, and vaine,
That swiftly runneth to an end, and doth no time remaine:
The Halfe whereof is spent In sleepe the Rest in griefe and toile,
And daungers great, as fast doth fleete, as riuers swift in soile.
Therefore go to, O wretched men, build gorgeous Churches hie,
And let with costly offerings great your altars pestred ly,
Set vp your ioyfull braunch of bayes, your sacred doores about,
With pompe of prowde Procession passe, let hymnes be rated out,
Spend frankincense, and let the nose of God be stretched wide
With pleasant smoke: doe this, and adde more honour much beside,
That he preserue your goodly life, wherein doth you torment
Somtime great Cold, & somtime Heat, now Plague, now Famishment,
Now bloudy Warres, now Sicknes great, or Chance to sorrow at,
Sometime the bustie biting flie, sometime the stinging Gnat,
The Chynch and Flea. Reioyce I say that here you leaue your life
With thousand painefull labours great, in trauaile toyle and strife:
And after in a little space in paine you drop away,

Reasons to proue the immortality of the Soule.

The Soule is immortall and neuer dyes.

And lumpish lye in lothsome vault to wormes a gratefull pray.
O worthy life, O goodly gift of God: man in this world is hedde
Among the brutish beasts, and fowles and knaues his life is ledde,
Where stormes, and slakie snowes and yse and durt and dust, and night,
And harmefull ayre, & cloudes and mists and windes, with hellish sight,
And griefe, and wayling reigns, where death beside doth worke his feat.
Is this our goodly countrey here: is this our happy seat:
For which we owe such seruice here, vnto the Gods aboue:
For which it séemeth méete with vowes the heauenly Saints to moue:
And if none other life we haue, than this of body paine,
So fraile and full of filthinesse, when death hath carcasse slaine:
I sée not why such prayses should of God resound in ayre,
For why we should such honour giue, to him in temples faire,
That hath vs wretches framed here, in this so wretched soyle,
That shall for euermore decay, after so great a toyle.
Wherefore least God shall séeme vniust and full of cruelnesse
Shall well deseruing counted be: we must of force confesse,
That death doth not destroy the Soule, but that it alwayes is
None otherwise than Spirite in ayre, and Saint in heauen liues,
Both voyde of body, slæpe, and meate. And more we must confesse,
That after death they liue in paines, or perfect blessednesse.
But let this reason thée suffice, for if thou this doe showe,
Unto the wicked kinde they laugh, no light the blinde doth knowe.
But thou, beléeue for euermore and know assuredly,
(For ground of sauing health it is,) that soule doth neuer dye,
Exempted from the Sisters power and fatall destiny.
These things foretolde, made euident, let vs begin to tell
The perfect life, that makes vs like to Saints aboue that dwell:
By which the heauens we desire. But sith doth best appeare
Contrary things, when they be séene, and ioyned something neare.
Wherefore it is conuenient first the Bodies life to showe,
That drawes vs downe from heauen hie, to minde the earth belowe,
And makes vs like to brutish beasts, contrary to the soule.
This life he liues (though nought) that doth for stately honours proule
And sékes with all his force the fruit of praise and glory vaine,
Desiring onely men to please, with fonde vaine glorious braine:
And he that wholy doth apply, himselfe a Welth to get
By right or wrong, and hath his heart vpon the riches set:

The Soule is immortall and neuer dyeth.

A two leggde Dole, that alwayes doth, in earth intumbed lye,
Not casting once his eyes aloft, vnto the heauens hye.
And he that drowned in Lecherie, and surfets euer lyes,
Regarding onely fleshly ioyes, doth shamefastnes despise,
Runnes headlong into whoredome vile, and fattes himselfe with meat,
A foolish man, that so the wormes, may haue more food to eat.
All these same vile and filthy kindes that I haue reckoned here,
May well be called fleshly men, for loue to flesh they beare:
Whose life doth differ small from beasts. But now on the other syde:
He that doth praise of men despise, and pompe of worldly pryde,
Doth liue with chast and Godly minde, is calde a spirituall man:
Because his spirite the body rulde, and lust subdued than,
Doth freely guide and hath his place, in hiest part of braine.
Therefore the Godly life, is first with bridle to restraine
Fond pleasure, Gluttony, and lust, to conquer flesh with spite,
For to neglect all worldly things, and onely set delight,
On heauen, heauen most to wish, and chiefly to regard:
There is the ioyle for soules, and seate for vertuous men prepard:
Thereto the body layd in graue, the righteous soules doe clime,
Most glorious soules that mightily doe, with glorious vertue shine,
And dwell in euerlasting light, an euerlasting ioy.
But chiefly let the vertuous man, his time and toyle employ,
In learning, vsing still to reade, such bookes as doe entreate,
Of God, of soule, and wretched state of this our dwelling seate,
Of death or other honest things, and let him night and day,
Of these both often reade, and talke, and well in minde them way.
But wanton workes, and wanton words, let him with head eschue,
Alas how sore doe such affaires, a vertuous minde subdue:
For reading is the foode of minde, which if it vertuous be,
Doe profit much, if it be ill, doth hurt exceedingly:
None otherwise than euill meate, doth hurt the man that chawes.
These things though they must all be kept, yet nothing more withdrawes
A man from loue of filthy flesh, nor leades to God more nye
Than oftentimes to ponder well, of life the misery:
Which since it is so short, and full of such calamitie,
Semes rather death then life to me, yea worse than death to be.
For who is it that doth not see, who doth not plaine perceaue:
That pykesome gall, and bitternesse, in euery part doe cleaue,

The life of the spirit or heauenly man.

If euery thing thou well doest sift, nought perfect shalt thou finde:
For nature poysoned hath the parts of all and euery kinde.
Most things haue double face: full blacke within and outward white,
And with their colour, doe deceiue the iudgement of the sight.
If ought there be here in this life, both fayre and good beside,
Like smoke and mist it flyes away, and doth no time abide.
Time suffers nothing long on earth, death maketh all things vaine,
And turnes and tumbles vnder foote, of man the prowde disdaine.
Alas how all this worldly pompe, doth quickly passe away,
How wauering is renoume of man, how soone doth it decay:
Much like the bubble swelling great amyd the waters cleare,
Is soone destroyed, and with a puffe, of winde doth not appeare.
For in a moment all the ioyes of man are fetcht away,
Then onely doth the talke remaine, wherein they thus doe say.
Loe, here he was: loe, this did he, he fought, and triumph wan,
He loued, he reigned, he conquerd realmes, subdued many a man,
A goodly sort of bookes he wrote, but now where shall we finde
These things: no where himselfe where now: both out of sight & minde.
What is he now? Nothing. Or, whether did he himselfe conuay:
Loe, fled from hence with windes he is, and vanisht quite away.
Alas, alas, but trifles fond, and fanties méere they bée,
Whatsoeuer goodly thing on earth, or wonderfull we sée.
What tell you me of Was, or Did: on Is: more worth count I,
Than Was a thousand times. But fast this Is away doth flye,
And all our pompe with him he beares. These things he well doth way
And vseth to consider oft, shall quickly cast away
This worldly loue, and hating earth, shall séeke the Skies to finde:
Especially if therewithall, he vse to beare in minde,
How filthy and how miserable, mans body doth appere,
Of fading flesh, and brittle bones, with skinne incompast here:
All flowing full with dregges vncleane, and blood corrupt and vile,
Still durty soule, and filthy lookes, except it euery while.
Be washt, and kept with dayly care, and so made fayre and white.
O dolefull hospitall of minde, and vessell of the spyte,
By which such sickneste great we féele, by which such néede we haue.
O heauy garment, prison strong, O quicke and liuely graue:
That chokest here both minde, and sense, and them in darkenes hide,
Whereby so great an ignorance, in breast of man doth bide.

A liuely description of the miserie of mankind.

O earth to earth returning soone, that in a smallest while
In tumbs shalt freshly féede the wormes, with foode of carkasse vile.
In what a wretched case liues he, that ledde away with loue
Of the, doth leaue the perfect life, and gift of God aboue,
While more than méete estéeming théé, thy pleasures here preparde,
He onely séekes: and good and right but smally doth regarde:
And thinkes there is no other life than this, that here we holde.
A foolish Asse, forgetfull of himselfe, and countrey olde,
From whence into this darksome dale, and dolfull place he went,
That so a wretch he should become, in wretched carkasse pent.
For euery soule that is inclosde with flesh and members here,
Hath wretched life till losde from thence, it flie to heauens clere:
Except the heauy waight of sinne, doe barre him of his way,
And cause it in the lowest ayre, or on the earth to stay.
For Purest heauen neuer can, a thing vncleane abide,
Nor wicked men, nor doltish fooles, may come where God doth guide.
These words while as the holy man in teaching me had spent,
The Sunne almost had ended day with Waine the weary went:
And night was néere at hand, that thoe began abrode to cast
Hir dreadfull darkesome shade vpon the world approching fast.
I thence depart, and towards Rome my way in hast I take.
And while with spéede I passe the path the iorney new doth make:
Lo Cynthia shining compasse full, did call the lightlesse night,
With siluer beames, that dewe she cast t'appere both fayre and bright.
Thus went I all alone, and with my selfe in minde I waide,
The Godly words that late to me the auncient Father saide.
But lo, thréé men in company therewith I might behold,
Whō méeting thus by chaunce I askt which way they trauail would:
To Rome they saide: and one of them lookte full vpon me tho,
And naming me, from whence quoth he, what countrey comste thou fro?
I answerde him, from that wise man, which in the part most hye
Of fayre Apollos stately hill, in lofty place doth lye.
Wherewith he smilde, and saide, O foole sinkes it into thy minde,
That possible on earth it is a wise man here to finde?
He séemeth wise that is least foole the other sort among,
Although a dolt for wisedome doth: to Gods alone belong:
Of number which we here are thréé. For I am called by name
Sarracilus, and Sathiell he, Iana is this same.

Which though we walke in humain shape, thus seming men in face,
Yet Gods we be, and neere the Moone we haue our dwelling place.
Whereas a number great of Gods, of meanest sort doe lye,
That haue the guiding of the earth, and Seas that rise so hye.
This when I heard, amasde I was, and sore to dread began:
Yet seming bold, and voyde of feare, full like a pretty man,
I askt wherefore they went to Rome, then answerde me the same:
A fellow there of ours we haue that Ammon hath to name,
Whom boūd to serue by Magike Art a yong man there kepes straight,
Of Narnie soyle, that doth in court of Vrsin Prelate waight
O what great power is graunted man, the spirites he guides by line.
By this you well may vnderstand, your soules to be diuine,
And voyde of death. For if no part of you should after raine,
If that your soule should dye, as body here by death is slaine:
What power shoulde haue such foolish beastes & trifling pictures vaine
Upon the spirites aboue? And if no sacred thing remaine
In you, how should such Ghostes as we the force of man so way,
Or vnto man of fading state in such a sort obay?
Yea I my selfe was once constrainde, to serue a German wight,
Inclosde within a compast stone of Christal cleare and bright:
But at the length a berded sire vnlosde me of these bandes,
And prison broken thence I flewe, in hast from out his handes.
To Rome therefore we goe with minde, if that we may t'vntye
From seruice straight, a mate of ours, that there doth captiue lye.
And so that downe to Hell we may conuay this present night,
A sort of Romish prelates proude, that liue in great delight.
These words while as he spake, a winde forthwith did pitling blow:
Quoth Sathiell then, O frends frō Rome Remisses comes I know:
This winde that comes before declares, nor herein did he lye,
For therewithall a fayre yong man, Remisses stoode them by.
They at his comming all reioist, and bid him welcome there,
And aske what great affayres in Rome, what newes doe there appere.
There all quoth he are bent to lust, and Glutony doe minde,
With Theft, and Guile, all ours they be, both man, and woman kinde,
But Clement there the Pope prepares, an army great in hast,
And seekes to haue the present state of Luther cleane defaste,
And Spanish ensignes therefore kepes: nor will he now dispute,
And him with Scriptures ouerthrowe, but with the sword confute,

The enormities of the Romish Estate.

Away

Away with counsell nowe: and hence with Luthers wozkes againe,
Foz Bishoys now are battailes méete, all other waies are vaine,
Ne care they what the Apostles taught, ne foz the wozds of Chzist,
But boast themselues as Lozdes of all, that may doe what they list.
They that haue power doe feare no law, law is with fozce oppzest.
But we (my mates) doe hope thereby, of gaine to be possest,
And of the spoyle of such a sozt, some soules to beare away
Unto the dzeadfull dungeon darke. These wozkes he thus did say.
Then whispzing somthing ẃ themselues, from thence they do depart:
And me they leaue remaining there alone, with heauy heart.
Foz when Sarracilus had saide, that none on earth was wise,
Immediately a dolefull thought, within my heart did rise:
And thus vnto my selfe I saide. Is wisedome euermoze,
In vaine of vs desirde, and pzaysde: and vainely looked foz:
And onely dealt to Saints aboue: Then of necessity,
Here in this wzetched mozrtall life, all men must foolish be,
And laughing stocks, and pageants fonde, vnto the Gods in skye.
O state in most vnhappy kinde, of man in misery,
O rash vnbzideled wantonnesse, of such as parents bée,
O filthy lust that doth beget, the Childzen that we sée,
What doe you nowe? you doe beget both foles and wzetches here,
A boy is bozne, be mery sirs, reioyce, and make good chere,
Fill in your cuppes, and deinty dish vpon the table place.
But soone the childe shall pzoue a fole, oz liue in wzetched case,
Oz dying soone, he shall depart vnto the Ghost belowe:
O blinded mindes, that of the things to come doe neuer know.
We mozrtall men in wzetched things, haue oft a great delight.
These wozds I muttred in my minde, and wzapt in wofull plight.
I went vnto my lodging straight, foz sléepe oppzest mine eyes,
And made me réele. Of wisemans state, these wozdes shall here suffice.
Now méete it is thy wearied harpe, my Muse at rest to lay,
And foz to spare the iarring strings. Let vs this time goe pzay
The Lord and maker of the wozld, that he grace may vs send,
The other signes that doe remaine, with pleasant song to end.
Foz greater things I must declare, than yet from me did flowe:
And soze my simple minde doth feare, such Misteries great to showe.
My watery signe shall search the parts, of nature perfectly,
And last of all my labour shall, set open wide the Skye.

¶ The Eleuenth Booke.

Aquarius.

THE Loue of Nature parent chiefe, and great desire of minde,
The Secret causes of all things, for to reueale and finde
Persuades me now againe, my selfe with Aon streames to fill,
And once againe to rest on tops, of hie Parnassus hill,
My Muse draw neere, and bring thy harpe, now nede thy wit to showe
It is, and of a learned voyce, and verse at full to flowe.
No small things here we must declare: I purpose now in minde,
Dame Natures face for to disclose, about the world to winde.
And first what hath bene here before, what is, and what shall be,
Is called Ens: this name containes all things of eche degree,
But of the sores that God hath framde, by power and wisedome hie,
Some leave their life of body voyde, some either liuelesse lie,
Or else doe liue in body here. Of former state of twaine
This booke speakes not, the next shall shew in time that doth remaine.
Now (Muse) let vs the other shew. The farthest parts most hie
Of all the world, with ample space incompast is of Skie,
That whirling round with dayly course, doth all things here inclose.
Fiue Zones diuide it into parts, but euery part of those
Replenisht with his dwellers is, nothing forbids the same.
For colde can neuer hurt the Gods, nor heate can them inflame.
Such things doe best agree with earth. The sacred Skies are free
From Colde congeled, quiuering Ise, and Fiers that flaming bee,
Which though it roule continually, yet keepes it still one place,
And from the part where first it stoode, doth neuer shift his pace.
For plaste betweene two fixed Poles, it stedfastly doth stand,
And is sustainde betweene them two, by Gods almighty hand,
Whereof the one doth plaine appeare to vs continually,
And doth beholde the Beares aboue, that keepes their course so hy:
The other vnder earth is plaste: against it fixed well,
And in the night is seene to them, that vnder vs doe dwell.
This Compast globe of all the skie, from East to West diuides
As many Spheres in compasse round, as there are Zones besides,
That which is next vnto the Beare, the Articke hath to name:
And next to him the Circle stands wherein doth Cancer flame,
Which doth constraine the Sunne to fall, and backeward to retire,

Time past, present, and to come.

And

And farther of for to withdraw, his beames of flaming fire.
Then next in order doth insue, the Aequinoctiall line,
Which doth declare the dayes and nights, of equall length and time,
Not farre from thence by Capricorne another line doth runne,
Which cannot passe, but doth returne from hence to vs the Sunne.
The circle next that placed is, vnto the South so nere,
Th' Antarticke circle hath to name, contrary to our Sphere.
Beside these lines a circle crookt, there stands in Skyes so cleare,
By which the Sunne in moueths twise sixe, doth passe a perfect yeare.
Another circle white there is, whose course by knees doth traine,
Of Gemini, by Scorpius taile, and by the Tropicks twaine,
And through the crooked path of Sunne by midst of Archers string,
And passeth by the Centaurs legges, and by the Eagles wing,
And both the Carter and the Swanne, and Perseus doth it touch.
And Paralels there are, this name giue Greekes to Circles such,
And day by day the Sunne doth passe a circle of this kinde,
When as he falles amid the West, and leaues the East behinde.
Two Colures eke besides there are, the one where Sunne doth stay
By Cancer, Capricorne, and both the Poles doth cut his way:
The other by the Balance runnes, and by the Wethers face?
This shewes the time when night and day are both of equall space.
Besides a number great there is of sundry circles framde.
That passe by both the foresaid Poles, Meridians rightly namde,
That ouer vs directly runnes. A Circle more doth lye
Th' Horizon calde, the world in midst diuided is thereby,
And where our sight doth cease it stands, thence terme the Greeks it so,
Besides the Heauens parted are with many circles moe:
And nine there be, whereof the highest that Mouer first we call,
Doth rouling from the farthest Indes, with Moores and Spaniards fall:
Within a day he runnes his race, and fiercely doth he twine
About wich him the other Spheres, in whom no Starre doth shine:
But cleane contrary to the same moued all the Spheres beside,
And toward ẏ stremes of Ganges great from Cales in course they slide,
Whereof the greatst doth shine with Starres that voide of number bee,
And scarcely in an hundred yeares, doth moue but one degree.
And next to this doth Saturne stand, aboue the other Spheres,
Who finisheth his course at full in space of thirty yeares.
And next to him stands Iupiter, that end of course doth gaine

In

In yeres twice six him Mars infues that turnes in xii. months twaine.
Next ſtands the Sunne that (as they ſay) his iourney doth contriue,
Beſide ſix houres in ſpace of dayes three hundred, ſixty, fiue.
The next in place doth Venus role, her whirling wheele about,
And ſooner than the Sunne hir courſe by ſeuenténe dayes falles out.
Then moues in Circle Mercury which if report be right,
Doth nine dayes ſooner end his courſe, than Venus planet bright.
The Circle of the Moone is loweſt, and paſſeth through the line,
Of all hir courſe in houres eight, and twenty dayes and nine.
Seuen planets thus there are, ỳ Grekes as Wandring ſtarres doe call:
The hyeſt of which Saturnus hath. To him for houſe and hall,
The Gote and ſeruitour of Ioue, and Iupiter doth holde:
Two houſes darke amid the ſkie, the Fiſhe and Archer holde.
The Scorpion and the Phrigean Ramme, to foliſh Mars pertaine:
And in the flaming Lion fierce, the Sunne doth Eaſt remaine.
But in the Bull and Balance doth the tender Venus reſt:
Mercurius doth in Twinnes reioyce, and in the Virgins breſt.
A goodly Rome the Crabbe doth make, wherein the Moone doth dwell.
But of the ſayne Celeſtiall ſignes, let vs begin to tell,
Within the Zodiake, where the Sunne a yeare by courſe doth trye:
Twelue Signes there be, and ſix of them, are named Northerly.
The other ſix are Southerne ſignes, From Beaſt that guilded ſhines,
Unto the pleaſant Virgins foote, they are calde the Northerne ſignes.
But from the foremoſt of the wayes, vnto the Cattaile twaine,
Of Neptunes droue, whatſoeuer are vnto the South pertaine.
The names of theſe celeſtiall ſignes I will diſcloſe in verſe.
Theſe are ỳ 1. Ram, ỳ 2. Bull, ỳ 3. Twins, ỳ 4. Crabbe ỳ 5. Lyon fierce
1. Aries. The 6. Maide, ỳ 7. Scales, the 8. Scorpion, the 9. Shooter, & the 10. Gote
2. Taurus. The 11. Waterpourer, and in Skies the 12. Fiſhes two that flote.
3. Gemini. Ech ſeuenth ſtand contrarily, for when the one doth riſe
4. Cancer. The other ſittes, when as the Ram appeares before our eyes,
5. Leo. Then downe therewith deſcendes the Scales, ſo ſtands contrary full:
6. Virgo. And ryſing eche when other falles, the Scorpion, and the Bull,
7. Libra. From head of Crabbe, to Shooters foote directly doe they lye:
8. Scorpio. And from the Gote vnto the Twinnes they are ſaide to hang awry.
9. Sagitta-rius. Thyſe ten Degrées in length, and twelue in breedth hath euery ſigne:
10. Capri-cornus. And earthly named are, the Gote, the Bull, and Virgin fine.
11. Aqua-rius. But ayry are theſe three, the Scales, the Waterman, the Twinnes:
12. Piſces.

And

And Waterishe are the Scorpion, and the Crabbe, and Fishy finnes.
The three that rest are fiery, the Lyon, Shooter, Ram:
And Masculine be these with three that Ayrie signes we name.
And Fortunat they called be, the rest are Femmine:
And are vnfortunate, they say, that state of Starres define.
These mouing are, the Ram the Crabbe, the Scales, and Capricorne:
And fast, the Lyon, Scorpion, Bull, and Boy with Eagle borne.
The Twinnes, the Shooter, Mayde and Fishe, are common euery signe.
More, three and thirty Images in sacred skies doe shine,
Whereof are twenty placed fast, amid the Northerne Raine:
And stormy South doth challenge all the rest that doe remaine.
These are the Starres that in the North doe giue their blasing light:
Two Beares, of which doth Helice shine forth with Stars more bright.
The lesser Cynosura is, Phœniceans faithfull guide:
Betweene them both the Serpent fierce, doth creepe with crafty pride,
There Cepheus shines, and Cassiopey, & Candian glistring Crowne:
And next vnto the milke white Swanne, is plaste the Kneeler downe,
And harkneth to the pleasant Harpe. The Berwarde there doth showe
His glistring Starres, and Perseus stands in this celestiall rowe:
That beares in hand Medusaes face, and in this part is seene
The Carter, he that Serpent holdes, and eke his Serpent keene,
And by the Serpent stands the Shaft and there the Egle nye,
And Dolphin, that in ayrie seas aboue doth swiftly flye.
Here shines the noble Pegasus, a Horse of auncient fame:
And thereby stands Andromeda, and Delta last of name.
Now thirteene signes the South in part contrary doth retaine:
The Whale, that scarce is yet at length with sword of Perseus slaine.
Orion armde thou shalt beholde in this same part of skies.
There Nilus runnes with Channels store: and Hare that swiftly flyes,
Whom nere a brace of Doggs pursue, the greater and the small.
Among these Starres doth Argos saile a goodly Shippe and tall.
Here mayst thou both the Altar, and the mighty Cup beholde.
And Phœbus Crowne, that glisters all with Starres of flaming golde
The Centaure fierce, and Dragon slaine, with strong Alcides sweat,
The stinging plague of Lernaes lake a grielly monster great.
And in this part a certaine Fishe, may well perceiued bee.
Lo here the shapes that moue aboue my verse hath tolde to thee.
Now will I shewe how many Starres in euery signe appeare,

In Elice doe ſeuen ſhine, by name the greater Beare
Becauſe it giues the greater light, but Cynoſura hight
The leſſer beare becauſe ſhe doth appeare with ſmaller light,
Though one and twenty Starres in her doe euermore abide.
Fifténe the walking Serpent hath that doth the Beares diuide.
And Cepheus nineteéne Starres containes: Caſſiopey doth ſhine
With thirteéne lights: the gorgeous Crown hath neuer more than nine.
And thrée the Swanne, twice fiue & nine the Kneeler bright doth weare,
And fourteéne Starres deſcribes the man that driues about the Beare,
Of which the Starre doth brightest ſhine that in his girdle lyes.
Full ſeuenteéne brands doth Perſeus holde that gliſters in the Skyes:
The Carter ſeuen: but that cleare Starre that on his ſhoulder ſtands
Is calde the Goate, the other twaine are Kiddes he hath in hands:
A dreadfull ſight to ſhipmen oft. The man that holds the Snake
Hath ſeuenteéne ſtarres, his Serpents ſhape doth two and twenty make.
Nine lights doe ſhine in Orpheus Harp. Foure frames the Shaft a hye:
Foure fires doe flame in him that liſt the Troian to the Skye:
Ten ſparkes doe make the Dolphin clere: with eighteéne ſtars of night
Shines Pegaſus: and twenty giues Andromeda her light:
But thrée alone doth Delta beare. Now will I take in hand
To tell in verſe how many ſtarres in ſigne of Zodiake ſtand.
The Ram is firſt that xviii. lights doth in his body beare,
The Bull hath one and twenty ſtarres but ſeauen ſhining cleare,
Behinde his backe Vergiliæ are calde, and eke Atlantides,
As many in his head he hath, of ſhowers calde Hiades.
Eighteéne betwixt them haue the Twinnes, one ten the other eight.
And eighteéne hath the Crabbe about, two ſtands behinde him ſtraight.
That Aſſes, and the Stall, are namde. But next that clearely ſhine,
The Lyon gliſters there with ſtarres in number ten and nine:
The Virgin holding eares of Corne with eighteéne lights is cleare:
In Balonce foure, and fifténe in the Scorpion doth appeare:
And fifténe in the Shooter ſhines, before whoſe feete doth lye
A certaine Crowne where ſeuen lights doe gliſter to the eye.
The Goate hath two and twenty ſtarres, the Troian Boy fourteéne.
In the one Fiſhe eight and nine appeares: in the other twelue are ſeéne.
Now will I ſhewe what ſtarres there be in ſignes of Southerne ſide,
Though farre from vs they be, and ſcant can of our light be eſpide.
The monſtrous Fiſhe hath thirty lights alike ſort in Nilus flowes,

An enumeration or rehearſall of the Starres, their names and number as they be in the Zodiak and twelue ſignes celeſtiall.

Sixe hath the Hare, and seuenténe in great Orion showes,
With nineteéne flames the Syrian Dog, the litle Dog hath three.
The sides of Arcos brauely deckt with three and twenty be,
One starre doth Chiron more relay, the sacrifice in hands.
He holds eleuen hath, and deckt with foure the goodly Altare stands,
With six and twenty Hydra shines, thrée signes that lyes in length
And mates the Crab, the Virgin tayle and Lyon great of strength.
The Rauen shines with seuen starres, the Cup hath eight in sight,
The Southerne Fish with twelue doth cast abroade his starry light
The rising and the setting of the Signes let vs display.
Thrée sorts of wayes the starres doe rise, thrée sorts they fall away,
That rising called Cosmike is, the setting termde likewise,
When early in the East the signe, with Sunne is knowne to rise: The rising and the setting of the Starres
But whensoeuer any signe doth rise, or downeward fall,
And Sunne in setting, lets them shine, this terme we Cronicall:
And Heliake is the rising namde, when as the Sunne full nere
The signe lies hid, and passing thence, forthwith doth bright appere:
The Heliake setting that we call when as in any signe
The Sunne doth walke, and with his light permit it not to shine.
But now the rising of the Signes, and how they downe descend That is in the Month of March.
I will declare, if Muses aide and Phœbus be my freud.
When Ram doth rise then mounteth vp left part of Andromead
Unto the halfe ioyned therewith Sir Perseus flaming head:
Then backward comes the Bull aloft, who while he vpward hyes, In April.
All Perseus springs, and greatest part of Carter then doth rise,
And Thurlpoles tayle, and fading quite the Altar downe doth fall:
Then hides himselfe in flashing flouds, the Berward first of all.
With Twinnes doth all the whale arise, and former parts of Po, In May.
And with with this same Orion great all armed vp doth go:
Then he that holds the Snake with both his fete, the water tryes.
The Crab arising vp takes halfe the Crowne away from eyes, In Iune.
The tayle of Whale, the Southerne Fish and head of Kneeler lowe,
And halfe his Hanche: from knees to backe of him that Snake doth showe.
And all his Snake except the necke the Berward almost quite.
But now againe from girdle vp Orion comes to sight,
With all the course of Nilus great. These Signes beside doe rise
With Lyon fierce the Egle, Hare, and Dog of lesser sise, In Iuly.
The former legges of greater Dog, and head of Hydra springs:

But these against the Berward bote, and he that Serpent wrings,
With head and necke of Snake in hand, and part that did remaine
Of glistring Crowne, and Kneeler eke, (excepted yet againe
His left foote and his knee before) in westerne waues doe fall.
In August. With Virgin riseth whole the Dog, and Serpent vp doth crall,
Unto the Cups, and then appeares, the Ship of Thessaly,
As much as Mast and saile may showe. Contrary hid doe lie
These starres, the Dolphin, all the Swan, his taile except, the Darr,
The Scorpions clepe, and of the floud, of Nile the former part:
But Pegasus hides head and necke, the rest appeareth bright,
In September. All Argo with the Scales doth rise, and Bearward clere in sight.
Saue tippe of taile all Hydra seene, the right knee and the shinne
Of Kneeler downe, and Centaures taile, to shine doth then beginne:
Then mayst thou halfe the Crowne perceiue, the rest of Horse that flies,
And parts that hinder most doe stand of Swanne then hidden lies:
And all saue head the Whale doth set, his head in Seas doth hide:
Andromeda then shalt thou see, olde Cepheus downe to slide,
The Father of Andromeda, and downe in floods to fall
With hands, his shoulders, and his head. These shapes and figures all
With Scorpion rise: the Dragons taple, and Chirons horse appeare,
In October. And rest of Crowne and Sacrifice, that he in hands doth beare,
Also the Serpents head doth rise, and eke her helders head,
Then sits the part that doth remaine, of corse of Andromead,
And Cepheus sits from head to waist, and double winding way
Of Padus streames, and downeward then, doth fall dame Cassiopey,
Then first the Dog himselfe doth hide, and downe Orion flings.
In November. When as the Shooter vp doth rise, the Serpent holder springs,
With Serpent whole, the left hand and the head of Kneeler downe,
And all the Harpe, the breast and head, of him that ware the Crowne
Of Hethiops land King Cepheus cald. Then hidden quite doth lye
Orion, Hare, and greate Dog and Carter of the Skie,
Excepting onely head and feete, then Perseus downe doth fall,
In December. His right foote and his thigh except, the Ship (saue sterne) sits all.
When as the Gote ascendeth vp, the Swanne, and Shaft thereby,
The Altare and the Egle-fayre, begin to appeare in skye.
But sterne of Argo then descends, and lesser Dog doth hide
His starres in Sea, and vnder ground, therewith doth Perseus slide.
In January. When as of Ganimedes faire, the goodly starres doe rise,

Then

Then first the limmes of Pegasus, doe clime into the Skies:
Contrary wise the necke and head, of Dragon downe doth slyde,
And Chiron doth his hinder part, beneath the waters hide.
When as the Fishes twayne are brought, to rise aloft in Skie,
The right syde of Andromeda appeareth to the eye. In Februarie.
And he that Southerne Fish is calde: then both the bodies quite,
Of Dragon and of Centaure great, are taken from our sight.
Thus much of rising of the Signes and setting shall suffice,
Now let vs touch the rest that doth remayne, in spædy wise.
But first we must Vrania call, my verses herevnto, Vrania one of the nine muses: signifying, by interpretation, Celestis heauenly.
That she may ayde and succour sende, such secrets to vndo.
Vrania, thou that knowest the things, aloft that hidden lie,
That walkest oft by seates of God, and starrie temples hie:
Vrania beautifull, drawe nere, and open vnto me,
The secret seates of Gods aboue, and things that hidden be,
And helpe thy Poet, that in song, thy Scepters sækes to shewe,
And graunt the whirling Skies aboue, in minde that I may knowe.
And first good Lady shewe to me, if that the Skies aboue,
Consist of matter hard and thicke, or soft and apt to moue:
None otherwise than is the Aire, which well we may diuide:
This told thou shalt declare to me, straunge matters more beside.
Two syrings of nature chiefe there be, Materia and Forma namde:
Of these same twaine all kinde of things, that here we sée, are framd,
Of these the earth, the Seas, the ayre, and flaming fire syrings:
Wherefore they lie, that matter none, admit in Heauenly things.
For contraryes should then in them, be found (thus they do say)
And by this meanes corrupted quite, they should in time decay.
But as me sæmes, this reason here, doth from the truth decline,
For neither matter is in fault, if that in tract of time,
The bodies fade: nor contraries, themselues will thus vndo,
If that their forces equall be, and stronger none of two:
For when the strength and power is like, then equall is the fight,
And victorie on neither part, and neither side doth light,
Therefore God sæking in his minde, the heauens hie to make,
The chiefe and purest fined parts, of matter first, did take,
And tempted them in such a sort, that harme in them should cease,
And that the things contrarie thus, should still remayne in peace:
So lasses the Skye continually, and neuer doth decay.

The heauens are made of a hard and durable substance.

But for bicause the harder things, last longer farre away,
And take lesse hurt: therefore the skie, of all the hardest seemes,
More than the Diamonde, that fourme and fire it light esteemes.
And euery foyce, saue onely Gods, of whom it first take ground.
An other reason proues the same, for first that moueth round,
The Spheres beneath him turne about, & Westward the doth driue,
And roules them daily mouing round, though they contrary striue:
Which could not be if that they were, not hard assuredly.
Take there withall that part of Moone, the likest is to skie,
Which Sunne doth not behold, nor touch, with beames of brothers eies.
So Starres at noone are thought to be, in colour like to Skies,
Which Moone and Starres themselues be hard, and darke they also be:
The experience of the Eclipse doth declare apparantly,
For Moone betwixt doth hide the beames that from the Sunne do flow,
And suffers not the shining light, vpon the earth to showe,
Why should not this same hardnes here, vnto the Skies agree?
For neuer should it else hold fast the Starres that fixed be,
But wander farre abroade they would, nor one place them should hold,
Yet darke is not the firmament, as oft the Starres we tolde,
For placed here vpon the earth, the brest Starres we se:
And well our sight discernes the signes, that farthest from vs be.
Sith hardest are celestiall shapes, and purest eke are such,
Perchaunce they giue a sound besides: and sith they rule and touch,
They make some heauenly melody: as some that long agoe,
Both learnde and sober written haue: My Muse this doubt vndoe,
Though hard and many be the kindes, of heauenly bodies hie,
And though they subiect are to sight, of earthly humayne eye,
Yet noise for truth they none doe make. For nothing them doth beate:
Nor beaten would they more resound, that are most thicke and great,
And sith no ayre is there, without, the which no sound is made,
And therefore voide of noyse they runne in round and rouling trade.
Beside, the inferiour Cirles eight, gainewards the mornings seate,
Are turnd about one selfe same way, nor on themselues they beate
With meeting course, but passe one way, with easie rouling round,
As daunce in order compassing, about doe softly driue:
The Mouer first against them all, in course doth onely striue,
Yet noise doth it neuer make, ne soundeth it at all,
For aire there lackes, & outward parts of Spheres are smoth alway:

Whereby

Whereby they swiftly passe about, no roughnes them doth stay.
And easly thus with gentle touch their neighbours next are kist,
Wherefore their motion they doe make all silently and whist.
Therefore The fathers olde did erre, that earnestly beléeued
Spheres mouing to make Harmony, but not to be perceiued,
Because it past the eares of mamas is not heard at all
The rush of Nilus streames, where from the mountaines they doe fall,
But farther off the sound doth roare. They trifle thus to teach,
And fond and vaine the reason is, that herein they doe preach.
For if such things were neuer heard, why should they then deuise,
A sound amid the Skyes to be: Tis naught to enterprise
Of things to talke that neuer can be shewed or proued plaine,
That iustly may denyed be: no new things must we faine,
Except a trueth in them be proued. Where reason is away,
No faith nor credit must we giue, to words that men doe say.
But is the Heauen round my Muse, as fame of olde hath spide,
For compassed forme sáemes perfecter than all the rest beside,
Because it hath beginning none nor end in it doth lye,
Because it aye containeth most more fine and faire to the eye,
And apter is it to be moued, chiefly the middest about:
As Heauen turnd about the Earth, that hath her standing stout
In midst of all the world. This forme so worthy doth agrée
To Heauen, to the Sunne and Moone, and all the Starres we sée:
Though folly fond of Painters doth them otherwise deserye.
But are the Starres as some doe say the thicker part of Skye:
Not so: for euery one of them vnlike to heauen be.
Among themselues they differ eke, as Elme from Seruise tré,
As Peare from Cherry differeth, in fashion and in fruite:
Their diuers vertue this declares, and eke their sundry suite.
A power alone hath euery Starre, and nature eke at hand.
The Heauen therefore is but seate, and place where Starres doe stand,
No Substance thoe, or matter of them. What vertue hath the Skye:
All force and vertues in the Starres and glistring planets lye.
The Starres do guide the compast world, and euery change doth bring
The Starres create all things on earth and gouerne euery thing:
Thus teach the Astronomers, and thus the common fame doth flye.
Ne must we thinke in thicke and thinne the substance of the Skye
To differ from the Starres, but eke their natures diuers be.

The heauen is not consubstanciall with the Starres.

And sundry is their shape and force, and fashion that we see.
The bignesse of the Starres, and if their turning neuer stay,
And in what place they fixed be, (as Plato once did say)
And if they doyde of dwellers be, or any there doth dwell,
My Muse I would be glad to knowe, wherefore I pray thee tell.
All Starres are not of bignes like, for many lesse there bee,
And in such sort, as comprehend no man may them we see:
Some are againe of larger sise, in number fewe and fine,
That in cleare nights amid the skyes with gorgeous light doe shine:
Of which th'Astronomers haue framde, faire shapes & figures bright,
And pictured haue the heauens braue with signes of sundry sight.
Thus of this greater sort of starres, (as learnde in starres doe tell,
And as the Sunnes eclipse doth showe: wherein appeareth well
How great the Moone in body is while vnder him she glides,
And darkning all with shadowes blacke, hir brothers beames she hides)
Some doe in compasse farre exceede both seas, and earth, and all,
And bigger are their shining globes, though they doe seeme so small:
Because so farre from vs they be. For euery thing beside,
The farther it is from our eyes, the lesse in sight is spide,
And doth deceiue the lookers on. The starres that fixed be
(As Plato greatest Clerke doth say) are each in their degree,
About their Centres roulled round, and turnde continually,
And by this reason are they thought to twincle in the eye:
And not as certaine sayned haue, because farre off they bee,
Therefore they yelde a trembling light, to such as them doe see.
This reason surely is but vaine, and childish for to write,
For nothing seemes to twinckle tho, because tis farre from sight:
But dimmer then and lesse it seemes, nor twinckling can they be
Without a motion sure. Wherefore the Starres that first we see,
Doe moue together with the Sunne, as we declared late:
But Saturne Iupiter and Mars, doe moue in no such rate,
No more doth Moone, nor Mercury, nor Venus pleasant Starre:
But moue in litle circles that to them annexed are.
Why sparckles not Saturnus, Ioue, and Mars, as doth the Sunne?
Sith farther from vs in Spheares aloft more hye they runne:
Nor differ they in difference great from fixed starres aboue?
Because they doe not as the Sunne about their Centres moue,
But in their Epicicles roulle their bodies round about.

Whether all starres be of equal magnitude and bigneſſe.

Some

Some man (perchaunce it) so the Sunne doth sparckle, standes in doubt.
But if he shall the same beholde when first it doth appeare,
Or when in Winter time it falles, and settes in waters cleare,
When as his eye may best endure his sight thereon to cast,
He shall perceiue it plaine to turne, and eke to sparckle fast.
Let no man thinke this thing to be so great and strange to minde,
If all the gorgeous starres doe moue in such a sort and kinde:
Semes it not farre more wonderfull that Heauens compasse wide,
With such a motion swift about the world doth alwaies glide,
That byrdes, and windes, and lightnings flash, in swiftnes it doth passe:
Thus now the almighty Lord, by whom the world created was,
All things he maye, diuided in these two, Mouing and Rest.
But in the Centre, rest vpon the earth hir place possest:
In all the other motion dwelles. The streames doe swiftly flye,
The ayre and fiery flames on Earth doe moue continually.
But chiefly in the firmament hath mouing greatest spright,
And euery sphere the higher it is doth moue with greater might,
And swifter runnes about the world. Wherefore that Heauen hye,
That called is the Mouer first, with motion most doth flye.
But that the greatest motion is, that in the time most small,
Doth soonest runne his course about, the greatest space of all.
Thus would it runne about the world in twinckling of an eye,
But that the other Spheares doe let that vnder him doe lye,
Restraining it of course so swift, least that in turning round,
The Seas with it, it should conuey, and all the earthly ground:
For then no kinde of creature could leaue here this life in them.
O matter to be wondred at, who is not mazed? When
He wayeth with himselfe in minde so great a quantitie,
So farre to passe in so short time: and backe againe to flie,
And neuer for to ceasse his course, and labour none to feele:
Hereby doe some beleeue that Gods the world about doe wheele.
Of them to euery circle is a mouer strong assignde,
Who like as they that are condemnd in bakehouse for to grinde,
May neuer ceasse from turning round the skyes both day and night,
Nor though he would can once haue time to rest his weary spright.
Now surely happy is that God, that serueth in the same:
But these are toyes, and fanties fond of such as seeke for fame.
What store of fond Philosophers, and such as hunt for praise.

The earth brings forth it is not good to credit all he sayes,
Though great his estimation lie in mouthes of many men.
Though many Reames of paper he hath scribled with his pen.
For famous men doe oftentimes make great and famous lies.
And often men doe misse the truth, though they be neuer so wise:
Therefore must reason first be sought. For in such doubtfull things,
More credit Reason ought to haue, than mens Imaginings:
For such are often proues false. What thing doth reason say?
That Skies or Starres are moued of, Gods or of their proper sway?
What honour great, what kinde of toy, what pleasure can there be,
Unto these Gods that turne about the Skies continually?
That they for life of foolish man may needefull things prouide,
And that the Birds and sauage beasts and Fishes they may guide.
Becomes it Lords in such a sort their Seruants here to serue?
And Gods for euer to be thrall, that they may beasts preserue,
That they may foster Fooles and Knaues: is it not rather meete
For Gods to enioy their liberty, and pleasant freedome sweete?
That they may where they list goe walke least as in fetters tyed,
They can not passe from place to place, but still at home abide?
Or as the Potters plying still the wheele and lumpe of clay,
Can haue no time of quiet rest, nor steppe from place away?
Seemes it so sweete a sport to them the compasse round to moue,
Or can this labour neuer grieue the Gods that sit aboue?
O sentence, worthy to be marke, of graue and witty men:
But reason barres them this, and cryes contrary quite to them.
For nothing is eternall here but onely God alone,
And after him continuall be, the Natures euerychone
Of things that be of nothing made. But yet by sure decree,
That otherwise they cannot shewe than they appointed bee,
By him when first he framde the world, so still continuall shall
The Waters soft, the fier hote, the earth a stedfast ball,
So shall the Ayre for euer moue: So of necessity,
The Circles of the Heauens round shall turne continually.
So force and fashion euery Herbe deliuered doth retaine,
And euery tree, and euery beast that neuer time can staine.
As long as vnremouing state of nature doth endure,
As long as chaungeth not the will of God diuine and pure.
Wherefore if this Continuall be the course of Heauens bright,

It must be Naturall as shewes, in weightie things and light.
For what of nature proper is, doth neuer fele decay.
But if another moue the same, in time it falles away.
For no such state of violence, doth last continually.
Haue Heauie things & light more force, than state of starres & skie:
That they can moue of proper strength, and these can not do so:
Except of Gods they caused be, aboue in course to goe:
Then is the earth and fier farre, more noble than the Skie,
At least for this, because they neede, no helpe of moner by:
But of themselues from Centre they, or can to Centre flie.
Wherefore we must beleeue that these, celestiall states aboue,
Of proper force and of their formes, as fire and earth doe moue.
For Nature is of greater might, than mouer any one:
This nature onely God excelles: and him except alone,
No better thing than Nature is, nor in the world more hie.
I Nature call the fixed law, of him that guides the Skie,
Which from the worlds foundation first, to all things be assured,
And willde that it should stande in force, while age of world endured,
For this same lawe hath God vnto, the formes of things assigned,
That when frō thence do things proceede, formes wel fulfil Gods minde,
Ne can they once this order breake. For of their formes doe spring
Such things as he commaunded hath, who framde ech formed thing.
This true and proper Nature is, of higher state againe,
Then Matter or Forme as some haue taught, for certainly these twaine
Are rather springs of euery thing, or causes first aboue,
Or framers first, that nature fure, if truest name we loue:
Except we haue a better will, false names to giue such things.
But of this same enough we haue. Now strike we other strings.
And whether that the stately romes, of Heauen emptie be,
Or whether any dwellers there, haue place and souerainetie:
The present time doth me persuade, in wonted verse to singe,
Sith Heauen is so vast and wide, and such a gorgeous thing,
All garnisht round with glistring Starres so bright and faire to the eye,
Shall onely void and emptie it, and vnreplenish lie:
And earth and seas such dwellers haue: Or is the seas or ground,
A place more pleasant, faire and good, or more in compasse found?
Than all the Skie, by which they more, than Skies deserue to holde,
Such store of creatures faire and shapes, and fashions sundry folde:

Palingenius calleth nature nothing els but the lawe of God.

Whether heauen haue inhabitants or whether it be not possessed.

Is it a part of prudent Prince, to build a palace wide,
With golde and Marble beautified, throughout on euery side
And not (saue stable) to permit, there any man to lie,
And furnish out such goodly roomes, and sumptuous buildings hie:
For earth is stable to all the world, wherein all filth doth hide,
Dust, dyrt, dung, bones and carion, and lothsome things beside.
Who can at any time rehearse, the heapes of things vnsene,
That on the seas and earth appeare, and euer shall be sene:
Who knoweth not the showrs, the mists, the clouds and flakes of snow,
The force of windes and rage of stormes, that on the seas doe blow,
That shakes the earth and moues the ayre: Yet plainely may we see,
The seas and earth with sundry sorts, of creatures full to bee.
Shall then the heauens cleare be thought, as voide and empty made?
O rather voide and empty mindes, that thus your selues perswade.
For creatures doth the Skies containe, and euery Starre beside
Be heauenly towns and seats of saints, where Kings & Commons bide,
But perfect Kings and people eke, all things are perfect there:
Met shapes and shadows vaine of things, (as we haue present here,)
Which death soone takes, and time destroyes, defiles and driues away.
There, wise and happy folkes, and such as neuer doe decay
Doe liue, here misers dwell and men that certaine are to die,
And doltish fooles. There peace and light, and pleasure chiefe doth lie:
Here dayly warres, and darknesse blind, and euery kinde of paine.
Goe now, and prayse this world, and take delight in life so vaine,
Presume thou foole, than Heauens faire, the earth to set more by.
But some may doubt if that more strong than Diamond be the Sky,
And empty place is none therein, how Gods there dwelling bee,
And mouing there: this seemeth sure, with reason not t'agree.
Besides, since that the heauens bright, can not with plough be tome
Nor digd with spade, how there shall vines, and needfull graine be borne:
These are but toyes and laughing stocks: for though the skies be hard,
Yet passage haue the dwellers there, nothing their course hath bard.
For vnto these celestiall states the Maiestie diuine,
Appointed slender bodies hath, of substance light and fine,
So that no neede of doores they haue, nor yet of windowes wide,
For through the thickest walles they run, and through the Marble side,
So pure and fine their nature is, and of so strong a might.
Who, (if so be they neuer had beene subiect to his sight)

A pleasant Antithesis, decipherring heauen and earth by their seuerall circumstances

Of what metall the celestiall bodies are made.

Would thinke that fish in flouds should be: and Frogs in slime to breede:
And Salamander liue by fire: of ayre Chamelions feede,
And Greshops nourished with dewe: yet true this same we see,
And we confesse them wonderfull. For many things there be,
Which though we thinke can not be done, yet can, and oft are done:
Why could not God then creatures make, ẏ throughẏ earth should run
And of no meate nor drinke haue neede: if he so could he did:
Fond were it such a space to build, and leaue vnfurnished.
But Heaueners haue no neede, with plowe and spade for foode to striue,
Since that their bodies are not such, as foode doth keepe aliue,
For Gods doe neuer suffer thirst, nor Saints an hungred be,
In fine they neuer grieued are, with lack of pouerty.
Because beyond the Moone there dwells, no kinde of dolefull case:
For euery kinde of mischiefe, God vpon the earth did place,
And in the midst did them inclose, forbidding them the Skye:
O happy such as leade their liues, thus in those places hye,
That Nectar drinke, still fed with foode, of sweete Ambrosia greene,
Whereof in those Celestiall meades, abundance great is seene,
Woe happy and better is the life, of such as dwell aboue,
The higher they in heauen haue, their place to rest and moue,
For places such as in the Skies, are hier in degree,
Woe blessed are, and better farre, than those that lower bee.

The meate and drinke of celestial bodies, is immortalitie.

What are the blackish spots, that in the Moone we may beholde:
For of these same men diuersly, their fancies oft haue tolde,
Nought of it selfe doth shine in Skies, saue onely Phœbus cleare,
Of him the Moone receaues hir light, and Starres that glister there,
Who for because she is the last, of all the Starres on hie,
And lowest part of Heauen keepes, vnto the earth most nie,
She needes must darkest be of all: whereby, sith euery side
She hath not white, nor thick, nor pure, nor meete where light may bide.
For whitest parts, and thick, and light, Sunbeames at night receaue,
The other parts that are not apt, the same doth lightlesse leaue.
Thus in the night the Moone doth shine, but when the day giues light
Much like in shewe to spotted cloude, in skie she wareth white.
So Glosewormes in the night doe shine, but when the day returnes,
By light they lose their light againe, that in the euening burnes,
And then their proper coulour shewe, all fraude and guile away.
The night is meetest for deceits, true things appeare by day.

The cause why the Moone appeareth maculous and spotty.

Nowe

Now if the world eternall be, or if in time begonne,
It doth abide a finall end, when many yeares are done,
Whether the heauen be perpetuall and euerlasting &c. Is worthy to be vnderstoode. For of this question hy,
Haue diuers wisemen written bookes. He saith, He doth deny.
And Authors fansies differing, the thing doth doubtfull try,
So that the truth in secrete plight, all darke doth hidden ly.
Some thinke that it beginning had, and that the world did spring,
Of matter that for euer lasts, and force of mightiest King,
When as before it had no state: and say that these same twaine
Continued alwaies haue, and shall for euermore remaine,
Matter, and the Almighty Lord, from whence all things doe floe.
Some thinke the World of Nothing made: and those deny also
That any matter was before: but by the worde and Will
(Of God) all made. But others say so moued by reasons skill,
That neuer it beginning had, nor neuer shall haue end.
Of these whose sentence truest is: sure I shall condescend,
(But that Religion me forbids, and Christians that defend
The doctrine olde of Moyses bookes) to credit none beside,
But that the world hath alwaies béne, and alwaies shall abide.
For why might not this world haue béne for euer heretofore:
Because he could not doe it till time had taught him knowledge more:
And then at length he finisht it: and furnisht it with store:
Or could he alwaies it haue done, but would not better more:
What is the cause: why rather would he after than before:
Or elle what reason altered thus his minde to other trade:
If naught it were this world to make: why was it euer made:
But if it mete and profitable were this wide world to frame,
What is the cause that God so late created hath the same:
Wherefore hath it so short an age: For if we boldly may
Diuines beléeue, eight thousand yeares are not full past away,
Since Adam olde created was. Beside, whence doth proéede
The cause why God should make the world: for that he this did néede:
If so: he should at first it made, least he should greued bée,
The lacke of such a goodly thing so long a time to sée.
If not: why made he it in vaine: ought he for to deuise
The thing that to no purpose is: of fooles this is the guise.
Thereof then was some cause, but what: of trueth assuredly.
His Goodnesse great and mighty power, least that in vaine should lye

Those

These two shat vp in secret close, but rather open lie
To euery man, for mightie and good in vaine is comprehe-
By whom no great nor goodly thing, hath neuer yet bene wrought.
If God therefore was euer good, or euer mightie thought,
Why would he not haue alwayes built this goodly world we se:
Why let he such a thing till nowe of late differred be:
No reason truely can be found, except some subtile braine
Make more accompt of toyes then trueth, and foolish fancies fayne.
Wherefore, if we to Reason sticke then must we surely say,
That this same world hath euer bene and neuer shall decay.
But if that God say otherwise long since, and then did giue
To Moses knowledge of his workes, We Moses must beleeue:
Let reason alwayes yeld to faith, and there as prisoner leaue,
For God can not deceaued be, nor neuer doth deceaue.
If any time he doe vouchsafe by words with men to deale,
If that appearing vnto man, his secrets to reueale.
But they that first this Chaos, and continuall matter taught,
Doe trifle much. For why should God leaue it so long vnwrought.
If he forthwith could make the world, and at the first create
All kinde of things: In vaine it is for to deliberate
That presently may well be done. But some haue surely thought
Eternall state the world to haue of no Man made or wrought,
But of it selfe, as now it is, before all ages past,
And of it selfe, as now it is, for euermore shall last.
Which sure is false: for reason doth hir selfe this same deny,
For two most perfect things cannot in order euer lye:
But would fall out betweene themselues, and strife thereby maintaine,
Well, graunt that in a faithfull league they alwaies doe remaine.
In vaine two heads allowed are, for one shall well suffise,
Because at least same nature ought before the rest to rise.
And if before the rest she be, then is she cause of all,
For, formost cause doth alway frame the things that after fall.
Wherefore doubtlesse ỹ Almighty Lord, this world himselfe did make
Of nothing, and eternall too: but how: the reason take.
Eternall goodnes hath the Lord, Eternall power hath he,
May not likewise his will to make the world eternall be:
Which if it were, as reason shewes nought lets but world may bee
Continuall, built by workeman hie in such a faire degree.

A detection of the erronious opinion of some defending the eternity of the world.

As

As who soeuer grants the Sunne continuall to haue béne,
Must néedes confesse, the light thereof continually was séne:
Yet is the light the Sunnes effect, the Sunne the cause we call.
But let vs search the Elements and from the Heauens fall,
And not vnworthy things of them, let vs now vtter plaine.
The cause of fire in the aire, which some take for the falling of Starres.
Some men haue saide, that vnderneath the Skies, a fire doth rayne
Nére to the Moone, but voyde of light and kindling hastily,
And wondrous hote which to be true, doth perfect reason try.
For in the night we may behold, the fire in Skies to flye,
And flashing flames throughout the aire, & Starres do shote from hie.
Which doth procéede of damps, that in the aire, doth rise more hie,
And burned is by force of fire that there aloft do lye.
For of two sorts is vapoure, one light, dry and soone begonne
To fire, whereby the flaming sighes in Skies are causde to runne,
The other more colde, more mightie and grosse, ingendred of the same
Are showrs & clouds and snows & mists and winds with flashing flame,
And thunder, hailestones, dew and rayne. If fier were none aboue,
No vapour there could kindled be, in euenings darke to moue.
Moreouer, since in lightnesse thus the fire doth ayre excell,
No remedie, but nædes it must haue hier place to dwell.
His seate therefore is vnder Skies, and next to moone doth lie.
Beneath this fire hath ayre his place, which in his parts most hie
A feruent heat of fire doth take. The middle parts most colde:
Doth thunder, clouds, and lightnings brèd, and tempestes sundry fold.
The lowest parts is warme and moist: for vapour that doth rise,
From flouds continually it moystes ascending towards the Skies,
And warmd it is by beames of Sunne that backe from earth rebound.
Here mistes & showrs and pleasant dews and snowes, & frosts are found,
With sundry sortes of windes do brède: for no small powre is dealt
Unto these winds, and oftentimes their force in ayre is sealt.
These can in time of Summer cause, the nipping colde to come,
And in the winter season sende abroad the warming Sunne.
These can both giue and take away from vs our corne and grayne,
These can both brèd, and beare away great sicknesses and paine.
For out of the East doth Eurus blow. And from the Libian coaste
Doth Auster come, and Zephyrus from westerne parts doth post,
But Boreas blastes in Scythean hilles and Northerne parts doth rise.
More windes there are besides, all rule the ayre that lower lyes,

And

And with the ayre both land and sea. Of windes the Cloudes doe breede,
And from ẏ Clouds do flakes of Snow & Showers of Raine proceede:
Dewes, Lightning, Hayle and early Frosts: but yet with diuers times,
And eke by sundry wayes and meanes, and blasts of sundry windes.
Whereof, such as from South do blow, breeds clouds & showers, & heat,
But those that from the Scythian parts doe come, cause coldenes great.
From these comes yse and snowes and froste when winter dwelleth here:
But in the Summer time they serue to make the weather clere.
The western winde breeds flowers, & ground with green doth new aray,
And giues the birds a cause to sing and filles the woods with May.
Oft times the Easterne winde is good, yet now and then doth raise
Such tempests great, that seas and land by force thereof it frayes.
These windes the ayry sprites aboue, or Starres abrode doe send,
And oft when as the Coniurer, for treasure doth intend
In earth to delue, or consecrate his booke in Magike wise
Some sprite to binde, then haue I heard that winds which then did rise
And sodaine storme hath laid the corne, & grapes did downeward fling.
The matter making windes is mistes that from the flouds doe spring,
The cause that moueth them are sprites that in the ayre doe dwell,
But this will not the common sort allow, nor credit well.
What then? cast not such precious pearls to Dogs or filthy swine:
Beleeue it you that learned are, whose mindes are more diuine,
That not alone in Skies but in the ayre, there thousands be
Of sprites that moue the raging winds, and tempests that you see,
And thunder downe with lightning throw. Yet doe I not deny.
But other causes are that blasts of windes are moued by,
As Sunne and Moone and Starres, but chiefe, the seuen which they name
The wandring starres that of these mists, effects doe diuers frame.
I saw while as at Rome (Pope Leo the tenth there reigning than)
I was, a peece of potters worke, and picture of a man,
That from his mouth of streightest sise, a mighty winde did blowe,
For all his brest being hollow made with water full did flowe,
Which being with heate of fire resolude, out of his mouth it went
In mighty winde, and farre from it the force thereof was sent.
This proues the winde proceedes of flouds that thus resolued be,
While vapour mounting vp is forst by meanes of heate to flie,
For contraries doe euermore eche other driue away.
In this same lowest part of ayre as we before did say,

The

In the lowest region of the Aire appeares the Blasing starre.

The blasing starres doe oft appeare, that fall of Prince doth showe.
And there with diuers colours died, appeares the stormy bowe:
This same the beames of Sunne doth cause, that on the cloudes we sée,
The other made by some one starre, of them that mouers bée,
Which while the vapour vnderneath, doth shape thereof receaue,
Appeares a tayle, and in the cloudes, his flaming light doth leaue,
Like as the Circled mist that doth incompasse round the Moone,
The Circled mist (as men doe say) a signe of winde to come.
As when thrée Sunnes are thought to shine, and yet they are not thrée,
But shapes of Sunne that framed in clouds, as in a glasse we sée.

But vnderneath this ayre so grosse, and lowe, the Seas haue place:
The Ocean Seas that all the earth, in circuite doe imbrace,
Which passing through ỳ narow straits, where Hercules pillers shows,
It spreds it selfe, and thus abrode both farre and wide it flowes.
And this is namde by sundry names. Aegæan flouds it makes,
Ionian, Tuscan, Adriatike, Red Seas and Persian lakes.
This Sea doth search the secrete caues, that low in earth doe lye,
And euermore doth ebbe and flowe, and tasteth diuersly,
As diuers is the earth, by which he doth his passage make,
And of the brimstone sulphured veines, doth smell of brimstone take.
This is the cause that flouds their course maintaine continually,
For to their springs they oft returne, and oft to seas they flye,
And roll and passe from place, and round in compasse driue,
And doe preserue the earth as blood preserues the corse aliue.
The selfe same flouds doth make that lakes, and fennes of filthy ayre,
And cleare and Cristall running springs, and welles for euer fayre.
In fine from Ocean seas proceédes, all course of waters here,
That round about the world retaines. This made the waters cleare
That part beneath the earth doe lie, and part aboue doe runne,
And such besides as from the cloudes of Hellish dye doe come.

But wherefore is the Seas so salt? doth it of nature spring?
I thinke not so For euery tast that seas with them doe bring,
Doth fetch his cause from out the earth: for in the earth are found,
Great hilles of salt that vnderneath the waters déepe are drounde,
Seas sucks this salt and doth resolue it into water cleare.
Thus Salt not Sunne, is cause that saltnes doth in Seas appeare.
For why doth not the Sunne likewise, of Ponds, salt water make?
For all such parts of earth, as were not méete for man to take

Sea, how it commeth by Saltnesse.

Because

Because they were to full of salt, hath nature vnderlayde
The Ocean seas vnder fruitfull parts, to vs she hath displayde,
Wherein are mountains, hils and clines, rocks, fields, and valleyes lowe,
Straits, coastricts, riuers woods & pōds, lakes, springs & streams y flow
Small townes, great cities, boroughs & holds in stones & metals pure.
Such things whereby the life of man the better doth endure,
The rule of all this earth and goods, to man the Lord did giue,
And made him King of euery kinde, in seas or land that liue:
And wit and reason to him dealt, by which he might excell
And guide the world, and serue his God, him loue and worship well.

The necessary parts of the earth which Nature hath reserude to the vse and commodity of man.

Amid this earth a Centre lies, whereby it is sustainde,
For thither falles eche waighty thing, as God at first ordainde.
That neuer of their proper force, can from this Centre flye,
And therefore fixed stands the earth, and in the midst doth lye
Sustained with his heauy waight, that fast on euery side,
To Centre runnes and frames a ball, both darke and thicke, and wide:
About the which with Crimson horse, the Sunne is alwaies led
And on the part contrary still, the darkesome night is spred.
For nothing else but shade it is, of earth and waters great,
Which shadow if in night it chaunce, vpon the Moone to beat,
Doth cause Eclipse, and filles with feare, the wofull gazers hart,
Supposing that oppressed she is, with charme of Magike art.
This shadow makes the longest nights, when farthest from vs burnes
The flaming Sunne, and shortest when, to Northerne signes he turnes.
The cause thereof is swelling earth, and stately mountaines hie,
Which subtile nature hath deuised, in place betweene to lie,
That with their tops in change of time, the nights they alter may.
For loke when nearer vnto South, the same doth keepe his way,
Then farther forth their shadowes darke, these hilles aboue doe fling
Such shades as hide the light and cause, the day more late to spring.
And force the day in shorter time, and space his course to end.
Then frosty winter vnto vs, his quaking cold doth send,
Then Summer makes the Indians blacke, with raging heate to frie.
But when the Sunne returneth backe, to toppe of Cancer hie,
Then shorter are the nights with vs, and heate beginnes againe,
Then winter vexeth those with colde, that vnder vs doe raine.
Thus doth the Sunne with diuers course, both alter times and tides,
And in foure equall parts the space, of all the yeare diuides:

And rolling round about the earth, both nations serueth well,
Both them that vnder vs doe liue, and them aloft that dwell.
For men liue also vnder earth, not onely woods and streames,
For nature willde that Sunne & day, in vaine should cast their beames,
And onely serue for brutish beasts, and sorts of swimming kinde,
For all the earth is dwelt vpon, no place therein we finde,
Nor any Clime there is, but there mortall men may dwell,
And finde out places fitte for them, and seates that serue them well:
Though colde extreme, or to much heat, raine there continually,
Where nature mischieles doth permit there plants she pleasure by.
And wise she mixeth sowre with sweete, and where diseases raines,
There hath she pointed remedies, that can release the paines.
Therefore whersoeuer to much heate, anoyes the inhabitant,
No mountaines colde nor cooling blasts, no shadowing trées doe want,
Nor pleasant streams with store of springs, whose coldnes may defeate
The harmes that happen vnto man, by force of raging heate.
Besides, the night hath equall length, there all times with the day,
Which with an euen cooling force, doth heate of Sunne alay.
Whereby we iudge the middle Zone, not voyde nor empty lyes
But peopled well, by nature safe, and meanes that they deuise.
So th'vtter Zones where as they say, no kinde of people dwell,
With snowes and yse all couerd still, men may inhabite well,
As reason good doth vs perswade, for there great store of wood
Doth alwaies grow, and garments there, are made both great and good
With furres of sundry sorts of beasts: and stones are many there,
Wherewith men well may warme themselues, & winter nothing feare.
And bitter colde by any meanes, they well may driue away.
Nor foode conuenient doe they want, but Cotes as home they may,
(Or brought from other countreyes) haue, and dainty kinde of fare.
Wherefore it is not true that some, brought vp in Greece, declare,
That nature onely hath assignde, a Zone of smallest size,
For man to dwell, and all the rest, that voyde and desert lies,
Alone to serue for beast and fish: this would vnworthy seeme,
That nature graunting greater place, to beasts them best esteeme.
Wherefore if he may be beleeued, that trueth doth plainely tell,
No place there is vpon the earth, but men may safely dwell.
Dame natures aide in nothing doth, sustaine or seele decay,
And wit of man the hardest things, doth breake and beare away.

Now

Now last because vnto the ende, with haste apace we hie,
And time doth will vs to attempt, the actes of the Skie:
Therefore I briefly will declare, the cause why earth doth quake,
What force doth driue it for to moue, what might doth make it shake.
And thus we may be bolde to thinke, that in the earth belowe,
Are many caues and mightie dawes, where boistrous winds do blow.
Wh ich whilst with force they rage and striue, vpon the earth they beate,
And in this rage do ouercome, the walles and Cities great,
Till breaking out at some one place, with force abrode they flie,
And blowe abroade in puffing ayre, not long in rest they lie.
These winds are bred within the earth of damps, which firy heate,
Doth drawe from moisture neere about, for many fires great,
The earth within doth nourish still, a wondrous thing I tell,
But yet no fained thing I shew, he can beare witnesse well,
Who so hath Aetna euer seene, or bathes of waters hot,
Or who so knowes the wonders of Vesevus diuey plot.
These winds the wicked spirites do moue that in the lowest Hell,
Possesse their place, and in the depth of dongeon darke do dwell.
For trifles surely are they not, nor words of vanitie,
That of the Stygian lakes, and of Auernus spoken be.
No place doth voide or emptie lie, but dwelt in euery where,
Both vnder earth and on the earth, in ayre and firy sphere,
In Skies and eke aboue the Skies, where Heauen shineth bright,
Where as the glistering palace stands, of Prince of greatest might,
That owner is of all the worlde. My Muse adieu, farewell:
And finally prepare thy selfe, thy ending tale to tell.

The cause of Earthquakes.

Pisces, the twelfth Booke.

MOst glorious Gou, almightie King, thou Parent chiefe of nature,
Whose wisdome great this wondrous worke of nothing first did frame
And gouernes it and euermore preserues it day by day,
The spring and end of all that be, to whome all things obay,
Than whom more great, more good, or fayre, is nothing, nor more hie.
That blessed liuest for euermore, aboue the starry Skie:
My minde desiring now to thee to clime doth nothing nede,
Apollo, Muse, Parnassus hill, or springs that wont to fede.

The pratling Poets, fansies vaine when as they list to write
Disguised tales, that frantike heads of countre Clownes delight.
For, other ayde, and other grace it needfull is to haue,
And streames of other fountaynes swéete I thirstie now do craue,
I thée beséech and humbly pray, on thée alone I call,
That this my worke of late begonne and labour last of all
Thou fauour wilt and grant me grace, to touch the appointed end:
O Lord thy Holy Spirit vouchsafe into my heart to fende,
Wherewith inspirde, I may beholde the secrets of thy reigne
And others teach, and with my verse immortall honour gaine.
A fort there are that doe suppose, the end of euery thing
Aboue the heauens to consist, and farther not to spring,
So that beyonde them nothing is: and that aboue the Skies
Hath Nature neuer powre to clime, but there amazed lies.
Which vnto me appeareth false: and reason doth me teach,
For if the end of all be there, where Skies no farther reach
Why hath not God created more? because he had not skill,
How more to make, his cunning staied and broken of his will?
Or for because he had not power? but trueth both these denies,
For power of God hath neuer end, nor bounds his knowledge ties
No kinde of thing may God conclude, nor limits him assigne,
Nor proper force doth once restraine the Maiestie diuine.
Great things I tell, and reason great shall also this defend,
If any thing the powre of God may end or comprehend,
Then is the thing more strong than God. For what thing can be found,
That if he haue not greater force, another thing can bound?
But nothing passeth God in powre, nor stronger is than he?
Therefore he neither can nor will with limits compast be.
For who woulde haue his force restraynd, when that he may be fréé
And walke abrode where as he list, with powre at libertie?
No Man there is that doth desire himselfe for to abase,
But rather all men arrogate, to them a higher place,
And alwayes séeke for to enhaunce the state that here they leade,
And though their wings be large and wide yet farther them to spreade,
Will God then, while he may be greatest of powre omnipotent,
His proper force himselfe restrayne and liue in limits pent?
This surely doth not well agréé, nor ought to be beléeued
That God hath bounds, if that of none he euer them receiued,

God is incomprehensible.

Nor

Nor hath aſſigned to himſelfe as we before did proue.
These things foretolde, we this conclude: the workes of God aboue
Undouted for to be, least that his Powre and Maiestie,
And Knowledge should be counted vaine. For if aboue the Skie
He could and might haue framed more, and goodlier things by much,
But would not then in vaine is all his powre and knowledge such.
For if that any man haue skill and cunning in an art,
And neuer will in practise put the knowledge of his harte
In vaine he should vnto himselfe procure a workemans name.
In vaine with worldes he should commit, his facultie to fame,
Which should be rather Folly cald and not a Faculcie.
But in the State diuine of God and Glorious maiestie,
We must beleeue is nothing vaine since Godliest is the same:
This God what so euer he could doe assuredly did frame,
Least that his vertue were in vaine, and neuer should ly hid.
But since he could make endlesse things, it must be thought he did,
And all his power therein employed so that there did remaine,
In him no kinde of power or force that idle were or vaine.
But learned Aristotle sayth there can no body bee,
But that it must of bounds consisters this doe I agree,
Because aboue the Skies no kinde of body we doe place,
But light most pure, of body voyde, such light as doth deface
And farre extell our shining Sunne, such light as comprehend
Our eyes cannot, and endlesse light that God doth from him send,
Wherein together with their King the Spirites that are more lyte
Doe dwell, the meaner sort beneath in skies doe alwayes lie.
Therefore the reigne and portion, of the world consists in three,
Celestiall, Subcelesticall which with limits compast bee:
The Rest no bounds may comprehend which bright aboue the Skie
Doth shine with light, most wonderfull. But here will some replye
That without body is no light, and so by this deny
That light can neuer tho be found aboue the heauens hy.
But at vs vainely doth he barke, in vaine he doth contend,
For Reason doth my words approue and Veritie defend.
I pray the shew what is the cause that here the Sunne doth shine?
Because his matter giues him light or rather forme diuine,
That doth so great a Globe containe: for Forme and Fashion gay
To all things State of being giues, as Nature searchers say:

With whom we alſo not agrée, the ſame doe plainely ſhowe
That Fourme, no Matter makes the ſun to ſhine. Frõ Fourme doth flow
All kinde of force and comelineſſe. And if ſo great a light,
Aſſigned be to bodily Fourmes why ſhould we in this plight,
Denie that incorporeall ſtates, may any light containe:
Since that more pure and fine they are, and farther farre againe.
Wherefore the ſpirites and ghoſts about, do ſhine with wondrous light,
Although it cannot be diſcernd, of our corrupted ſight:
So that among theſe Saints, the more their ſtate and power is hie,
With brighter beautie much they ſhew, and greater maieſtie,
No gold, no pearls nor precious ſtones, no pompe of purple gowne,
Doth them as it doth vs ſet out, but light is their renowne.
And as the Sunne amongſt the ſtarres, doth ſhine with goodlieſt light,
So ſhines among the Saints aboue, the Lord of greateſt might,
And neuer parkeneth them a whit, but makes them all to ſhine,
Such is the goodneſſe of his grace, and maieſtie diuine.

But here perchance he will obiect, that in the ayre doth lie,
No ground of light, and ſince no ayre there is aboue the Skie,
He will denie that there is light. But now he lies agayne,
For ayre is not the ground of light, nor as ſome fondly faine,
Is light in ayre, but contrary, the ayre in light doth dwell.
If reaſon what, nor Ariſtotle doth ſay, he marketh well.
For if without the doores faſt ſhut, a candle burning bright,
Or by ſome cliſt the fier ſhine in houſe all voide of light,
And ſome there with the ayre about, the beames with ſtriking ſhakes,
The aire is forſt to paſſe the light, but light no mouing makes.
And if the ayre were ground of light, then with ove motion ſo,
Both ayre and light ſhould moued be, and both together goe.
Beſide, if that in time of night, a man with torch in hand
Should paſſe, the light doth places chaunge, but aire doth quiet ſtande,
Which if to light it ſubiect were, it ſhould continually,
Go wander place by place with light, and ſtill keepe company.
But now this ſame is nothing ſo, but doth contrary proue,
For light doth paſſe when ayre doth ſtay, and ſtill with torch doth moue:
Whereby it appeares that light doth not the ayre as ſubiect neede,
But well may ſtand and well without, the vſe of ayre procéede:
Eſpecially the light of God, whereof a part doth paſſe,
Into our ſunne and there is kept, containde, as in a Glaſſe.

For

For as within his proper ſpheare, that vnder Wome doth lie,
No fier can diſcerned be, by force of any eye,
But if that any matter chaunce, to kindle with the fame,
Then Starres doe fall and firy ſtreams in Summer nights doe flame,
And other ſights that feare the mindes, of men in dreadfull wiſe:
So light of that ſame glorious God, can not be ſéne with eyes,
But fixed in the Sunne it ſhines: becauſe the matter cleare,
Whereof the Sunne is made, is fit and apt for light t'appeare.
For God hath framde it in ſuch ſort, as there his light may liue,
And ſhine, creating day and life, and goodly things beſide.
That light doth alſo ſhine in ſhapes, of ſundry ſacred ſprites,
Though not alike to all: as Starres ſhine not with equall lights,
But ſome more bright than others be, as they are ſet before.
And as a candle can giue light, to many candles more,
And yet doth neither loſe, nor leſſe, his beauty burning bright,
So light of God decreaſing not, to other Saints giues light.
But ſome perchaunce will here demaund, & doubtfull queſtion finde,
If that beſides this light that I, declarde of endleſſe kinde,
Doth any other thing conſiſt, without the world ſo great.
Though this be neither méete nor fitte, for mortall men t'entreat,
Yet will I proue to paſſe the path, wherein no Poet yet,
That hath béene hitherto before, might euer ſet his féete:
And will attempt to bring to light, the treaſures hie in place,
Of God if he be pleaſde, and helpe with his accuſtomed grace.
Firſt muſt we graunt that God is ſpring, and Father eke of all,
Who made all things and beſt Beſt and Chiefe him may we truely call.
Therefore where ſo euer God abides, his glory there is found,
And euery good and gracious light, doth in that place abound.
And thus what ſo euer good, the earth the ſeas or ayre containes,
All this is ſéene in place whereas, the Lord almighty raines:
And though no matter be in ſuch, yet iudge not thou therefore.
They being lacke, for perfecter, and fairer they be more,
Than things that are of matter made, whereof aboundeth ſtore.
For forme that can it ſelfe ſuſtaine, without this matters hand,
Is perfecter than that which voide, of matter cannot ſtand.
Therefore all ſpoyle of matter there, things perfect are and pure,
And in deſpite of fretting age, and force of fate endure.
And ſtore of goodly things are there, that in this worldly light,

God hath not made, frō which proceeds, great ioyes & Saints delight,
Such ioyes as tongue of mortall man, can neuer full define,
Such ioyes as neuer can decay, with space of any time.
These incorporeall formes were knowne to minde of Plato hie,
Although the enuious sort doe scorne, his bookes full bitterly.
But euery man doth not aspire, these mysteries to know,
And fewe them finde to whom the LORD aloue, doth fauour showe,
And giues to them his light that they, these things may plaine beholde.
In fine, there sprites and Angels are, as many thousand folde,
As all the woods contayne in leaues, or all the shores in sand,
Or all the Fishes in the seas, or starres in Skies that stand,
Yea, number none can them contayne. For since that God could frame,
Them numberlesse, he sure so did, the more to spread his name,
Especially since that the world, doth void of limits lie,
As is before declared plaine, and reason strong doth try.
But since they voide of body be, and Matter all away,
Therefore they neuer chaunge in time, nor age doth them decay,
No griefe they feele, nor sleepe nor foode, at any time they craue,
Nor labour knowe, but ioyfull youth continually they haue,
And freedome chiefe, no bondage there, no seruants in degree.
Nor none there are that there compels, nor none compelled bee.
One onely Lord they doe confesse, the King and spring of all,
Him worship they, and him they loue, and serue in generall.
They willingly doe him obey, and serue in euery thing,
Reioyceing all his laud and praise, and wondrous actes they sing.
Ech one doth there apply himselfe, to please with goodly grace,
No fighting there, no cancred spite, nor enuie can they place,
Continuall peace there florisheth, great loue and concorde great:
Among them is suspicion none, no craft nor false deceat.
In fine, the goodliest part it is, Of all the worlde beside,
And farre more worthy are the sprites, that in this place abide,
Than those that in the Skies do dwell, and in the Starres to lie,
For looke as lower euer spheare, doth come to earth more nie.
The meaner sprites it doth contayne, and meaner goods doth giue,
And so much baser is the same. Whereby such things as liue,
Aboue the Skie, as they most faire, as good, and blessed showe,
So those that in the bowels darke, of earth doe dwell belowe,
Are most ysfauoured, vile, and ill, and there not all in vayne,

The

The ſtinking lakes and ſoules of Hell to be, the Poets faine:
Of Hell, where men do after death, their paines for miſchiefe take,
And vainely ſeeke for reſt and peace, in euer darkned lake.
But wherefore waſte I words in winde, and ſtriuing all in vaine,
Doe ſeeke vnto ſuch Buzzards blinde the trueth to open plaine:
So fore the ſtate of mankinde dotes, that it will neuer knowe.
That either Gods, in Heauen be, or ſpirites in Hell belowe.
But moſt men laugh, if any man, do tell them credibly,
That after death the ſoules doe liue, and neuer more doe die,
Hence ſpringeth it that night and day, they richeſſe ſeeke to gayne,
This is the greateſt carke and care, their greateſt toyle and payne,
That they in Gold and Iewels may, their neighbours farre excell.
Golde is the thing that all men ſeeke, in golde their hope doth dwell.
For this runnes into raging warres the Captayne ſtout of minde.
For this, his Children, wife, and houſe, and countrey left behinde,
The Merchaunt cutting foming ſeas, in ſhip with ſayles ſet out,
Aſſayes the blewe and dreadfull gulfes, and coaſtes the world about.
Eche man doth practiſe craft and theft, this golde to keepe in ſight,
Golde euery man deſires and loues, golde pleaſeth euery wight.
Ne feare they any kinde of paines, that after death is due.
O altogether earthly men, that onely in the viewe,
From beaſtes are knowen. Can you nought els than gold to knowledge (call
By which a wiſe man from a fole, do differ nought at all:
Wherewith fond fortune ill men ofte, abundantly doth feede?
Learne you that many things there are that Gold do farre exceede,
Which vnto fooles and wicked men, of God not giuen be,
Theſe are the vertues: Godlineſſe, Iuſtice and Prudencie
And Wiſedome paſſing farre the reſt. Theſe goods who doth retayne,
A mortall God is and the ſame immortall man, agayne
That after death ſhall happie be: but he that hath them not,
And ſtaines himſelfe with filthy ſinnes, (when death his ſhaft hath ſhot)
Shall headlong into Hell be caſt where fire is fierce and hote.
Theſe are not trifles, tales or dreames, but true and ſure they be,
Yea moſt aſſured, beleeue it well, you blind, beleeue you me.
Wo be to you if that you will, not me herein beleeue,
For life ſhall quickely you forſake, and then you ſhall perceyue.
That I ſayd true, euen then when as your ſoules in Hell ſhall lie:
You laugh, but this your ioy ſhall change, to teares and grieuous cry.

The time ſhall come when many men, that now in welthy pryde
Doe beare the ſway, and ſcornefully both God and Man deride,
All naked, bare, in miſery, and wretched caſe ſhall lie,
And ſhall of others aide require, with piteous wofull crie.
Wherefore O you that haue delight in good and Godly things,
Indued with a better minde whoſe rootes from heauen ſpringes,
Theſe earthly goods that as the cloudes away doe ſwiftly flye,
Which Fortune vnto Fooles and Knaues, doth giue moſt commonly,
And which a fewe yeares ended once doth death take cleane away
Regarde not much, nor in ſuch things your hope or treaſure lay.
Seeke you no more than that, which is for life ſufficient,
A ſmall thing certes will ſuffice, with litle liue content.
But let your chiefe delight be in the ſacred ſeates on hie,
Seeke heauenly things with all your force, to this your minde apply,
In heauen are the perfect Goods, that euermore remaine
Which neuer fooliſh dolt ſhall haue, nor wicked man obtaine.
In Earth whatſoeuer doth delight, are Trifles all and toyes,
Which Fooles and beaſtly people ſeeke, and count as chiefeſt ioyes:
For which, a thouſand hazards great, they raſhly vndertake,
And offring vp their fooliſh breſtes to death they ſkirmiſh make,
Of this they boaſt. The Byrde doth in dong reioyce to lie.
Things filthy, filthy folkes doe loue, and villaines villanie.
Leaue earthly things, to earthly mindes. Let ſwine in durt delight,
And let your onely trauaile be, to gaine the heauens bright.
The goodlyeſt things, doe beſt become the men of beſt degree:
And valiant things moſt meeteſt are, for them that valiant bee.
The earth is but a Chery fayre: God hath to you aſſignde
The heauens for your countrey ſweete, your countrey ſeeke to finde,
That when from bonds of body, you eſcaped are and gone,
And leſt your fleſh for dogges to feede, or wormes to gnaw vpon:
You there may alwaies happy liue, from fleſh vncleane exempt,
And lame, and often weary limmes, wherein whilſt you were pent,
Remaining in 1 The vale of teares and in the 2 Mortall raine,
Both many harmes and ſickneſſes and griefes you did ſuſtaine.
For ſo the earth may called bee which is the 3 Stable ſure
Of all the world, the 4 Mother and the nource of vice vnpure,
Whereas the raging Deuill dwels, the King of ſinfull kinde:
Wherefore, it needefull is that you haue often death in minde,

And

And with your selues consider well, how neere the bone he stands,
Still threatning with his deadly dart, in pale and dreadfull hands,
How sodainely he strikes therewith, how oft he doth destroy
The lustie youth, and takes away our fayre and flowring ioy.
O fading life that subiect art to thousande casualties,
O to to short and doubtfull state, that smokelike from vs flies,
Now this, now that man dyops away, and that this present day,
To morrow I: thus at the last we all doe passe away,
None otherwise than simple sheepe, that Butcher hath prepard
In folde to kill, nowe these now those, with knife he striketh harde.
To morrow other the next day moe, thus all in time they die,
Till that by this his slaughters great, the folde doth emptie lie.
This fading life therefore despise, which first begtinning takes
With teares, his midoest is toile and grief, and death conclusion makes
Who will delight in such a life except a foolish braine:
Seeke you an other life to haue, an other life to gaine,
Whereas no mourning griefe, or paine, whereas no death is founde,
This happie state you shall receaue, when carcasse comes to ground.
You that haue hated sinne, and God haue worshipped holilie,
And haue not put your confidence, in things that worldly be,
But chast, vnhurtfull, milde, and true, haue liued in pure degree.
But some, perchance, that thinke how Gods, do dwel in heauens clere,
Would also learne some wayes or meanes, (if any such there were)
By which they might with them haue talke, and see them face to face:
O what a goodly thing were this, and what a wondrous grace,
Than which no greater thing on earth, I thinke can man obtayne,
But fewe deserue so great a state and honour for to gayne:
For many I graunt with diuels talke, which easily they entise,
By humble prayers inade to them, or meanes of sacrifice,
Since farre they be not from the earth, but in the ayre doe lye,
And oftentimes beholde, and keepe the people companie,
Yea vnto many they appeare, and serue them willingly
And with the beautie great of youth enamoured oft they be,
But Gods that in the heauen dwell the things that mortal be,
Disdayne to knowe and wicked factes of men abhorre to see:
As they that dwell doe vnderstande, how foolish, and how vile
Mans nature, is nowe False and bold and eke how full of guile,
Despiser and blasphemer of the chiefest maiestie.

Where

Wherefore to haue the ſpeach of them, and ſée them preſently,
Is labour great, and ſeldome had, becauſe their eares they cloſe
To voyce of man, and turne away their eyes, from gifts of thoſe
Which after that they be enricht with ſéedes that others ſow,
A portion ſmall of others goods, vpon the Church beſtow,
Thinking that Heauen may be ſolde, O two legged aſſes blinde
Thinke you that God is couetous: and precious ſtones doth minde:
Or hath delight in glittering gold: or néedes your helpe to haue:
Doe you ſuppoſe that he is ſuch as doth your Fauour craue:
Thinke you that bribes can him corrupt, as many men they doe:
No ſure he is not got with golde nor gifts he loketh to:
When he that lines in happieſt ſtate and bleſt on euery ſide,
When his are all that earth conteines, or Seas or heauens wide.
How can you giue to God the things that his already be?
Doth not he rather giue to you the things that here you ſée?
Therefore ſince neither they with gifts nor vowes will once be moued
Them preſently to ſée and view it is not lightly proued.
Although the matter be ſo hard, yet will we paſſe the way,
And what our force in this can doe by proofe we will aſſay.
Firſt néedes we muſt the Meanes finde out that God doth beſt content,
Who is not moued with noble bloud nor vnto Riches bent:
No King nor Keiſar he reſpects nor Triumphs doth eſteéme,
Ne careth he for ſuch as are moſt ſtrong, and fatreſt ſeéme,
But theſe doth vtterly deſpiſe nor for the loue of men:
Vouchſafes the prayers to beholde or preſent ſight of them.
Thus muſt we ſéeke an other way, by which we may obtaine,
Their ſpeach and preſence for to haue. Perchaunce my verſes plaine,
This way and meanes ſhall bring to light: if that the Gods aboue
So faire attempts doe aide and helpe and with their ſpite approue.
The firſt thing is the cleanlineſſe Of Body and of minde,
By which, man well eſteémde of God doth loue and fauour finde:
For all vncleanneſſe doth he hate, and doth abhorre to ſée,
So faire and bleſſed is his ſtate, and of ſo hie degréé.
Wherefore we muſt at firſt take héede, that we be perfectly,
Well purged, and pure from filthines, and all iniquitie,
Vnclothed of our garments blacke, and clad in comely whites,
Which colour beſt with God agrées, and blacke with fiendiſh ſprites.
A harde thing is this ſame I graunt, for who doth here remaine,

That

That leades his life without a faule, and free from blot or ſtayne
To euery man hath nature geu'n, ſome crime or vice to ſtaine,
And nothing is on earth ſo faire, but fault therein we finde,
Yet are there certayne ſtaines ſo ſmall, and ſo ſuch trifling ende,
That in a maner nought at all the eyes of God offend.
Wherewith he is not greeued much: no ſores are theſe nor ſtaines,
But as the little freckles that in body faire remaynes,
Which eaſily the Lord forgiues: ſince well perceiueth he,
How weake and fraile the nature is, of ſuch as mortall be.
But great and hainous crimes doe much offend the mightie ſtate,
And wicked men he alwayes hath, abhorre, deſpiſe and hate.
Nor will he once their prayers heare, except they cleanſe before,
And waſh away their ſinnes with teares, and white for blache reſtore:
Requiring pardon for their faults, with voyce of mourning minde,
Obtayning once againe the pathes, of vertue for to finde,
And caſting of his cankred ſtunne. As in the pleaſant ſpring,
The Serpent caſteth all his ſkinne, of old away to fling:
Who, thus renewed, departs and leaues, his ſlough in ſtones behind,
And caſting vp his head aloft, with proue and ſtately minde,
His dreadfull hiſſing doubleth oft, with tong of triple kinde.
Thus Gods are pleaſed, and thus when as we rightly on them call,
They ſhew themſelues, and thus to vs their prophecies let fall.
Yet muſt there one thing more be had, vnto this perfect wight,
A Crimſon colour muſt be ioyned: the beautie then is bright,
When as a purple redde with white, well intermedled lies.
What meanes this ruddy colour here: ſure loue it ſignifies.
For loue reſembled is to fire, which fire hath reddiſh flame,
And both a colour and an heat, proceedeth from the ſame.
Therefore it needfull is beſide, that we the Gods aboue
Doe hartely loue, for he that loues, deſerueth to haue loue.
For whoſoeuer loues the Gods, and loueth Chriſtianly,
Can not be odious vnto them, but ſhall regarded be,
And ſhall in happie ſtate obtayne, whatſoeuer he doth require.
But who is he that loues the Lord: the man that doth deſire,
In filthie entiſements of the fleſh, and pleaſures for to ſhape:
Or he that hath a greed delight, the ſeaſoning ſauce to ſcape,
And (maydes) in fading dayes and houſe, this liuing doth decaye:
Or he that fares for his eſtate, that quickly fades away.

God heareth not the praier of the wicked, without great repentance and humilitie of hart.

In

An Owle that in the roufe doth sit at mate of Fortunes playe
Or is it hée that vpon goods, hath hart and fansie set,
And which he worships as a God by all meanes séekes to get?
Beléeue me: they that Earthly things doe couet to obtaine:
The things that in the heauens are, regarde not for to gayne.
No man can well two maisters serue: for who so ioynes in whyte,
It follow must that he detestes, the blacke and grisley sight.
Who so delights in light of Sunne, him darkenesse heauie makes,
And he that swéetnesse loues, in bitter things no pleasure takes.
Who so approcheth to the earth, must néedes the heauens flie,
And where as loue of earth remaynes no man can loue the skie.
But few (alas) and all to fewe, these earthly things despise
And able are with winges of minde to mount vnto the skies.
Wherefore? because it is so hard, to this doe I agrée:
But great rewards makes greatest paines both easie and light to be.
What greater thing can be obtainde than here with Gods to walke?
And to beholde them with our eyes and thus with them to talke?
This is the chiefest Iewel sure, for which we ought to beare
Eache kinde of trauaile, toyle, and griefe, with good and pleasant cheare,
The Cat would gladly mylke receiue but séete she would not wet,
The way to vertue sure is harde: yet shall th' vnslouthfull get
Both vertue and honour, vertues price. The souldiour good obtaynes
A due reward, whereas no praise the slouthfull coward gaynes.
Therefore we must apply our selues, with all our force and might,
That these so glorious states aboue, in vs may haue delight:
Then euery thing we shall be sure, here prosperously to haue,
Both whilst we liue vpon the earth, and when we are laide in graue.
Why doe we thus estéeme the earth, that soone we shall forsake?
O blinded fooles of fading ioyes we more account doe make,
Than of the goods that alwayes lastes: what madnesse is this same?
Now last remaynes, that prayers oft with humble minde he frame,
That séekes the sight of Gods to haue, which once for to require
Suffiseth not, but oftentimes we must, and much desire:
Tyll at the length in space of time, we get the victorie:
And as our minde desireth most, obtaine the Gods to sée.
One stroke doth not cut downe the Oke, of olde and ancient yeares,
Nor yet the stone by falling of one drop of water weares,
Nor Rome was builded in a day. Eche creature, graine and tré

To see and to talke with God is the chiefest suel thata christian man can desire.

In

In time ſpring vp, and in great ſpace of yeares increaſe bee.
And thinkeſt thou ſuch a wondrous thing, and of eſtace ſo hie,
Can with ſo little paines be done and wrought immediately?
So eaſily can we not the ſight of earthly Kinges obtaine,
Nor come to tell our tales to them, and heare them talke againe.
Thinkſt thou that Gods no better are than Kings that here we ſee:
Wherefore then ſhould they come, or reps they oft deſired bee,
Except we them as we doe Lords, in humble ſort deſire:
Therefore we muſt on euery day, them oftentimes require,
That they vouchſafe themſelues ſometime to ſhew to vs in ſight,
And with their talke the ſecrete things to bring abroade to light,
This if we doe (beleeue me well) at length they will appere,
And with their preſence will vs bleſſe, in wretched earthe here,
And ſhortly bring vs to the ſkies an end of all our ſtrife,
Whereas the perfecteſt pleaſure is and eke the happieſt life.
Then ſhall we paſſe, and come before the maker great of ſkies,
And haue the Prince of all the world in viewe of theſe our eyes:
Than which no better ſtate can be nor more renowned thing,
Who is of goodneſſe and beauty all, the fountaine head and ſpring.
But many thinke it cannot be that vnto any here,
On earth the ſacred ſpirites aboue ſhould talke or thus appere,
And thinke that I but trifles tell, to theſe I pardone giue.
For nature hath not dealt like wife to all that here doe liue.
Some ſtill doe ponder in their minde the heauenly ioyes aboue,
And alwaies thinke of hauty things: Some, meane things onely loue.
And haue no pleaſure much to raiſe, themſelues from earthly place.
And thouſands on the ground doe lye nor thence will riſe an ace.
But earthly ioy doe onely minde. Sure in none other wiſe,
Than certaine byrds that in the ayre aloft moſt highly flyes,
Where many kepe the midſt thereof, and moue not very hie
The reſt frequent the loweſt parts, and ſweepe the ground full nie.
Wherefore it is no wonder great, if that I here declare,
The common people not beleeue, whoſe mindes moſt brutiſh are.
Yet true it is that I haue tolde; for how ſhould any one
Liue on the mountaines colde, and dwell in wilder neſſe alone,
And willing leaue ſo harde a life ſince periſh ſhould he ſtreight
Except ſome God in comforting, ſhould eaſe him of this waight.
Beleeue me he that liues alone, anoyding company,

As

Is either mad, or more than man, and talkes with Gods on hie.
In this sort liued the Prophets olde, as it appeares by fame,
And many after Christ, whom men, did holy Fathers name,
And in this present age of of ours, full many may we finde,
That leade their life and spend their years, in this same sort and kinde.
These men when they doe wisely speake, and reason faire and well,
And wonders great doe bring to passe, and things to come foretell,
Wilt thou esteeme as mad, or fonde, or to be waied light?
Or rather wilt thou iudge they be inspirde with holy sprite?
Besides, the holy Church affirmes, that earst haue many beene,
That sacred shapes of blessed ghosts, full oftentimes haue seene,
Why should not I beleeue, sith that the Church doth tell it me
Therefore it is no fable fond, but doth with truth agree,
That men may come to speake with God, and them in presence see:
Which I suppose the chiefest good and finall end to bee,
Of all good things that vnto man, may any waies arise,
While as of this his present life, the troublous seas he tries.
And when escapte from mortal chaine, ẏ Soule hath passage straight,
Conueying with hir selfe these three, that alwaies on her waite,
The Minde the Sense and Mooueing force vnto the heauens hie,
Shall ioyfull goe, and there remaine, in blisse perpetually:
And dwelling there with Gods, a God shall it created be,
O Heauen great O house of Gods, of fairest dignitie.
How pure art thou how wonderfull, with Maiestie diuine,
How garnisht round about with starres, dost thou most brightly shine?
Thou palace well replenished, with euery sweete delight.
For if the earth abounds with things, so fayre and good to sight,
The earth a place for man and beasts, the vilest part of all,
What should we thinke of thee? where dwels the Gods celestiall,
The Lords and happy kings of all? O would to God that when,
My dolefull threds the Sisters three, had fully finisht, then
It thither were my hap to come, my Carcasse cast in graue:
And euermore such wondrous ioyes, before mine eyes to haue.
And now by grace of God I haue, of Zodiake finisht here,
Twelue starry signes, which number doth in these my books appere:
A labour great, with study long and tedious trauaile pend,
Yet finisht now and closed vp, with last and finall end.
What thankes shall I thee giue O Lord, and Prince of euery land,

The liues of the Prophets were solitarie and seuerall from common concourse.

That

That haſt me willde ſo fayre and great attempts to take in hand,
And giuen me minde and might thereto, the praiſe is onely thine
If any faire or goodly thing, in theſe my bookes doth shine:
For euery faire and goodly thing, from thée did firſt deſcend.
Thou wert the firſt beginning of this worke and finall end:
My minde and hand were gouernde by thy Maieſtie diuine,
To thée I onely giue the thanks, the honour all is thine.
But yet if any due deſert, on theſe my paines attend,
I thée beſéech (O Lord.) that when my life is at an end,
This life that night by night I ſpend, in dreames of vanitie.
And when the day returnes, ſtill vext with griefe and miſerie,
Thou wilt vouchſafe in wiping out, my ſinnes to pardon mée.
Whatſoeuer I haue done (Alas) with miſt of minde oppreſt:
And ſuffer this my ſoule with thée, in Heauens hie to reſt.
And thou my booke in this meane while, through ſundry cities run,
Aſſured vnder cankred clawes, of euy great to come,
For Carpers and Correctors thou ſhalt finde in euery place,
Whoſe mouthes with téeth enuenomed, ſhall tearing thée deface.
Nor ſome ſhall ſurely wanting be, which when they nothing can
Doe, worthy praiſe, will yet reioyce, to raile on euery man,
And finding fault at others works, will purchaſe fooliſh fame,
Shun thou ſuch enuyous whelps as theſe, & mouthes that thus defame.
And ſearch for good and learned men which though but fewe they bée,
Yet happy mayſt thou dwell with fewe for feme of beſt degrée
Hath God created here on earth, to ſuch goe reuerently:
And all that we haue done lay thou before the vertuous eye,
Which if they like it doth ſuffice, and what the reſt doe ſay
Regarde not thou, but clowniſh words with laughter paſſe away.
The iudgement of the common ſort is groſſe, and eke their minde
Is wondrous weake, and fooliſh things delights the fooliſh kinde:
All men the meate doe moſt deſire that them doth beſt delight.
Each pleaſure is not acceptable to euery kinde of ſprite.
But good and learned men the things of good and godly ſenſe
Giue care vnto, and reade and marke the ſame with diligence.
This is the foode that them doth feede, and comfort of their minde,
And if forewithing doe not lye, into this vertuous kinde
Thou ſhalt be much more welcome, and with ſmooth and ſmiling looke
Of them thou ſhalt perused bée. Goe therefore bleſſed booke

Abide a long and happy time, and when the ghastly graue,
Incompast round about with earth my carcasse colde shall haue,
Through euery countrey (thou aliue) and realmes of sundry fame
Goe passe, and seke in euery place to blase abroade my name.

FINIS.

Solertia: non socordia.

O POET pight with praise,
That long hast lyen in Lethe lake,
And slept Endymions dayes:
Thy Theseus wills thee soone t'awake,
And venture weary wayes,
Thy worship Fame will vndertake
To Skies to reare and raise.
Thy wings newe growne, to shake
In subtile aier abroade begin,
And flight prepare to make,
Through court and citie praise to win:
FAME will thee ner forsake,
Nor this thy Palingenisin.

Qd Abraham Fleming.

A large table Alphabeticall, conteining such words and matters as bee necessarie and principall in this booke.

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